



DESIGNED FOR THE DEFENCE AND PROMOTION OF
BIBLICAL TRUTH,
AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF RELIGION IN
THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.

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WITH TITLE AND INDEX.

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LONDON: CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN, LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD, E.C.

NOT DEAD YET.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFERSON,

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

EDWARD'S INTERVIEW WITH HIS GRANDFATHER.

"FOR the first time in my life I made the voyage from St. Helier's to Southampton. Previously it had been my custom to take the boat for Weymouth or the Thames. I think that painful associations with his native country must have made my dear father disapprove of the proposals I more than once made to cross from the island to Hampshire; anyhow I had more than once expressed a wish to look at Southampton, but had never acted on the wish, out of respect to my father, who always produced arguments against the Southampton route, whenever it was in my mind to take it.

"Having taken up my quarters at the George Inn, Southampton, I wrote to my grandfather, stating that I should be happy to comply with his invitation, and visit Gamlinghay at any time most convenient to him. Here is his answer.

"Sir Frank Starling will make arrangements to receive his grandson on Friday next. If the latter will take the coach to Stevenbridge, which leaves Southampton daily at seven o'clock A.M., and passes through Stevenage at eleven o'clock A.M., he will be able to reach Gamlinghay by twelve o'clock, at which hour Sir Frank will be disengaged.

"Mr. Edward Smith will be kind enough to send a line by return of post, saying if this arrangement will suit him; in which case, Sir Frank Starling will send a carriage to Stevenbridge, to meet the coach.

"Sir Frank Starling regrets to say that his interview with his grandson must be brief, and that he cannot offer him a bed at Gamlinghay.

"Gamlinghay Court, June, 1845."

"What a droll old boy!" exclaimed Rupert. "His letters are stunning fun!"

"They are not more eccentric than the man himself."

"Be respectful to your grandsire," laughed the butterfly barrister. "I may laugh at him: for I am not a Starling. I am only a plebeian Smith."

"It was a superb, glorious morning on which I journeyed by coach from Southampton to Stevenbridge. I believe Hampshire to be universally allowed to be one of the grandest counties of England. The variety and loveliness of its scenery—bold, bleak wolds; lonely sheep-walks; ancient forests; cathedrals, churches, and colleges; noble coast; and richly-timbered districts, whose every nook has its gem of a ruin—justify the pride which Hampshire men feel in their own particular region of old England. In the earlier part of the journey the road ran over hill-sweeps, from which enormous breadths of land were visible, and where a fresh, bracing air—fresh and bracing though it was the air of a southerly wind, warmed by a hot summer's sun—played merrily over green corn-fields and undulating downs; but as the coach worked on towards Stevenbridge, we came into a district of smaller enclosures, and less grand, but not less beautiful landscapes. Stevenbridge is an antique, sleepy, quaint little town; with a picturesque old market-square, and a population of three or four thousand inhabitants, whose voice is heard in Parliament through a member of their own selection. The coach changed horses at the chief inn of the borough; and when I alighted at the tavern-door, I saw the dog-cart which my grandfather had sent over from Gamlinghay for my accommodation.

"The drive from Stevenbridge to Gamlinghay Court lay through a neighbourhood which less than three centuries since was a royal forest; but now it is portioned out into fat farms, and abounds with pleasant villages. The tourist comes upon few traces of the times when

cruel forest laws were all that it knew of human government. Ancient trees, that have borne sun and wind and rain for hundreds of years, still throw shade over the tortuous lanes; and belts of gigantic timber—relics of the old forest—skirt the parks and mansions of the gentry. I have also read in a Tourists' Guide to Hampshire, that, throughout the district, there are preserved in the peasants' cottages traditions of the wild deeds and stern punishments of the deer-stealers. But these traditions and the old trees are, I imagine, the only vestiges of what life was round Gamlinghay in the days when might was right.

"Once upon a time Gamlinghay Court was a royal hunting seat. Kings and their friends used to come there for the pleasures of the chase; and though the house has been altered and added to, pulled down in parts, and in other parts rebuilt, it still retains something of its old feudal character. It is an irregularly-shaped rambling place; red brick on one side, and grey stone on another; an old tower in the midst of its confusion, and a frontage in the most atrocious style of eighteenth century architecture. An art-critic would find much to groan and sneer at in the house; but the people round Gamlinghay are very proud of the place, which has its good points, without a doubt. The timber of the park is magnificent; and under the broad branches of its vast halls of leafy canopy, and on the green turf, between lines of majestic avenues, I saw herds of red and dun deer, descendants of the same stags and does which kings hunted with hounds, and deer-stealers slaughtered with cross-bow and knife, in the far distant ages. You'll laugh at me, Rupert, when I confess that, as I sat on Sir Frank's dog-cart, and was driven by the old coachman through the park, I felt a glow of patrician pride, that was very absurd in a poor artist who knew well that he was regarded as an awkward disgrace to the family of the Starlings by the owner of that proud domain. Now, do not laugh at me."

"Not just now: I'll laugh at you to-morrow," answered Rupert. "For the present it is enough for me to listen, old boy. Go on to the grandfather."

"He received me in a room which, from the number of books with which it was lined, I suppose is called the library of Gamlinghay Court. It was a lofty room; and though it was a bright June day, there was a fire blazing in the fire-place. Sitting in an easy-chair, close to this roaring fire, was an old man—who had so little resemblance to my father, that I should not, even in that room, have thought him my grandfather, had not the servant who announced me, addressed him as 'Sir Frank.' He was dressed, as if he were on the point of going out for a walk, in a long, closely-buttoned, snuff-coloured coat, broad-brimmed hat (like a Quaker's), drab breeches, and gaiters. He was gloved, and he held in his right hand a spudded stick—just such a stick as a farmer might use. Something taller, even in his old age, than my father, Sir Frank is above the average height, and he must once have been a good-looking man; but his appearance did not lessen the dislike I had for him before I saw him. It was clear that he was a remarkably vigorous man, for his very advanced years. His dark eyes were keen and bright; they were almost as piercing as Mr. Newbolt's eyes; and they blazed out, like Mr. Newbolt's, from beneath prominent and hairy brows; but in all other respects he was a complete counterpart to my patron. He was slight in frame, and so thin in his face that I might almost call it emaciated; and, as he had not a single hair of whisker or moustache, the bareness of his lantern-jaws, and sharp visage, had the effect of a caricature. There was something unusual in his complexion, which was a sort of dusky flesh-tint, tawny, but not exactly bronzed, and of one uniform hue at every point of his singular countenance. His forehead and lips had the same dull, bloodless, brown tint, as his sunken cheeks and



the long, thin lips, which fitted closely to a set of teeth which were as white as a girl's. You see, the difference between his appearance and my father's was great; still there was a slight family resemblance between his profile and my dear father's.

"When I was announced as 'Mr. Smith' by the footman, my grandfather did not rise to welcome me. He remained in his easy-chair, sitting bolt upright, and eyeing me keenly. I felt indignant at this want of courtesy to a guest whom he had bidden to his house. But I had entered Gamlinghay with the resolution to bear in mind the promise which I had made to my father; and I was determined to bear, without resentment, any affront that might be put upon me. Of course, I would rather have gone straight to London without making my grandfather's acquaintance. I had no affection for him, no curiosity to see him. Any assistance he might offer me, I had decided to accept out of respect to my father's wishes; but my pride made me hope that he would not proffer me help or countenance of any kind.

"The servant having retired, and closed the door, my grandfather spoke.

"You'll excuse my not rising, for I am an old man," he said, in a firm voice which, though it had the sharpness, was altogether free from the weakness, of very advanced years.

"Pray, do not apologise, Sir Frank; it is quite unnecessary for you to do so," I answered.

"Raising his spud-stick, and pointing with it to a chair, he continued, 'Take that seat there, I wish to look at you. You'll excuse my not offering you my hand. I never give my hand, unless my heart goes with it. I trust you have no objection to honesty.'

"I am an honest man myself," I replied, taking the seat indicated.

"A boy! you mean," he retorted, contemptuously. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-one."

"Umph! then you are a man, in a certain sense. Mr. Purfleet tells me that your father informed you of your relationship to me some months before his death?"

"Mr. Purfleet told you the truth, sir."

"But until your father then told you about his birth, you were ignorant of the fact that you are my grandson, ay?"

"I was."

"And now you expect me to do something for you."

"I expect no such thing."

"Pish! Don't stand on your dignity and quibble about words like an attorney's clerk. You hope that I'll give you a start in life."

"Indeed, Sir Frank, you are under a misapprehension. I do not want your help, and do not ask it."

"Why, then are you here?"

"Because you expressed a wish to see me; and before he died, my dear father enjoined me to regulate my conduct in accordance with your wishes."

"I see, you're a dutiful son," he replied, with a sneer.

"Who taught you to play that part?"

"My father, who always showed me a father's love."

"A pause."

"Let's see," he resumed. "Mr. Purfleet tells me you were well educated at Guernsey College, and that you are now studying, so that you may be an artist. Suppose I were to put you in some way of life more suitable to a gentleman's grandson, and were to give you a chance of rendering yourself not actually discreditable to the family of which you are a member—"

"I was about to stop him with an assurance that no offer would induce me to be anything but an artist, when he raised his voice to a higher pitch, saying, 'There, don't talk yet; listen to what I have to say.

When I have done talking, you can answer. I'll tell you when you may speak."

"Though he said this in a tone of extreme anger, there was no increase or diminution of colour in his hard, thin, dusk face; nor did he change the stiff, rigid attitude which he maintained in his arm-chair till the close of the interview.

"You are somewhat too old to think of the army," he continued, in a less aggravating voice; "but still, as I have influence with the Duke of Wellington, I could get you a commission in a good regiment. The church would be more in the way of such a dutiful son; and, if I liked, I could send you to college, and give you a living. Well, it is just possible, I may do something for you. Are you aware why I disowned your father?"

"My father told me of the circumstances which led to your estrangement from him."

"And, of course, made it appear that he was all in the right, and I all in the wrong, ay?"

"He wished me to believe the reverse."

"Did he?" he asked, quickly, his features slightly relaxing, and something like a smile of triumph coming over his hard face. He confessed his ingratitude, and stubbornness, and unnatural wickedness, did he? Tell me what he said."

"I cannot, Sir Frank, repeat what he said against himself. It would seem as though I were raising my voice against him. Sir Frank Starling, remember that I am his son, and loved him dearly."

"I don't wish to be hard on you, young man. I am not a merciful man, I never professed to be one; but I am just; and though justice compelled me to disown your father, it forbids me to lessen your respect for him. Let me speak about yourself. You know who your mother was?"

"I know that she was by birth of humble rank; but she was a virtuous woman."

"Bah! virtuous! You mean that your father was fool enough to marry her, instead of—"

"Sir Frank! I cried, springing to my feet.

"Sit down, you young ass!" the old man said, again using the higher key of his voice. "You know I am right. He was fool enough to marry her; and, as a consequence, if your cousin were to die, a maid-servant's son would be the owner of Gamlinghay. Sit down, you ass! You know he married her."

"I know he married her," I answered, resuming my seat.

"To realise this strange scene, Rupert, you must bear in mind that, however extravagant he was in his words, however outrageous in his declarations of contempt for me, no change came over the expression of his thin, fixed, cruel face, except an occasional and most expressive sneer. His sneer was not that slight curl of the lip by which a sarcastic man, with the full use of the muscles of his face, easily throws significance into his disdainful speeches; it was an extravagant caricature of a sneer—the sneer of old age, no longer able to achieve the scornful movement without an amount of effort that resulted in a burlesque of the desired expression. Do you understand me?"

"Quite. I think I could paint the old man's portrait from your description of him."

"And, as a consequence," resumed Sir Frank, "though the law regards you as a member of the Starling family, society would countenance me in refusing to recognise you as one of my descendants. You have no more moral claims on me for recognition, than you have a legal claim on me for maintenance. I may, according to my pleasure, regard you as his son, or her son. You see this? Let us understand each other."

"I quite understand what you feel, Sir Frank," I answered,

"Then whatever I may do for you is to be regarded by you as a work of generosity, not of compulsion."

"I was about to assure him once more that I neither sought nor needed his aid; but again seeing me about to stop him, he exclaimed, in his shrill, sharp tone, 'Hold your peace, you young fool. You tell me you see what I mean; now listen to me. Well, I have thought your case over, and I have decided to place you in the world as one of my own family. You are to regard this as an act of pure generosity; but I am no hypocrite, and I don't want you to believe that a generous wish to befriend a young man with my blood in his veins is my sole motive for giving you a helping hand. I don't love you better than your father's son deserves to be loved by me; I don't profess to have a maudlin grandfather's affection for you. That being the case, it's all the more generous of me to think of putting you on your legs. You, therefore, are to regard yourself as a dependant on my bounty, and in so far as you benefit by my bounty, you are not to presume to look on yourself as anything more than the creature of my generosity. As I frankly tell you, generosity is not my sole motive; but though I will show you my other motives, you are not to dare to think about them, when you have once left this room, and heard what I mean to do for you. My generosity is all you are to think about. Still, you ought to know my other motives, so that you mayn't flatter yourself you have any hold on my affections, and that you can offend me with impunity. Lady Starling has entreated me to help you; and I feel bound to pay some respect to Lady Starling's entreaties. Moreover, Mr. Purfleet has represented to me that it is desirable you should be raised above your present ignominious and vagabond condition, and as I have always found reason to respect Mr. Purfleet's judgment, I mean to be influenced by his opinions on the present occasion."

"Can you believe it possible, Rupert," asked Edward, breaking his narrative with an inquiry, "for such strange, crooked insolence to exist in human nature? He actually told me that Lady Starling and Mr. Purfleet had persuaded him to assist me, and in the same sentence commanded me to think that he was acting from motives of generosity. You see, I was to *know* his other motives; but I was not to have the impudence to *think* about them."

"Now, you may have your choice," he continued, "of the church or the army. I have been accustomed to allow your father £300 per annum; and I have told Mr. Purfleet that he may pay you the same sum which he has been accustomed to pay your father, until he receives an order from me to stop the allowance. If you like to go to Oxford, and enter the church, I will give you a living when you are ordained. If you wish to enter the army, I'll buy you a commission in a good regiment, in which you will, with care, be able to live like a gentleman on your pay and your allowance. And I allow you ten days from this time in which to make your choice. You must let Mr. Purfleet know by the end of that time which of the two professions offered you mean to adopt. Mr. Purfleet will inform me, from time to time, how you are going on; and if I have satisfactory accounts of you, I may, in the course of a few years, ask you to this house, and introduce you to my friends."

"I was struck by the fact that it had clearly never entered his mind that I could be so mad as to decline his proposals. I was still more struck by the conclusion of this last speech, in which the old man, who was several years past eighty, showed that he fully expected to live and enjoy the society of his friends for many years longer."

"Sir Frank," I answered, purposely avoiding the use of the word 'grandfather,' "I return you many thanks for

your liberal intentions to me; but no considerations of personal advantage will induce me to relinquish my desire to be an artist. My dear father approved my choice of a profession, and I mean to cling to it."

"I subsequently learnt from Mr. Purfleet that the old man was profoundly astonished by my refusal to enter the army or the church; but he did not let me see his surprise."

"For a minute he was silent."

"Then, precluding his remarks with his caricature of a sneer, he said, 'A profession!—pah! Then painters call their blackguard business a profession, do they? Of course, you can please yourself, sir. Only, if I understood you rightly just now, you told me that your father ordered you to regulate your conduct in accordance with my wishes.'

"He did so, Sir Frank, I answered; 'but he gave me express permission to consult only my own wishes on this point. He told me that if you required me to give up art, and adopt another profession, I might act in accordance with my own strong ambition.'

"You mean, he instructed you to disobey me on the only point on which he knew I could by any possibility care to have a voice? I can believe you, sir."

"This was said in the old man's shrillest, sharpest tone."

"He made the exception," I answered, "not because he wished me to oppose your wishes on any point, but because he knew that I could not be happy in any other profession, and therefore felt it would be cruel to ask me to obey you, if you should request me not to be a painter."

"Then you mean to pollute my name with the filth of your artist-friends' studios, ay?"

"I have no wish to bear your name. I have a right to call myself Edward Starling, but to exercise the right would not help me to be a successful artist. I am quite content with my present surname."

"Then, you mean you will agree to bear the name of Smith, and keep your relationship to me a secret. Of course, for a consideration; I quite understand that I am to buy this concession."

"It shall not cost you a farthing, Sir Frank. If you wish me not to use your surname, I will continue to bear the more common one of Smith."

"You promise me that?"

"I had rather not bind myself by a promise to you. My promise to my father, that I would respect your wishes in all matters except one, will make me observe your wishes with regard to the use of your name."

"You ass!" squeaked out the old man; "that's all I want of you, and you have consented without making terms. You might have squeezed a handsome penny out of me, and you've given me what I would have bought."

"I do not wish to squeeze money out of you, or any one."

"Pah! no more cant!"

"Having given utterance to this expression of disgust, and favoured me with another sneer, my grandfather was silent for a couple of minutes."

"Those two minutes at an end, he took up a silver hand-bell, and ringing it, said, 'Lady Starling wishes to see you.'

"In answer to the ring, Lady Starling, who had been waiting for the signal in an inner room, the door of which was opposite to the one that had afforded me entrance to the library, walked into the room."

"She was something younger than her husband, but much more infirm. The marks of age were in her face, and bowed figure, and feeble gait. She wore blue glass shades over her eyes; but in spite of their disfiguring effect, she struck me as a pleasant and venerable lady."

"Lady Starling," said Sir Frank, turning his head to the aged lady, when she had come within three paces of me, and stood leaning on one of those old-fashioned black

canes with which infirm ladies assist themselves in walking, 'that is the young man whom you desired to see. He rejects our offers, and declares that he will be a painter.'

"Of course, I had risen on my grandmother's entrance.

"When my grandfather had made this speech, I bowed, and said, 'On every other subject I will obey you and my grandfather to the best of my power, Lady Starling.'

"'Grandson,' she said slowly, and with emotion, 'you must decide for yourself; but I wish you would be guided by Sir Frank on this question also. Young men should submit to the authority of their elders.'

"I bowed to her again with a feeling of reverence—for, Rupert, she was my grandmother, and her voice had a tone of kindness. I was about to reply.

"But before another word could pass my lips, Sir Frank said, sharply, 'You can leave us, Lady Starling. I do not wish you to exchange words with the young man.'

"Obeying the command of her imperious husband, my grandmother turned away from me without giving me a sign of farewell, and walked out of the room at the same slow pace, and with just such feeble steps, as marked her entrance not three minutes before. I followed her to the door, which she had left open on passing through it, in order that she might look at her son's son; and in compliance with three words from Sir Frank, I closed it upon the retreating steps of the old lady. She was not without womanly tenderness, Rupert. Sir Frank had told me that she pleaded to him in my behalf; and the few words which she addressed to me had a tone of affectionate concern for my welfare. When I reflected afterwards on my strange visit to Gamlinghay Court, I felt that it was hard I should have been brought close to her for a few seconds, without being permitted to make her acquaintance. A year since, Rupert, I told you that I had never, in all my life, been introduced to a woman who could be called a lady—in the artificial and conventional sense of the word. You see, my brief interview with my grandmother does not falsify my statement; for I was not introduced to her, and now I never shall be."

"Never!"

"Never; she died three months since. I cannot be said ever to have known her; but I shall always remember that she tried to befriend me, and that she showed me personal kindness by one act of womanly consideration."

"What was that act?"

"I will tell you in a minute. Immediately Lady Starling had left the library, and I had shut the door, in obedience to the command which had been given me, Sir Frank said, 'Then, Mr. Edward Smith, I need detain you no longer. Our business with each other is at an end. Mr. Purfleet has your address, and if I wish to communicate with you at any time, I will do so through him. My coachman will drive you back to Stevenbridge as soon as you wish to take your departure. Allow me, however, to order you some lunch.'

"I declined this offer of hospitality.

"Then, you would like me to order your carriage?" rejoined my grandfather.

"Thank you, Sir Frank. I should wish to get back to Stevenbridge in time for the afternoon coach, which will take me on towards London. Do not let me trespass on your time."

"Whereupon Sir Frank rose. Hitherto the old man had remained in his chair; but now that he stood upon his feet, I saw that time had robbed him of the power to stand erect. His thin lath of a body made an angle with his legs at his hips, the sharpness of which was visible through his closely-buttoned coat. A striking picture of keen, vigilant, wicked old age was the baronet,

as he walked to the door of the inner room—grasping his spud-stick firmly, but not leaning upon it—and eyeing me keenly with his sharp, shrewd eyes. On reaching the door, he paused for half a minute, and took a last, deliberate survey of me; his hard, cruel face being at least a foot in advance of his toes. 'If you'll be good enough to wait here,' he said, at the close of his parting survey, 'my servant will let you know when your carriage is ready. You won't have to wait long.'

"Then he tardily faced about, and left me alone.

"I had not to wait long. Before five minutes had passed, the same grey-haired footman who had conducted me to Sir Frank entered the library, and informed me that the dog-cart was waiting at the hall door.

"By the end of another hour I was back in Stevenbridge.

"During the time I did not exchange a single sentence with the coachman. I was therefore the more surprised by his pulling up his horse, after he had dropped me at the chief inn of the borough, and had driven twenty yards on his journey back to Gamlinghay.

"'What do you want?' I asked, advancing to the old man, as he prepared to turn his horse again, and made a sign that he had something to say to me.

"'I beg your pardon, sir. I had almost forgotten it,' he said, fumbling in his waistcoat pocket.

"'Forgotten what?' I asked.

"'My lady ordered me to give you this,' he answered, taking a small enclosure from his pocket; 'I had my lady's orders to give you this.'

"'Lady Starling, you mean?'

"'Yes, sir, of course, I said my lady.'

"'Give my thanks to Lady Starling,' I answered, taking the packet, and adding another half-crown to the one I had already given the coachman.

"As soon as I had entered the coffee-room of the hotel, I opened the packet. There was not a single line of writing either on the outside or the inside of the paper, which contained a Bank of England note for one hundred pounds, and this ring, with the Starling arms and crest on the stone. This was my grandmother's act of kindness, which I mentioned just now."

"It's a handsome ring," said Rupert, "and must be a hundred years old."

"When the barrister, who was a connoisseur of jewellery, had paid more attention to the trinket than even Edward thought it deserved, the latter continued:—

"A few days after my return to London, I received a letter from Mr. Purfleet, asking me to call upon him. Of course, I went to his office in Lincoln's Inn Fields at the appointed time. Our interview was a short one; but I must tell you about it."

CHAPTER XLVI.

EDWARD CALLS ON SIR FRANK STARLING'S SOLICITOR.

"In compliance with a note from Mr. Purfleet, requesting me to call upon him at his place of business, I went to his office in Lincoln's Inn Fields at the hour named in the letter. You may know the house—it stands in the south-west corner of the square."

"I know it," rejoined Rupert; "there's a great bow-window over the door, on which is painted, in needlessly conspicuous letters, 'Purfleet, Herring, and Smalleroff.' There's an air of business about the place. The people in possession haven't had time to clean the windows for the last quarter of a century; and, pass the house at whatever hour you may, you are sure to see a client's carriage drawn up in the court. I know the crib; go on."

"Mr. Purfleet received me."

"Of course, you had to wait half-an-hour in an outer office before you were admitted to his peculiar den; also

as a matter of course, you hadn't been closeted with the great man for five minutes, before a clerk, with a pen behind his ear and mystery in his countenance, entered the room, and gave his master a slip of paper; and equally as a matter of course, the agent for vast properties, having glanced at the slip of paper, said, 'In three minutes, Tomkins, three minutes more, and I shall be at liberty to receive the gentleman.' You needn't waste time on describing such trifles. I have myself breathed the atmosphere and watched the machinery of a great solicitor's office. To the point, my dear boy."

Smiling his recognition of the truthfulness of Rupert's descriptive touches, Edward, who had no intention to waste words on trifles, continued:—"There was a great change in the lawyer's appearance and manner. He was no longer dressed in mourning but wore a snuff-coloured waistcoat and blue silk stock. I noticed this alteration of attire, and inferred from it that the black dress he had worn in Jersey had been merely put on for the occasion, as an appropriate mark of sympathy with my sorrow, just as a doctor might assume a black hat-band and gloves at a patient's funeral. He eyed me and his papers through double-battered glasses, which he held to his eyes with his right hand. This fact impressed me, for in Jersey I saw him read the fine print of a newspaper and my grandfather's first letter to me without the aid of glasses. I thought him stiff and formal at St. Brélade's, but in his office he seemed much more frigid, and unbending, and cautious. Perhaps you think these facts trifles, about which you told me not to waste words; but they were not trifles, for they made me feel that there was a wide difference between the Mr. Purfleet who followed my father to the grave, and the Mr. Purfleet who was receiving me in Lincoln's Inn Fields."

"Trifles!" interposed Rupert, with philosophic sententiousness. "By no means. Manners are not idle: costume is a language which few can read."

"He was polite and civil enough," Edward went on, "but there was less deference and sympathy in his tone and words. He made me feel that I had sunk in his estimation—that he looked upon me as a misguided, foolish young fellow."

"You played your cards badly at Gamlinghay Court, Mr. Edward Smith," he said, abruptly, as soon as we had shaken hands, and I had taken a chair. He laid a slight emphasis on the word *Smith*—an emphasis which signified 'that is the name by which I am henceforth to know and address you, my young sir;' whereas, in Jersey he had abstained from calling me by that surname after our first greeting."

"I did what I thought right."

"Well, that's a satisfaction for yourself," he rejoined. "If you had acted to your own dissatisfaction as well as your friends', you would be an object for unqualified pity. It is something for a man to have the approval of his own judgment, when other people feel that he has acted imprudently—I won't say foolishly, for *foolishly* is a strong and offensive word."

"Though I have taken a course you do not approve, I am not the less grateful to you, sir, for speaking in my behalf to my grandfather."

"Say no more about that, Mr. Smith," he said, slightly relaxing from his frigid manner, and then growing again distant and cold. "I told you that your father and I were old friends, and that I would do my best to serve you. I am glad to hear you acknowledge that I made good my promise. My affection for your father made me wish to see you placed in that rank of society to which a Starling of Gamlinghay has a claim of admission; and, under the influence of that sentiment, I said much more to my client, Sir Frank, than I was, as his legal advisor, strictly justified in saying. Aided by Lady Starling, who is a woman of great judgment and moderation—one of her ladyship's principal charac-

teristics is *moderation*—I prevailed on Sir Frank to entertain liberal intentions towards you. Really, if he had never had a difference with your father, I don't see what more you could have expected from him than he consented to do for you. He offered to place you in an honourable profession, to give you an ample allowance, and to make a gentleman of you; he even held out hopes that he would at some distant date receive you at Gamlinghay, and introduce you to the county families of Hampshire as his nephew. What more had you a right to hope of him?"

"I expected nothing from him—wished for nothing from him!"

"The cards were put into your hands," continued the lawyer, without noticing my interruption, "and you would not play them. You must follow art. An enthusiasm for art—as it is called—was enough to make you reject all the substantial advantages of your grandfather's offer."

"He did not say this testily; but in the cold, dry voice of a lawyer making an official statement of facts."

"Still, I am glad that you acknowledge I did my best for you," he went on; "it would have pained me to think, Mr. Smith, that you laboured under any misapprehension as to my part in your affairs. So far, my mind is easy. As for yourself, I sincerely hope you won't repent the reply you have given to Sir Frank's advances towards the better state of things which I hoped to bring about; for the past can't be undone. You must quite understand that—the past can't be undone. Your grandfather is a man of firm will; and, naturally, he is hurt and incensed at what he thinks your folly."

"I quite understand that I must abide by the consequences of my decision," I observed.

"Then, if you quite see that, I may as well make no further allusions to the past," he said, raising his gold-rimmed glasses to his eyes again, and peering through them at some letters which lay on a table at his side. "Let me pass on to the business which caused me to write to you. I have here a letter from Sir Frank, in which he reminds me that you have consented to bear the name of Smith as long as he wishes you to do so. Sir Frank is right on that point?"

"Quite right, Mr. Purfleet."

"You consent?"

"I do."

"Well," continued the lawyer, peering again through his glasses at the letters, though he doubtless knew the contents of Sir Frank's note by heart, "Sir Frank, unwilling that you should start on your own account in life without a fair chance of the sort of success which you propose to yourself, directs me to pay to you the sum of five hundred pounds. Perhaps, you'll be too proud to accept the money. Sir Frank does not want you to thank him for the gift."

"It was evident that Mr. Purfleet added this concluding assurance from a kindly motive—wishing me to accept the money, but fearing that I should decline the proffered advantage."

"I will receive it," I answered, remembering my promise to my father.

"I am glad to hear you say so," returned Mr. Purfleet, with an air of relief from an unpleasant apprehension. "It is only in accordance with common sense that you shouldn't quarrel with a slice of wholesome bread-and-butter."

"Have you anything more to communicate?" I inquired, after a pause which he did not seem inclined to break.

"Yes, I have," he replied, raising his glasses, and again running his eyes over Sir Frank's letter. "Your grandfather also empowers me, at the end of three years, to pay you another sum of five hundred pounds, provided you prove to me that you have some definite

object in view which makes you need the money, and provided that during the preceding three years you have kept your promise to bear the name of Smith, and conceal your relationship to the family of Starling. You must bear in mind the conditions."

"I will bear them in mind," I replied, again remembering my promise to my father; and (as that promise left me free to have an object for the second sum or not, as I pleased) silently resolving that I would never apply to Mr. Purfleet for the money.

"When, therefore, I have given you five hundred pounds, our business, for the present, will be at an end."

"I do not wish to trespass needlessly on your valuable time," was my response.

"I had scarcely said this," continued Edward, with a smile, as he was about to remind Rupert of his humorous description of an incident which is invariably a feature of a *tête-à-tête* interview with a lawyer in his office, "when a clerk entered the room and put a slip of paper before his master."

"Of course he did," interjected Rupert, with a laugh.

"Tell the gentleman I shall be at liberty in another minute," said Mr. Purfleet to the clerk, when he had looked at the slip of paper—through his glasses, of course. And then, when the servant had left the room, he added, "I dare say, you think five hundred pounds a very large fund of wealth."

"It is a considerable sum of money," I answered, appreciating the cautious tone in which the lawyer uttered his last words; "but I am aware it can be spent very quickly. I shan't make away with it foolishly. I have no turn for expensive pleasures."

"I have seen enough of you, Mr. Smith, to be sure that you won't spend it in dissipation. But take my advice—don't tell your friends that you have the command of so large a sum."

"Why do you give me that advice, sir?"

"To spend imprudently is only one step worse than to lend imprudently. There are sharks everywhere, ready to swallow up any cash that falls in their way; and in the studios in which art-students learn their business, greedy fish of that sort are to be found in shoals. "Neither a borrower nor a lender be," Mr. Smith. Ah! the man who said that would have made an admirable lawyer; he *was* a good man of business. If your painter-friends know that you have so much money in hand, they'll want to borrow of you; and if they ask you to lend, you won't find it easy to refuse. Do as I tell you—keep your wealth a secret."

"I will act on your counsel, Mr. Purfleet, and I thank you for it."

"Have you an account at any bank? I suppose you haven't."

"I have never had more money than I could comfortably carry about in my pocket, so I have never had occasion to trouble a banker. But now I am going to be a capitalist, I must ask some one to take care of my money. Would you be kind enough to give me the name of a bank suitable for me?"

"He gave me the name of the bank, where I have my small account, adding, 'I bank there myself, and if you like, I will pay the five hundred pounds to your account there. I can speak to the manager about it this afternoon, for I have an engagement with him on other business. I shan't want your receipt; for the less formality we have about this business the better. If you call at the bank to-morrow, you'll find an account has been opened for you.'

"Saying this, he rose and stood on his hearthrug with an air which said, 'And now, Mr. Smith, I have had enough of your society—you can go.'

"Towards the close of this interview he laid aside something of his coldness, and I felt gratefully towards him, notwithstanding his manifest intention to keep me

at a distance. He was very different from the Mr. Purfleet who had spoken to me cautious words of comfort and encouragement, when we had just laid my dear father in his grave; but still he had in this conversation been in many respects considerate of my feelings, and I could not forget that he had done his best to render me what he deemed would be important service.

"So, as I rose and took my leave of him, I said with warmth, 'Sir, I feel that you have been very kind to me, and I shall never forget kindness.'

"He just touched my outstretched hand with the tips of two of his fingers, as he drew himself up and answered, in an icy fashion, 'I don't know how I can be of any further service to you, Mr. Smith; but, if you ever see how I can help you, I beg you to remember that you may command my services.'

"Although I have behaved in this matter so imprudently, so foolishly?" I added.

"For ten seconds he looked at me curiously, and then, clutching my hand, he shook it warmly, saying, 'Mr. Edward Smith, I made up my mind not to call you a fool, but I must do it. You are a fool, but all the same for that, I shall always be sincerely glad to hear of your success.'

"So closed my interview with Mr. Purfleet.

"I called the next day at the bank, and was informed that five hundred pounds had been paid to my account.

"From that day to this I have never seen or heard from Mr. Purfleet or my grandfather. Of Lady Starling's death, I learnt from the newspapers."

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN HONOUR.

It is only by being true to Christ, that we can in any sense, however imperfectly, attain to the ideal of Christian living. If we are true to him, whose servants we are, we cannot then, indeed, "be false to any man."

In France, in the days of the First Napoleon, there was established a Legion of Honour. Those who held the highest rank in it wore on their breasts a cross. Rather than do dishonour to that, they would have run any risk, encountered any danger, held their lives cheap in comparison with the disgrace that would have attended any craven act. Death might be "a fearful thing," but "shamed life a hateful." And so they wore the glittering badge upon their breasts, and wore it like gallant gentlemen, for worldly honour's sake. My brethren, we, too, have a Legion of Honour, but not of this world; we have a badge which every soldier of Christ is bound to wear, not on his breast, but in his heart, and which calls for a higher degree of loyalty than any earthly badge of knighthood.

There are but few of us, I fear, who would not be obliged to own that they had fallen far short of the high standard their calling demands in this matter. Are even the best of us without reproach? Have we always in all things acted as if God saw us? Could we submit fearlessly every thought of our hearts to Him?

A Christian is bound pre-eminently to be worthy of implicit confidence in his dealings with those with whom he may be brought in contact. I am not alluding now to the demands of business life, for even men of the world may, and do, preserve strict integrity in this particular. I refer to that higher level of moral obligation, which Christians can alone fulfil.

Whatever be our position, we cannot be too scrupulous in these respects. To some of us God has given quick and keen perceptive faculties, which pierce below surfaces, and discern hidden motives of life and conduct. But these powers are not given in order that we may unmask the weaknesses of others, and hold them up to ridicule, pluming ourselves meantime upon our acumen in bringing to light the frailties of our brethren for whom Christ died.

No, this gift is bestowed that its possessor may penetrate into yet deeper recesses of the soul, and, aided by the divine light of charity, discover the imprisoned angel that resides there, and which, by the "gentleness of Christ," it is our bounden duty to assist in disenfranchising, that he may shake free his immortal plumes, and guide to noblest heights of Christian character.

There are those, again, who possess a swift and ready grace at repartee. This is not given for a selfish and oppressive display of cleverness, but to gladden the heart with this new wine of wit, to awaken geniality in the social circle, to add a charm to conversation, to enable us to defend the weak, to speak a word of quick defence for the absent—above all, to make us ready, by apt illustration or pertinent rejoinder, to give a "reason for the hope that is in us."

There are others still to whose custody has been given the dangerous gift of sarcasm. Let those, who are "the lords of irony, that master-spell," watch over it with care, as one of the great gifts of God, for the use or the mis-use of which they will have to render account at the Great Day. Some, fearing to hazard the use of that which may be turned against themselves, hide this talent in a napkin, and disavow its possession. Yet, discreetly as we must use it, it is yet a gift of God, and, like all that he bestows, given us for a purpose. It is not well to be fed altogether upon sweets; a little acid, a pungent, biting flavour substituted occasionally, though it may set the teeth of our self-complacency on edge, sometimes succeeds when other means fail—shames the slothful, spurs on the lagging, and awakens dozing, nodding Christians into life and activity.

If this power of sarcasm has been given you, do not fear once and awhile to draw a shaft of truth from your quiver of zeal—let it be as pointed as you please, yet let the hand that speeds it be a loving one—and by the grace of God it may bestow a death-wound upon some rampant evil, sever the chains of some unwilling captive, and prick into nothingness bubbles of sham pretension that delude the unwary with their fleeting glitter.

Again, we are not always faithful to the obligations imposed by our Legion of Honour, in our social relations. The Arab of the desert, if you have once partaken of his salt, is your friend thenceforward. We break bread in one another's houses, and then return to our own fireside to laugh at foibles, to discover deficiencies, to pick flaws in the hospitality, of which we have just availed ourselves.

Shame upon us all! that we do not remember the duty of silence, which even the heathen of old revered, and which ought to be as a guardian to every home. Sacred be the thoughts, the utterances, the conversations, of those with whom we mingle and whom we call friends.

We are delinquent also in our relations to one

another as members of one Christian Family. We gossip about one another; we are apt at finding fault; we are too ready with jeer and jest, and uncharitable conclusion.

We are faithless too often to our ministers. We listen to their earnest and prayerfully considered words, and are ready with our doubts, our cavils, our critical comparison of them with other Gospel messengers, and hasten to advance shallow praises and dispraises of the style of him who has been preaching to us. What is the outward part worth, provided the kernel be sound?

Perhaps some weaker brother may find the word preached precisely suited to his needs, and come to us for sympathy. But we proceed to "quench the smoking flax." "Did you observe his gestures? Needs training there, obviously. His figures of speech might be less hackneyed," &c. &c. Shame again! The weaker brother defers to the pompous judgment, and the good seed is snatched away, which might have borne a precious harvest of righteousness.

If, in the providence of God, you have found yourself alone upon some awful waste, overpowered by the simoom of a terrible affliction, and with cleaving tongue have cried from the depths of despair for one drop of the water of life, and a minister of Christ has held the cup of consolation to your yearning lips, and bade you "drink freely," never again, while life shall last, will you venture to dispute the claim of his weakest messenger to your warmest and most affectionate hearing. If this be the case, as it is assuredly, in trouble, why should it be different in health? Why should we give to God that which is worst?

I have only touched upon some few of the numerous ways in which we may be true or false to our Legion of Honour. But if we are diligent, we have one consolation, at least—that we are ever learning, ever approaching nearer to perfection.

Wear this cross then, proudly, in the sight of all men; it is nobler than all the orders of earth's chivalry. Wear it openly, that no man may doubt that you possess it. Wear it gladly, as a cross made of that "clear gold as it were transparent glass," of which are fashioned the streets of our promised city. Above all, wear it gratefully, as the badge of loyalty to that King of kings, whose faithful subjects we ardently aspire to be.

JESUS CHRIST THE GIFT OF GOD.

No gift can be compared in value with this. It is more than all the gold and silver of the mines, for they are corruptible; and it is more than the whole world, for it was created by the word of his power. Yet this inestimable gift has been bestowed upon us.

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son."

"Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."

Much instruction is conveyed by the use of this simple descriptive word.

A gift is something received for which we had no claim. If we could have claimed it, it would have been a debt. It is, therefore, plainly intimated here, that God was under no obligation to provide us a Saviour. It might have been supposed that

his infinite goodness, mercy, and love would prompt him to rescue his fallen creatures from their estate of sin and misery, if this could be done without subverting his moral government, or doing violence to any of the perfections of his nature, but no one could ever have demanded of him that he should interpose. We must admit that God could justly have inflicted upon each one, without exception, the full penalty of the broken covenant, unless we are willing to say that mankind were placed originally under an unjust dispensation.

The principle that we were utterly destitute of any claim upon God for salvation, is of great importance in both practical and polemic theology. It magnifies the mercy of God. It opens up the way for an explanation of mysterious providences, or at least it prepares us for an humble and even grateful acquiescence therein; for in the most afflictive circumstances we perceive that what we suffer is an abatement of what we deserve. It justifies the righteousness of sovereign election, for it shows that no injustice is done to those who are passed by.

A gift is something for which we have nothing to pay. That for which we pay is a purchase. When the Lord Jesus Christ is called a gift, it is implied that we have nothing whatever to pay for the salvation which we receive through him. Hence we are not to consider repentance, or faith, or good works, as in any respect a payment. There is in human nature a tendency to attach merit to these things. It arises partly from pride and self-sufficiency, but it is strange that even these feelings should make us reluctant to receive and acknowledge a gift from him to whom we owe everything; arises partly from custom, for we are accustomed to compensate our fellow-men for their good offices, and we vainly carry this association of ideas into our dealings with God; but perhaps it arises chiefly from our mistaking, as the meritorious grounds of a personal interest in Christ, those things which are merely to be considered as the infallible accompaniments and evidences of that interest. If the inquirer would bear in mind that salvation is a free gift, one of those difficulties which prevent him from coming immediately to Christ would be removed; and if the Christian would bear this in mind, he would often have comfort, where now he has disquietude.

A gift is something which will not be demanded back. That which we have only for a season, is a loan. Christ will never be taken from those who can say of him, "My beloved is mine, and I am his." "Nothing shall separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." He himself said, "Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." He also said of those whom his Father gave him, "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." We shall never fall from grace. We shall never perish. We are in the hands of one who is "able to keep us from falling." We shall be "kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation."

Reader, this is an unspeakable gift; that is, it is a gift furnished at such a cost, evidencing so much love, and bringing such inconceivable blessings, that human language is not sufficient to adequately describe it. If you should offer to one whom you love a costly present provided for him with great

care, how would you feel if he should not appreciate your kindness, and should bluntly refuse to accept it? And yet, perhaps, when God offers you this gift, you are refusing it. Have you ever reflected seriously upon your conduct?

HOW WE KEEP OURSELVES WARM.

NO. II.

It will be remembered that in our first paper we dwelt especially upon two things: 1. That clothes keep us warm merely by preventing the heat of our bodies from passing away, not by any warming power of their own. 2. That different things possess this property of stopping the heat in very different degrees—those stopping it most which give or take away heat the slowest; those stopping it least which give or take it away the quickest. The heat passes through our clothes by making them warm. This way of passing through is called "conduction," because the heat is led or "conducted" through the substance step by step. One little fibre of our coat gets warm, and then that warms the next, and so on, till the heat has got right through. So the faster each little fibre takes the heat from its neighbour, the faster the heat gets through, and the better "conductor" the substance is.

This is the way in which heat passes through most things. If you put a poker into the fire the end will very soon get red-hot, while the handle is quite cool. But if you begin to feel along the poker, from the handle to the end, you will find that it feels hotter and hotter as you get nearer the part that is red-hot. And if you leave it in long enough, the handle also will at last get so hot that you cannot touch it without burning your fingers. Here, again, the heat has been "conducted" up the poker, from one little particle of iron to another; each one first getting warm itself, and then warming its neighbour. The heat here passes much quicker than it would through most things, because iron is a good conductor. You never find a piece of wood, even if it is blazing away at one end, get so hot at the other that you cannot touch it. Some things, however, will "conduct" heat even faster and better than iron. A copper poker would get hot at the handle quicker than an iron one, a silver one quicker still, because it is the best conductor.

We should say, then, that clothes keep us warm, because they are *bad conductors of heat*; and the worse conductors they are the warmer they keep us. They are bad conductors, partly because of the nature of the original materials of which they are made. The fibres of cotton or linen, or wool, however closely they are laid one on another, however tightly they are pressed together, do not take the heat quickly from one another, or even let it pass quickly through each one of themselves. They are very bad conductors; woollen fibres the worst, then cotton, and then linen; for which reason woollen stuffs are always the warmest to wear.

But our clothes are bad conductors, not only because of the materials out of which they are made, but because of the way in which those materials have been made up. Every one knows that loosely-woven stuffs, like flannel, are much

warmer than tightly-woven ones, like cloth. Yet in this case both are made from the same material, both are woollen. Nor is it that one is thicker than the other, and so has more fibres in it for the heat to pass through. Size for size, a piece of cloth and a piece of flannel will weigh nearly about the same, or, if anything, the cloth will be heavier. It is, simply, that in the flannel the fibres are loosely woven, as loosely, indeed, as possible; while in the cloth they are very tightly woven, and the whole pressed together as close as possible. Now, why should this be so? Why should this loose arrangement make the stuff a worse conductor?

Between every fibre in a piece of flannel is a little space, and that space is full of *air*. Here lies the secret. Air is a very bad conductor of heat, worse even than the woollen fibres; and so the heat, having to pass, not only through these, but through the little spaces of air between them, has to go even slower than it would if the flannel had been all wool and no air. But how do we know that air is such a bad conductor? Why, very easily. We said before that we could tell which things were the best conductors by the way they *felt* when they were either hotter or colder than ourselves. Those things which let heat pass quickly through them, also give and take it quickly, and so feel hottest or coldest. Now air may be very hot and very cold, and yet we scarcely feel it at all. Go into your room some frosty day and wash your hands. Oh! how cold the water feels; how it numbs your fingers! And yet the air in that room is most likely even colder than the water. Why does not it numb your hands? Because it is a much worse conductor than water, it does not take away the heat so fast. So, again, in the height of summer, you can sit down comfortably with the thermometer at 90° in the shade, while yet if you were to put your hands into water of the very same temperature, you would exclaim, how warm it was! Nay, to show how little we really do feel the heat of the air, a man once got inside a baker's oven, and cooked himself a mutton chop there, and yet scarcely felt any inconvenience. The only thing he had to be careful about was, *what he touched*: if he touched the bricks, or, still more, the iron plates, of course he burnt himself; but as long as he only touched the air, or the thick blanket that was put for him to sit on, he kept all right. It is clear, then, that air is a very bad conductor; in fact, about the worst we know of.

And what a good thing it is for us that it is so. We should not be able to have near such warm clothes were it not for those little spaces of air between the fibres; or, at all events, if we did, they would have to be a great deal thicker and heavier than they are. The fleece of the sheep, the down of the birds, the fur of the rabbits, and foxes, and bears, all are warm just on this account; there is so much air shut up in their coats that the heat cannot get away. These, too, would never be able to keep warm were it not that air is a bad conductor. But, more still, none of us could live through the winter if air was a good conductor. If the air at 32° was as cold to the feel as ice is, we should all get frozen up. Make as big fires as we liked, wrap ourselves up as close as we could, we should never be able to keep ourselves warm if the

air were constantly taking away our heat as fast as other things do. No one could live in the arctic regions, where there is ice and snow all the year round, and the temperature is often 50° or 60° below freezing, and everything metallic gets so cold as to raise a blister on your finger just like a burn—no one could live there if air was a good conductor. And no one could live in the tropics, where the air is sometimes as hot as scalding water, and you may cook your dinner in the sun; no one could live there, either, if air was a good conductor. What a good thing it is for us that God has made this air we breathe, as he has, a bad conductor.

But, perhaps, some one will say, if air is such a bad conductor, worse even than woollen clothes, why do we need to put on these clothes at all? How can the heat get away, if the air takes it and lets it pass so slowly? This certainly does seem rather strange; we must leave the explanation of it, however, till next week.

(To be continued.)

WAITING FOR THE DAY.

"Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity."—ECCLES. xii. 8.

O! sun, arise, and bring the morn,
And let me once more see the light;
For I am fainting and forlorn,
And wearied watching in the night.

And though I hear the angels call,
Nor can my soul prolong her stay;
Till on mine eyes the sunbeams fall,
I would not wish to pass away.

But when the thousand chorused strain
Of birds is heard from out the wood,
Waking the world to life again,
Startling the dreary solitude;

When twittering loud, in wanton mirth
They break the silence now so deep,
Hymning a new dawn o'er the earth,—
Then calmly may I fall to sleep!

For I do feel within my breast
A loathing of the hopes so vain,
The scorching fire, the mad unrest,
The sin, the sorrow, and the pain!

Long years I schooled my heart to wait,
Long years I sought the laurel wreath;
I have it now—but 'tis too late,
Its leaves drip down the dews of death!

And *she*, the worshipped of my life,
Deceived me,—but let that go by:
What to me now is maid or wife?
I only want in peace to die!

I only would this life were o'er,
And all that weary years have brought
Rubbed out, that I might know once more
The calm unconsciousness of thought,

I knew long since, when life began,
When resting on a mother's knee,
Ere that I learned the strife of man,
She humm'd the low child-lullaby.

So may the yearned-for, blest release
Come quickly, when the shadows fly,
Folding me in a quiet peace;
And when the day breaks, let me die!

Department for Young People.

YANG-KI—THE LITTLE CHINESE.

PART I.

"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

ON the bank of a river, about three miles distant from the city of Canton, stood a house, the sloping gardens of which were trimly arranged and adorned with a finely-painted pagoda, in which a lamp burned before an idol. The house itself was large, and showed some taste in its decorations, the beauty of which had not faded since Whang-chin brought home his bride, the beautiful Yeu-su. Whang-chin was a mandarin of the second rank, and was very proud of his button.* As some people do, when pride obtains the mastery, he showed his overweening opinion of himself to his inferiors in so offensive a manner that he had many enemies, but none so rancorous and spiteful as Chin-ho, a mandarin of the third rank—a man who, being very ambitious, did not like any one to be greater than himself, and who particularly resented the air of superiority assumed by Whang-chin, who was only one step above him in the social scale. Like most envious people, Chin-ho watched eagerly for an opportunity for injuring Whang-chin, and, if possible, advancing himself. The widely-spread disturbances that agitated China about four or five years ago favoured his design, and while the unsuspecting Whang-chin was pursuing the even tenor of his way, his enemy was busily undermining his reputation with the higher powers; and a report had been forwarded to Peking that he was more than suspected of favouring the rebellion.

Whang-chin resided nearly altogether at his country house, coming into Canton on stated days to administer justice—or, at least, what passed for it—very impartially, whenever it was not his interest to do otherwise. He observed the numerous feasts and fasts with all becoming decorum and fervour, and made offerings of great value to every idol that could, he imagined, be of service to him. No lamp in the joss-house was larger than his, or burned more brightly; and at the feast of lanterns no one carried his pole more gracefully, or exhibited a more elaborately-ornate lantern, as an appendage. His pig-tail was the longest and thickest in all Canton; and, in fact, Whang-chin was, in all respects, a model mandarin, and administered the bamboo as freely as any of his predecessors in office. Yeu-su, his beautiful wife, was a pattern for Chinese matrons; she was scarcely ever seen abroad, except in her palanquin, confining her walks to the gardens that surrounded the house, where she tottered about with the proper degree of feebleness that denoted her rank; her wonderful little feet being so small as to merit a sonnet in their praise from the great poet Tun-sin, who caught a view of them one day as he passed down the river in a flat-bottomed boat, and beheld the lovely Yeu-su pattering about from flower to flower in her garden, herself the most beautiful flower of all. Little Yang-ki was, at that time, seven or eight years of age; his large black eyes beamed with intelligence while he listened with delight to stories of the great

Khan, or heard, with awe and reverence, descriptions of that "Sun of the Universe," the father of the Celestial Empire. As children often do, Yang-ki imitated closely the haughty deportment of his father, and sipped his fragrant tea with all the gravity of a mandarin.

In the pride of his heart, Whang-chin was very fond of inviting strangers to visit his country house, and a British merchant and his wife, who resided in Canton, were his frequent guests. Mr. and Mrs. Morley had not any child of their own, and were very fond of the little Yang-ki, who, when he could forget the dignity of his position, was a very vivacious little fellow—as full of tricks and play as a kitten, and sometimes almost as mischievous as a monkey.

From Mrs. Morley, with whom he was an especial favourite, he learned to speak several sentences in English, and, as a great favour, he was sometimes allowed to spend a few days with her in Canton. On these occasions he tried to imitate English manners as much as possible, and was soon as expert with a knife and fork as in the use of his chop-sticks.

One morning Whang-chin had just settled himself in his palanquin, and, contrary to his usual custom, had drawn the curtains close, when, while the bearers were absent for a moment, Yang-ki, having kissed his mother's hand, sprang lightly into it, and asked his father to take him to see Mrs. Morley. The request having been granted, Whang-chin enjoyed the lively nonsense of the boy as he was carried along, little thinking that the cloud that had long been impending was about to burst on his devoted head, and consign not only himself but all his family to irretrievable ruin.

Having left Yang-ki at Mrs. Morley's he proceeded in great state to the hall of justice, on entering which, instead of being bowed to his seat with all the usual ceremony, he was suddenly seized upon by the officials, and thrown on the ground before the chief mandarin, who instantly gave a signal, only too well understood by the wretched Whang-chin, on the soles of whose feet a shower of blows immediately descended; when raised at length from this humiliating posture, his neck was enclosed in the wooden yoke that is used for criminals, and, without being permitted to ask a question, he was placed in a large wicker cage and carried about the streets of the city, amid the hootings and cries of the populace that, a few hours before, had trembled at his glance.

After this exhibition had lasted some time, the unfortunate Whang-chin was led into the narrow lane of execution, and beheaded along with some other poor wretches who were suspected of favouring the rebels. During all these hours of torture Chin-ho had looked on with an eye whose malice was only sated as his victim's head rolled in the dust. Messengers had been dispatched to the country home of Whang-chin, with orders to bring Yeu-su and Yang-ki into the city to share the fate of their husband and father; but, before their arrival, the palanquin-bearers had rushed into the presence of their mistress, and told her of the downfall of her husband. Not having seen Yang-ki get in or out of the palanquin, they did not know that he was in Canton, but his poor mother concluding that he had fallen a victim along with his father, immediately poisoned herself with opium, after the manner of Chinese ladies under such circumstances. Chin-ho,

* The rank of a mandarin is distinguishable by his button, as the rank of our military officers is seen by the decoration on the collar.

arriving soon after her death, and not finding Yang-ki, thought she had thrown him into the river, and so proceeded at once to take possession of the home of his victim, which, contrary to the usual rule to demolish the house of a traitor, was given to the treacherous Chin-ho, as a reward for discovering Whang-chin's rebellious leanings, which, in truth, had no existence, except in the wicked invention of his enemy.

When Mr. and Mrs. Morley heard of the sad fate of Yang-ki's parents, and also that he was supposed to have shared it, they resolved to adopt him as their own child; and, knowing that his life would be forfeited if he was discovered, they kept him carefully hidden from every one but their own servants, who were natives of England. Yang-ki was very fair, and had well-shaped features, so that when his pig-tail was cut off, and his hair permitted to grow, he presented more the appearance of a French or Italian than a Chinese child. About three months after they had adopted the little boy, Mr. and Mrs. Morley resolved to return to England, and, having settled all their affairs, lost no time in getting on board the vessel that was to convey them home. Yang-ki was taken on board at night, and placed at once in a private cabin, which he did not leave until the next morning, when Canton was only discernible on the horizon.

PART II.

"The merciful shall obtain mercy."

As soon as the Morleys arrived in London they had Yang-ki baptised by a Christian minister, and gave him the name of "Edward," after the captain of the vessel, who had been very kind to him. Little Edward, as we must now call him, seemed to have left all his mischievous tricks behind him in China, and showed a sincere affection for his new parents, and an ardent desire to obey them in all things. A pretty house near Clapham being fixed on for their home, Mr. and Mrs. Morley decided on sending Edward to school, thinking it better to sacrifice the pleasure of having him always with them, in order to secure to him the fullest advantages; while he, child as he was, felt pleased at the arrangement, being resolved to learn English as fast as he could, and also desiring to take advantage of the opportunity he had for improving himself. He had not been long at school before he distanced many English boys older than himself, who, having discovered his nationality, frequently revenged themselves on him by calling him "pig-tail" and "rat-eater," for which they thought themselves very witty indeed; even the French master followed the general feeling so far as to call the poor little fellow, whose greatest ambition was to be an Englishman, "*le petit Chinois*." But the brave little boy pursued his studies, undaunted by the scoffs and sneers of his companions, and showed that he had not only taken up the name but the character of a Christian, by displaying a most forgiving disposition. No matter how much the boys annoyed him, he was ready the next moment to do them any service in his power, and was always willing to lend his books or pocket-money to any of them.

When he had been about a year and a half at school, a violent fever broke out among the boys, and Edward was one of the first to take it. In the paroxysms of his illness he spoke Chinese con-

tinually, having apparently quite forgotten all the English he had learned; this made it very difficult for anything to be done for him, as the nurse could not understand what he required from her when he called, and the doctor was frequently puzzled by his symptoms, and unable to discover where he suffered most, except by signs. But, by degrees, the fever subsided, and little Edward began to recover. As he grew better a great change was perceptible in him; instead of being lively and animated, he was now languid and heavy, and seemed to have altogether forgotten everything he had learned since he came to England. His books were unopened, and he sat silent and dull for hours at a time. Mr. and Mrs. Morley had not seen him for more than two months, as they had been absent from home when his illness commenced; and on their return the doctor did not wish them to visit him, the fever being of a very infectious character, and as neither of them were strong, he feared its effects if they should take it. But now that Edward was able to be once more down stairs, he withdrew the prohibition; and the next day, as the little boy was looking listlessly out of the window, he saw a carriage drive up to the hall door, and in a few minutes he was summoned to the drawing-room, where his parents were waiting for him. He entered the room with a hesitating step and drooping head; but the loving tone of Mrs. Morley's voice, as she uttered the words, "My dear Edward," seemed to break the spell, and, bounding forward, he flung himself into her arms, exclaiming, in thrilling accents, "Mother, my mother!" From that moment the flood-gates of memory became unlocked, and when he returned to school, after an absence of six weeks, he applied so vigorously to his studies, that before the Christmas vacation he was once more at the head of his class.

Edward is now nearly thirteen years of age, and bids fair to be an honour to the country which he has adopted as his own, and a credit to the parents who have adopted him as their child. A sensible Christian boy, gentle and forgiving, yet high-spirited and persevering, he has all the elements for the formation of a noble character, and seems fully determined to win himself a name in the land he honours so highly.

My little readers, this is not a fancy sketch. Edward is no creature of the imagination, but a real living boy, who has won by his own cheerful, loving disposition, the esteem and affection of all who know him, and who it is to be hoped will live to adorn the character of a Christian and a Briton.

Of course some changes have been made in the story of his life, and the place of his abode in England; but the facts are true.

Think for a moment, my little friends, if any of you were, as little Edward has been, torn from your native land, and cast entirely among strangers, speaking a strange language, and professing a strange religion, would you have acted like him? Would you have shown the same gentleness towards your schoolfellows, the same forgiving temper, the same Christian forbearance and forgetfulness of injuries? Those sweet fruits of Christianity have been more apparent in Edward as year has followed year, and now he is the favourite friend of all his companions, young and old. So far from

taunting him with his birth, they are proud of him; and vie with each other in acts of kindness to him; and if the old French master still calls him, at times, "le petit Chinois," it is in an accent of tenderness and not of sarcasm.

Thus are the words of the Bible realised, that the "merciful shall obtain mercy;" and the God of the fatherless has abundantly fulfilled his promise, "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord shall take thee up."

ABOUT THE LOBSTER.

Who does not like the flesh of the lobster? Even the child knows the nursery riddle, "Black in the kitchen, red on the table." Without any warmth in their bodies, or even without red blood circulating through their veins, they are wonderfully voracious. They even devour each other, and may be said to eat themselves; for, changing their shell and stomach every year, these remains are generally the first morsels to glut their new system. They are always in harness, heavily armed to the teeth; seven-jointed is the cunningly forged mail of their back. Beneath this protecting roof move four, yes, eight scrawling feet, four on each side, pushing forward the unwieldy war engine, like the Roman legion under the shelter of the battering-ram.

The two great claws are the lobster's instruments of provision and defence; and by opening like a pair of scissors, they have great strength, and take a firm hold. Between the two claws lies the animal's head, very small, with eyes like two black, horny specks, on each side; and these it can advance out of the socket, or draw in, at pleasure. The mouth, like that of insects, opens lengthwise of the body, not crosswise, as with man and the higher races of animals. It has two teeth for its food, but three more in the stomach. Before the pointed nose, the long, wire-like feelers or horns are stretched out, that seem to aid the dimness of its sight. The tail, or jointed instrument, is its great locomotive, by which it is raised and propelled through the water. Beneath this we see lodged the spawn in great abundance.

When the young lobsters leave the parent, they seek refuge in small clefts of the rocks, or crevices at the bottom of the sea. In a few weeks they grow much larger, and change their shell for lobsterhood. In general, this is done once a year, and is a painful operation. For some days before this change, the animal loses its usual strength and vigour, lying torpid and motionless; but, just before casting its shell, striking its claws against each other, every limb seems to tremble. Then the body swells in an unusual manner, and the shell begins to divide—it seems turned inside out, the stomach coming away with its shell. In like manner the claws are disengaged, the lobster casting them off much as you or I would kick off a boot too big for us. For several hours it now continues enfeebled and motionless, but in two days the new skin becomes hardened, and the shell in the same time is perfectly formed and hard, like the one just cast off.

The lobster has increased more than a third in its size; and like a boy that has outgrown his clothes, it seems wonderful how the old shell could contain so great an animal as fills the new. Below, in his

native element, he reaches the age of twice ten years, and loses a foot or claw without feeling his loss, for he very well knows that they will grow again. At certain seasons, lobsters never meet each other without a fight; and when a leg or even a claw is lost, the victor carries it off, while the vanquished retires for a thorough repair of his injured anatomy. This is quickly accomplished, for in three weeks the new limb is nearly as large and powerful as the old one. When hunting, the lobster resorts to stratagem, if his strength be insufficient. In vain the oyster closes the door against his grasping, vice-like claw; for so soon as the unsuspecting mollusk opens its house, in he pops a stone, and the breach made, the oyster must surrender.

The lobster has his rocky home at a depth of from six to twelve fathoms; and the propagation of his race is continued in marvellous numbers. More than twelve thousand eggs have been counted in a single female. When he reaches the light he is inactive; but in his own realm he dashes with rapid speed over chasms and rocky table-lands of the ocean. A motion of the tail is sufficient to hurl him down more than fifty feet deep, and thus escape the swiftest pursuit. So sure is this leap, that he never misses the entrance of his cavern, even in the most precipitous flight, although, too, it merely offers space enough to admit his body.

Biblical Expositions.

A FEW NOTES ON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW.

CHAPTER IV.—Verse 17.

"From that time Jesus began to preach."

By the foolishness of preaching, but not by foolish preaching, God is pleased to work, and we greatly wrong this ordinance if we do not regard it as of Divine appointment; for, owned by the Spirit of God, sermons are, as Hooker expresses it, "keys to the kingdom of heaven, wings to the soul, spurs to the good affections of man, unto the sound and healthy food, and as physic unto diseased minds." At no time more than the present does it become men whose office it is to preach to be zealous in the discharge of this Christian duty. To the poor, it is often their only means of instruction; and as all classes are liable to erroneous views upon religious subjects, it behoves the teacher to take heed what he teaches, and to adapt his ministrations to the wants of the times, and, as a man appointed to labour for God, ever to bear in mind the pious determination of David—not to offer in the service of God that which cost him nothing. The service of the sanctuary demands the Christian's choicest services and highest efforts; and knowledge, eloquence, earnestness, and Scriptural fidelity are among the wants of the times. With all the talent and piety that exist, men may justly complain, in this nineteenth century, that preaching is not what it ought to be, neither is it what it might be; and thinking men arrive at this conclusion, that unless vast improvements be made, a very grave injury will be inflicted upon the cause of piety, and scepticism and ungodliness will increase in the land; and we cannot help thinking that fifty pious, zealous,

talented preachers—men endowed with Christian gifts as well as Christian graces—would effect a larger amount of spiritual good than the erection of many edifices for public worship. Let the men be found, and let the people be fed, and buildings will rapidly arise—and we hope to see them rise—as the result of ministrations which have reached the heart.

Verses 18 and 19.

"And Jesus, walking by the sea of Galilee, saw two brethren, Simon, called Peter, and Andrew, his brother, casting a net into the sea: for they were fishers.

"And he saith unto them, Follow me."

Christ's power over the minds of men is here presented to our view. Although eight other men were also summoned to apostolic duties, in no instance do we read of an objection, or even of a reluctance to obey an injunction which entailed the loss of their usual occupation, which subjected them to reproach, and promised them no worldly advantages, and in the end led to persecutions, bonds, imprisonment, and death. We may ask, to what can we attribute this general and ready compliance, under so many forbidding circumstances? Here was an invitation from a man of poverty and of humble birth—from one so poor that he was nourished by the hand of benevolence, and oft had not where to lay his head; yet no sooner were the Saviour's words uttered to Peter and Andrew, "Follow me," than they straightway left their nets and followed him; and when a similar call was given to James and John, "they immediately left the ship and their father, and followed him." They forsook all to follow Christ. Our Lord, to establish his claims to the Messiahship, and for benevolent reasons, wrought miracles upon the bodies of men; and he appears to have commenced his work of mercy by a miracle upon the minds of men; and thus the irresistible force of the invitation, of which every apostle was conscious, presented to all of them an evidence of Christ's Divine power, and this conviction would animate them for the days of trial and of privations.

Contemplating our Lord's life and ministry, we shall, in place of denying the miracles wrought by him, or frittering them away by rationalistic expositions, be led to increase the number by adding to the noble list those instances of miraculous power which frequently occur in our Lord's history, and yet are not usually enumerated among the Saviour's miracles. The miraculous influence exercised upon the minds of these early disciples is a case in point; also the expulsion of the buyers and sellers from the Temple, at the commencement of Christ's ministry, and again at the close. What less than a miracle could cause hundreds of persons to forsake their money, their sheep, and their oxen, and rush forth from a place which was granted for their use, and in which they were engaged in legalised acts of commerce, or in transactions that were sanctioned by the men in authority? This expulsion was the act of a single individual unarmed, save with a whip of cords, and unsupported by national authority. In the former case, every man "followed;" in the latter, every man fled! On another occasion when infuriated men sought, at Christ's first sermon,

to hurl him from a precipice, the Saviour rendered himself invisible, and passed through them uninjured. The mode in which the shekel was procured for the payment of the tribute money for our Lord and the apostle; the miraculous manner in which the Saviour vanished from the presence of his disciples in the supper-chamber; his sudden appearance in the upper room, in defiance of closed doors, and unseen by watchful eyes; his mode of departure at the close of his ministrations upon earth, may all be classed among his miracles, and the testimony which they afford to the Divine power of Christ ought to be irresistible; for the Saviour never wrought his miracles by a delegated authority, but by the self-possessed power essential to his Divine nature.

If one of the early fathers could adore God for the fulness of Scripture, in like manner every devout Christian man may adore God for the fulness of evidence which the Scriptures afford of their Divine origin. Throughout the New Testament no chapter can be found which does not, by positive declaration or by legitimate deduction, tend to prove the truth of that Gospel which the Saviour came to proclaim. Of the entire body of apostolic teachers, one, from covetousness betrayed his Master; yet no one accused the Saviour of either error in morals, or in the lessons which he taught, or in the blessings which he promised; and all preferred the loss of liberty, and of life itself, rather than the renunciation of their faith in their Master, and in the Gospel which he commissioned them to preach. Moreover, the self-denial of these men, the consistency of their teaching, the purity of the instructions imparted, the perseverance displayed, the dauntless bearing of these men, and their more than heroic composure in the prospect of death, all unite to prove that the Gospel written and the Gospel preached, had God for their author, and the moral, the intellectual, the temporal, and the eternal welfare of mankind for their objects.

"And I will make you fishers of men."

In the wisdom of God, Satan's kingdom was to be assailed in the height of its glory, and in the plenitude of its power. Satan's visible kingdom had been strengthening itself from the days of Solomon—a period of a thousand years. Of the four mighty empires which in succession had controlled the world, the last and greatest was that of Rome; and during the existence of this mighty empire, when wealth, talent, eloquence, authority, and self-interest were called to the aid of paganism, then did Christ commence his holy work, and, by the fishermen of Galilee, caused Christianity to triumph over heathenism; and government, morals, religion, literature, science, commerce, and also domestic happiness, were constrained to acknowledge the improving and ameliorating effects of Christ's holy Gospel. Inefficient instruments become effectual when of Divine appointment. That men should be led to cast their idols to the moles and the bats, and kings should become the nursing-fathers, and queens the nursing-mothers of the infant Church, at the preaching of these men of humble station, is an argument for the Divine origin of the Gospel. The work was wrought not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord of Hosts.

But, lest it should be thought that Peter and Andrew, James and John, and the other apostles, received as truths statements which wiser and more learned men would have rejected, God saw fit to add to the unlearned fishermen of Galilee the tent-maker of Tarsus, a man profoundly versed in Jewish theology and in Grecian and Roman literature, of pre-eminent powers, and removed from all suspicion of partiality to the Christian faith by his religious profession, and by his bitter opposition to the Gospel of Christ, and to all who dared profess it.

The triumph of Christianity is surrounded by additional lustre if we look at the literary character of the age in which the conflict occurred; for, at the time that Christ called his disciples to the great task of evangelising the world and of abrogating Judaism, men's minds were so disciplined, and their hostility so great that they would believe nothing without the strongest evidence that the nature of the subject admitted. So that we may fairly affirm, if Bolingbroke, Voltaire, Hume, Gibbon, Paine had lived at the time when Paul preached and Matthew wrote, they could not have brought against the Gospel a larger amount of intellect, talent, and of hatred, than the intellect, the talent, and the hatred that then existed; yet Christianity grappled with its ablest foes, and boldly defied philosophy and learning, wit and sophistry, ridicule and sarcasm, to overturn her arguments; the claims of Christ, as the promised Messiah, and as the great teacher of the Gospel, were submitted to the first and fiercest scrutiny that the world has witnessed, and its opponents were neither feeble reasoners nor men of ordinary powers.

Peter, the honoured servant of God, who is here called Simon, was among those who were first appointed to the apostolic office, and his writings and his labours justly entitle him to our gratitude; but when we find him claimed by the Church of Rome as her primary pastor, we cannot dismiss from our minds that—

1. The Apostle Peter was not the first person who was called to the apostleship.
2. He was not the founder of the Church at Rome.
3. He was not even the writer of the Epistle to the Romans.
4. Even if we grant that he died at Rome—for which there is no evidence—yet still there is nothing to prove that he was ever Bishop of Rome.
5. He was especially appointed the Apostle to the Jews, and Paul was the Apostle to the Gentiles.
6. The Apostle Peter was, moreover, a married man.
7. The apostle, though forgiven, was guilty of offences from which the other apostles were free.
8. He not only thrice denied his Master, but enforced the denial by fearful sins.
9. He was also rebuked by his Master under the highly condemnatory appellation of "Satan."
10. He was rebuked by his fellow-apostle for his want of fidelity.
11. He endangered his Master's life by his rash zeal; and—
12. The confession of faith which Peter made was the faith professed equally by all the apostles; and the

gifts which he received were received in conjunction with the other apostles.

Under these circumstances we are at a loss to perceive the eligibility of the Apostle Peter for the position which the Church of Rome has thought fit to assign to him.

(To be continued.)

FALLING LEAVES.

"We all do fade as a leaf."—ISAIAH lviv. 6.

WE are as leaves, our life a tree that grows
Upon this bank of earth, by Time's swift river—
We drop upon the current as it flows,
Borne to the great dark sea, returning never.

The idle winds play o'er us, and awake
Alternately the voice of joy and sorrow;
Brief sunshine mixed with tearful raindrops make
Our fitful dream of night and waking morrow.

Storms howl around, and many a fair green leaf
Pluck from the branch with momentary quiver;
But green, or withering slowly, life is brief,
In the keen blast leaves drop at every shiver.

The waters murmuring in sad undertone,
Cold o'er the roots of being onward sweeping,
Touch all our joys, and as an inward moan,
Continual rises their low voice of weeping.

Dream on! but life is real, and we fade,
Yet not so soon, we dream, as others wither;
Oh, vain, fond wish! a breeze moves overhead
And shakes our bough, we fall—borne hence, but
whither?

Eternity! dread ocean round us thrown,
Whither all tend upon Time's rushing river;
Where do we sail—to what dark coast unknown—
Or land of light—or do we sink for ever?

We watch ourselves reflected in the stream,
Moving 'mid shadows strange, that show before us
Most real forms—a moment—and they seem
But shadows of the darkness looming o'er us.

We watch the stars of heaven in the wave,
But it is ruffled, and their light is broken;
'Tis but a glowworm's lamp upon the grave—
Fainter beyond—we cannot read the token.

But, looking upward, we behold a tree,
'Neath fairer skies, beside a shining river,
Where these sad, faded leaves of earth, made free
From all decay, engrafted, are green for ever.

J. H.

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THE WORLD OF SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. F. W. FARRAR,

AUTHOR OF "ERIC; OR, LITTLE BY LITTLE."

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH—(continued).

To return down Appenfell was, the experienced shepherd informed them, quite hopeless. In such a mist as that, which might last for an indefinite time, even he would be totally unable to find his way. But now that they were warm and satisfied with food, and confident of safety, they even enjoyed the feeling of adventure when Giles tied them together for their return across the Devil's Way. First he tied the rope round his own waist, then round Power's and Kenrick's, and finally, as there was not enough left to go round Walter's waist, he tied the end round his right arm. Thus fastened, all danger was tenfold diminished, if not wholly removed, and the two unaccustomed boys felt a happy reliance on the nerve and experience of Giles and Walter, who were in front and rear. It was a scene which they never forgot, as the four went step by step through the moonlight along the horrible ledge, safe only in each other's help, and awestruck at their position, not daring to glance aside or to watch the colossal grandeur of their own shadows as they were flung here and there against some protruding rock. Power was next to Walter, and when they reached the spot beneath which the whiteness glinted and the rags fluttered in the wind, Walter, in spite of himself, could not help glancing down, and whispering, "Look," in a voice of awe. Power unhappily did look, and as all the boys at St. Winifred's were familiar with the story of the shepherd's fate, and had even known the man himself, Power at once was seized with the same nervous horror which had agitated Walter—grew dizzy, stumbled, and slipped down, jerking Kenrick to his knees by the sudden strain of the rope. Happily the rope checked Power's fall, and Kenrick's scream of horror startled Giles, who, without losing his presence of mind, instantly seized Kenrick with an arm that seemed as strong and inflexible as if it had been hammered out of iron, while at the same moment Walter, conscious of his rashness, clutched hold of Power's hand and raised him up. No word was spoken, but after this the boys kept close to their guides, who were ready to grasp them tight at the first indication of an uneven footstep, and who almost lifted them bodily over every more difficult or slippery part. The time seemed very long to them, but at last they had all reached Bardlyn Hill in safety, and placed the last step they ever meant to place on the narrow and dizzy passage of the Razor's Edge.

And stopping there, they looked back at the dangers they had passed—at Appenfell piled up to heaven with white clouds; at Bardlyn Rift looming in black abysses beneath them; at the thin broken line of the Devil's Way. They looked

"As a man with difficult short breath,
Forespent with toiling, 'scaped from sea to shore,
Turns to the perilous wide waste, and stands
At gaze."

They stood silent till Power said, in ejaculations of intense emphasis, "Thank God!"—and then pointing downwards with a shudder, "O! Walter!" and then once again, "Thank God!"—which Walter and Kenrick echoed; and then they passed

on without another word. But those two words, so uttered, were enough.

The man, who was more than repaid by the sense that he had rendered them a most important aid, and who had been greatly fascinated by their manly bearing, entirely refused to take any money in payment for what he had done.

"Nay, nay," he said; "we poor folks are proud too, and I won't have none of your money, young gentlemen. But let me tell you that you've had a very narrow escape of your lives out there, and I don't doubt you'll thank the good God for it with all your hearts this night; and if you'll just say a prayer for old Giles too, he'll vally it more than all your moneys. So now, good night to you, young gentlemen, for you know your way now easy enough. And if ever you come this way again, may be you'll come in and have a chat for remembrance' sake."

"Thank you, Giles, that we will," said the boys.

"And since you won't take any money, you'll let me give you this," said Walter. "You must let me give you this; it's not worth much, but it'll show you that Walter Evson didn't forget the good turn you did us." And he forced on the old shepherd's acceptance a handsome knife, with several strong blades, which he happened to have in his pocket; while Power and Kenrick, after a rapid whispered consultation, promised to bring him in a few days a first-rate plaid to serve him as a slight reminder of their gratitude for his ready kindness. Then they all shook hands with many thanks, and the three boys, eager to find sympathy in their perils and deliverance, hastened to St. Winifred's, which they reached at eight o'clock, just when their absence was beginning to cause the most serious anxiety.

They arrived at the arched gateway as the boys were pouring out of evening chapel, and as every one was doubtfully wondering what had become of them, and whether they had encountered any serious mishap. When the Famulus admitted them, the fellows thronged round them in crowds, pouring into their ears a succession of eager questions. The tale of Walter's daring act flew like wildfire through the school, and if any one still retained against him a particle of ill-feeling, or looked on his character with suspicion, it was this evening replaced by the conviction that there was no more noble or gallant boy than Walter among them, and that if any equalled him in merit it was one of those whose intimate friendship for him had on this day been deepened by the grateful knowledge that to him, in all human probability, they owed their preservation from an imminent and overpowering peril. Evon Somers, in honour of whose academic laurel the whole holiday had been given, and who that evening returned from Oxford, was less of a hero than either of the three who had thus climbed the peak of Appenfell and braved so serious an adventure; far less crowned with schoolboy admiration than the young boy who had thrice crossed and recrossed the Devil's Way, and who had crossed it first unaided and with full knowledge of its horrors, while the light of winter evening was dying away, and the hills around him reeked like a witch's caldron with wintry mists.

Walter, grateful as he was for each pat on the back and warm pressure of the hand, which told him how thoroughly and joyously his doings were

appreciated, was not intoxicated by the enthusiasm of this boyish ovation. It was, indeed, a proud thing to stand among those four hundred schoolfellows, the observed of all observers, greeted on every side by happy, smiling, admiring faces, with every one pressing forward to give him a friendly grasp, every one anxious to claim or to form his acquaintance, and many addressing him with the kindest greetings whose very faces he hardly knew; but the deeper and more silent gratitude of his chosen friends, and the manly sense of something bravely and rightly done, was more to him than this. Yet this was something very sweet. When the admiration of boys is fairly kindled, it is the brightest, the most genial, the most generously hearty in the world. Few succeed in winning it; but he who has been a hero to others in manhood only, has had but a partial taste of the rich triumph experienced by him who has had the happiness in boyhood of being a hero among boys.

Here let me say how one or two people noticed Walter when first they saw him that evening.

While numbers of boys were shaking hands with him, whom he hardly saw or recognised in the crowd by the mingled moonlight and lamplight that streamed over the court where they stood, Walter felt one squeeze that he recognised and valued. Looking among the numerous faces, he saw that it was Henderson who was greeting him without a word. No nonsense or joke this time, and Walter noticed that the boy's lips were trembling with emotion, and that there was a light as of tears in his laughter-loving eyes.

"Ah, Henderson!" said Walter, in that tone of real regard and pleasure which is the truest sign and pledge of friendship, and which no art can counterfeit, "I'm so glad to see you again: how did you and Dubbs get on?"

"All right, Walter," said Henderson; "but he's gone to bed with a bad headache. Come in and see him before you go to bed. I know he'd like to say good night."

"Well done, Evson—well done indeed," was the remark of Somers, as he noticed Walter for the first time since the scene of the Private Room.

"Excellent, my gallant little Walter," said Mr. Percival, as he passed by. Mr. Paton, who was with him, said nothing, but Walter knew all that he would have expressed when he caught his quiet approving smile, and felt his hand rest for a moment, as with the touch of Christian blessing, on his head.

It is happiness at all times to be loved, and to deserve the love; but happiest of all to enjoy it after sorrow and sin. But we must escape from this ordeal of prosperity, of flattering words and intoxicating fumes of praise, as soon as we can. Who would not soon be enervated in that tropical and luxurious atmosphere? If it be dangerous, happily it is not often that he or we shall breathe its heavy sweetness, but far other are the dangers we shall mostly undergo.

"Dr. Lane wants you," said the Famulus, just in time to save the tired boys from their remorseless questioners. They went at once to the head-master's house. He received them with a stately yet sincere kindness; questioned them on the occurrences of the day; warned them for the future against excursions so liable to accident as the winter ascent of Appenfell; and then spoke a few

friendly words to each of them. For both Kenrick and Power he had a strong personal regard, and for the latter especially a feeling closely akin to friendship and affection. After they were gone he kept Walter behind, and said, "I am indeed most sincerely rejoiced, Evson, to meet you again under circumstances so widely different from those in which I saw you last. I have heard for some time past how greatly you have improved, and how admirably you are now doing. I am glad to have the opportunity of assuring you myself how entirely you have succeeded in winning back my approbation and esteem." Walter attended with a glistening eye, and the master shook hands with him as he bowed and silently withdrew.

"Tea has been ordered for you in Master Power's study," said the footman, as they left the master's house.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

THE GOOD RESOLVE.

Am I my brother's keeper?—GEN. iii. 10.

"LET'S come and see Dubbs before tea," said Walter, on rejoining the other two; "Henderson told me he was ill in bed, poor fellow."

They went at once to the cottage, detached from the rest of the school buildings, to which all invalids were removed, and they were allowed to go to Daubeney's room; but although he was expecting their visit he had fallen asleep. They noticed a worn and weary expression upon his countenance, but it was pleasant to look at him; for although he was a very ordinary-looking boy, with somewhat heavy features, yet whatever beauty can be infused into any face by honesty of purpose and innocence of heart, was to be found in his; and you could not speak to Daubeney for five minutes without being attracted by the sense that you were talking to one whose character was singularly free from falsehood or vanity, and singularly unstained by evil thoughts.

"There lies one of the best and worthiest fellows in the school," whispered Power, as he raised the candle to look at him.

Low as he had spoken, the sound awoke the sleeper. He opened his eyes, dreamily at first, but with full recognition afterwards, and said, "Oh! you fellows, I'm so delighted to see you; when I saw Henderson last, he told me that you hadn't come back, and that people were beginning to fear some accident; and I suppose that's the reason why I've been dreaming so uneasily, and fancying that I saw you tumbling down the Rift, and all kinds of things."

"Well, we were very near it, Dubbs; but, thanks to Walter, we escaped all right," said Power.

Daubeney looked up inquiringly. "We must tell you all about it to-morrow," said Power. "How are you feeling?"

"Oh, I don't know; not very well; but it's no matter; I dare say I shall be all right soon."

"Hush, you young gentlemen," said the nurse; "this'll never do; you oughtn't to have awoken Master Daubeney just as he was sleeping so nice."

"Very sorry, nurse; good night, Dubbs; hope you'll be all right to-morrow," said they, and then adjourned to Power's study.

The gas was lighted in the pretty little room, and the matron, regarding them as heroes, had sent them a very tempting tea. They ate it almost in silence, for they were quite tired out. It seemed an age since they had started in the morning with Henderson and Daubeney. Directly tea was finished, Kenrick, exhausted with fatigue and excitement, fell asleep in his chair, with his head thrown back and his lips parted.

"There, I think that's a sign that we ought to be going to bed," said Walter, laughing as he pointed at him.

"Oh, no," said Power, "not yet; it's so jolly sitting here; don't wake him, but come and draw your chair next to mine by the fire, and have a chat."

Walter obeyed the invitation, and for a few minutes they both sat gazing into the fire, reading faces in the embers, and pursuing their own thoughts. Each of them was happy in the other's presence; and Walter, though more than a year Power's junior, and far below him in the school, was delighted with the sense of fully possessing, in the friendship of this most promising and gifted boy, a treasure which any one in the world might well have envied him.

"It's been a strange day, hasn't it, Walter?" said Power, at last, laying his hand on Walter's and looking at him. "I shall never forget it. You have thrown a new light on one's time here."

"Have I, Power? How? I didn't know it."

"Why, on the top of Appenfell there, you opened my eyes to the fact that I've been living here a very selfish life. I know that I get the credit of being very conceited and exclusive, and all that sort of thing; but, being naturally shy, I thought it better to keep rather aloof from all but the very few towards whom I felt at all drawn. I see now," he said, sadly, "that at the bottom this was mainly selfishness. Why, Walter, all the time I've been here, I haven't done as much for any single boy as you, a new fellow, have done for little Eden this one half-year. But there's time to do better yet; and, by God's help, I'll try. I'll give Eden the run of my study to-morrow; and as there's plenty of room, I'll look out for some other little chap who requires a refuge for the destitute."

"Thank you, for Eden's sake," said Walter; "I'm sure you'll soon begin to like him, if he gets at home with you."

"But that's the worst of it," continued Power; "so few ever get at home with me. I suppose my manner's awkward—or something; but I'd give anything to make fellows friendly in five minutes as you do. How do you manage it?"

"I really don't know; I never think about my own manner, or anything else. I suppose if one feels the least interest in any fellow, that he will probably feel some interest in me; and so, somehow, I'm on the best terms with all I care to know."

"Well, Ken and I had a long talk after you left us, to cross the Devil's Way; and I hope that the memory of that may make us three friends firm and fast, tender and true, as long as we live. We were in a horrible fright about you; and I suppose that, joined to our own danger, gave a solemn cast to our conversation; but we agreed that if we three, as friends, were united in the silent resolution to

help others, and especially new fellows and young, as much as ever we can, we might do a great deal. Tell me, Walter, didn't you find it a very hard thing, when you first came, to keep right among all sorts of temptations?"

"Yes, I did Power, very hard; and I confess, too, that I sometimes wondered that not one boy, though there are, as I see now, lots of thoroughly good and right fellows here, ever said one word, or did one thing to help me."

"It's all wrong, all wrong," said Power; "but it was you first who made me see it. Walter I shall pray to-night that God, who has kept us safe, may teach and help us here to live less for ourselves. Who knows what we might not do for the school?"

They both sat for a short time in thoughtful silence. Boys do not often talk openly together about prayer or religion, though perhaps they do so even more than men do in common life. It is right and well that it should be so; it would be unnatural and certainly harmful were it otherwise. And these boys would probably never have talked to each other thus, if a common danger had not broken down completely the barriers of conventional reserve. Never again, from this day did they allude to this sacred resolution; but they acted up to it, or strove to do so, not indeed unwaveringly, yet with manful courage, in the strength of that pure, strong, beautiful unity of heart and purpose which this day had cemented between them for the rest of their school life.

"But you seem to aim higher than I do, Power," said Walter; "I certainly found lots of wickedness going on here, but I never hoped to change that. All I hoped to do was to save one or two fellows from being cruelly bullied and spoiled. We can't alter the wrong tone which nearly all the fellows have on some matters."

"Yet," said Power, "there was once a man, a single man, in a great corrupted host, who stood between the living and the dead and the plague was stayed."

"Then rose up Phineas and prayed, and so the plague ceased," whispered Walter to himself.

All farther conversation was broken by Kenrick, who at this moment awoke with a great yawn, and looking at his watch, declared that they ought to have been in bed long ago.

"Good night, Ken; I hope we shall sleep as sound as you," said Power.

"Walter here will dream of skeletons and moonlit precipices, I bet," said Kenrick.

"Not I, Ken; I'm far too tired. Good night both."

Sleepy as they were, two of those boys did not fall asleep that night till they had poured out with all the passion of full hearts, words of earnest supplication for the future, of trembling gratitude for the past. Two of them—for Kenrick, with all the fine points of his character, was entirely destitute of any sense of religion, and had in many points the standard of a schoolboy, rather than that of a Christian.

When Walter reached his room, the rest were asleep, but not Eden. He sat up in his bed directly Walter entered, and his eyes were sparkling with animation and pleasure.

"O! Walter," he said, "I couldn't go to sleep

for joy. Every one's praising you to the skies. I am so proud of you, and it is so very good of you to be friends with me."

"Tush, Arty," said Walter, smiling, "one would think I'd done something great to hear you talk; whereas really it was nothing out of the way. I meant to have taken you with us, but I thought it would be too far for you."

"Taken me with you, and Kenrick, and Power!" said Eden, opening his large eyes; "how kind of you, Walter! but only fancy Power or Kenrick walking with me!"

"Why not, Arty? Power's going to ask you to-morrow to sit in his study, and learn your lessons there whenever you like."

"Power ask me!"

"You! Why not?"

"Why, he's such a swell."

"Well, then, you must try and be a swell, too."

"No, no, Walter; I'm doing ten times as well as I did, but I shall never be a swell like Power," said the child, simply. "And I know it's all your doing, not his. Oh! how shall I ever learn to thank and pay you, for all you do for me?"

"By being a good and brave little boy, Arty. Good night, and God bless you."

"Good night, Walter."

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE IN HUMBLE LIFE.

THE notes of music are various, and their continuations are perfectly marvellous in their multiplicity and intricacy, yet there is one note high and dominant which unites them all in a perfect strain. So in the Church of Christ, many are the members and various their offices, yet the law of God, and faith in the Saviour, should unite them all in loving and harmonious obedience to the Head, which is Christ.

In the magnificent cathedral, the stones which lie deep in the earth, hidden and obscured, have their office, and offices, perchance, of greater importance than those other stones which, as architrave, or pediment, or column, or sculptured figure, attract the attention and win the admiration of the spectator, and yet all combine to the completeness of the whole. Thus it is in the Church, which is the Temple of God. The humble Christian—scarcely known, it may be, beyond the court in which he dwells—may fulfil as real a part in contributing to the beauty and strength of the whole as the minister or the missionary who, with the hammer of the Divine Word, is hewing stones out of the great world-quarry for the spiritual house; or as the rich man who stands out prominently in the eyes of the Church, and attracts the applause of his fellows by the generosity with which he distributes his thousands for the glory of God, and the enlargement of the Redeemer's kingdom. There is a power in a holy example greater than in the most convincing argument, which makes itself felt wherever it is seen. God alone can measure the influence for good which goes forth from the simplest act of disinterested kindness—the look of tender sympathy, and the gentle, loving word. They dazzle not the eyes of men, but they are beyond all price in the sight of God.

As you have gazed with delight on the beautiful rainbow, with its brilliant combination of colours, and perfect, but grand, regularity of arch, did you ever consider the secret of its formation? That it is but the reflection of the sunbeams on the falling drops of rain? Each little rain-drop,

so insignificant in itself, received and reflected its ray of light, and thus, all combining and blending, formed the magnificent bow which, as it sleeps on the thunder-cloud, presents one of the finest pictures of beauty and grandeur in the entire material universe of God. So, O Christian, lowly though you think yourself, and worthless though you think your gifts, yet if your heart reflect the rays of the Sun of Righteousness which shine upon it in the sphere in which God has placed you, you too may fulfil a real and important part in contributing to the glory and the comeliness of the Church, which is the body of Christ.

Literary Notices.

The Naturalist on the River Amazons. By HENRY WALTER BATES. In 2 Vols. London: John Murray, 1883.

SOME notion may be formed of the river Amazons, the scene of Mr. Bates' wanderings, from the few following facts, chosen at random; facts somewhat startling to persons whose ideas of a large river are confined to the Severn or the Thames.

The whole country watered by this enormous stream and its numerous tributaries, embraces an area of 2,100,000 square English miles, about one-third of the whole of South America. Its length in its whole extent it is difficult to state, but some idea may be formed of it from the fact that it is navigable to within 200 miles of the Pacific, 2,100 miles in a direct line, or 3,000 by the course of the stream. The action of the tide is felt—hardly noticeable, indeed, but still perceptible—530 miles from the mouth; and at a distance of 400 miles out at sea, in floating tree-trunks and withered foliage, the sailor sees the last traces of this mightiest of earth's rivers.

On the shores of this grand stream, and a short distance up some of its main tributaries, Mr. Bates spent eleven years, and the results of his researches and of his most indefatigable labours are given to us in these volumes. He went out as a naturalist, and as a naturalist he travels and writes, and perhaps by some readers he may be thought to dwell too exclusively on his own particular pursuits; but to all lovers of nature, and nature's curiosities, his book is full of the deepest interest, and one can almost fancy oneself wandering by his side, and examining with him the many strange insects, and beasts, and birds he finds, so minutely does he describe them, and so graphically portray their haunts. His book, however, is by no means confined to such descriptions, though, considering the purpose for which he travelled, they very properly claim the largest share of it. He shows us life on the Amazons. We are introduced to the Indian tribes that wander along its banks, to the half-castes and Portuguese settlers that inhabit the towns and villages. Here and there we meet with racy bits, describing their quaint customs and isolated existence, their queer notions about things to us as common as the air we breathe, and even their religious thoughts. Not that education is neglected in the towns; but still, it must be confessed, it is rather limited. What would some of our national school children think of the following?

I do not recollect seeing a map of any kind at Santarem. The quick-witted people have a suspicion of their deficiencies in this respect, and it is difficult to draw them out on geography; but one day, a man holding an important office, betrayed himself by asking me, "on what side of the river was Paris situated?" This question did not arise, as might be supposed, from a desire for accurate topographical knowledge of the Seine; but from the idea that all the world was a great river, and that the different places he had heard of must lie on one shore or the other!—Vol. ii., page 13.

But now for a voyage up the Amazons. Of course, on the lower part of the river, this can be made by steam; but higher up, and on the tributaries, one has to trust to the uncertainty of sailing vessels, or even to rowing boats. On the main river the prospect is rather monotonous, unless the vessel runs so near the shore as to enable passengers to distinguish its glorious vegetation; but on the upper waters the scenery is beautifully varied by mountain and forest, and there is no fear of the weariness which the monotony of the sea-like river below is rather apt to excite. It was beneath the shade of these upper forests, and among the numerous lakes and swamps that border the river, that Mr. Bates spent the greater part of his time, and found the chief of the thousands of specimens he sent to England. We will now follow him thither, and join him in his pleasant rambles.

In preparing for an excursion up the Tapajos, one of the main tributaries of the Amazons, he reminds us forcibly of our old friend Robinson Crusoe.

I was obliged this time to travel in a vessel of my own; partly because trading canoes large enough to accommodate a naturalist very seldom pass between Santarem and the thinly-peopled settlements on the river, and partly because I wished to explore districts at my ease, far out of the ordinary track of traders. I soon found a suitable canoe—a two-masted cuberta, of about six tons burden, strongly built of itauba, or stone-wood, a timber of which all the best vessels in the Amazons' country are constructed, and said to be more durable than teak. This I hired of a merchant at the cheap rate of 500 reis, or about one shilling and twopenny per day. I fitted up the cabin, which, as usual in canoes of this class, was a square structure, with its floor above the water-line, as my sleeping and working apartment. My chests, filled with store-boxes and trays for specimens, were arranged on each side, and above them were shelves and pegs to hold my little stock of useful books, guns, and game-bags, boards and materials for skinning and preserving animals, botanical press and papers, drying cages for insects and birds, and so forth. A rush mat was spread on the floor, and my rolled-up hammock, to be used only when sleeping ashore, served for a pillow. The arched covering over the hold in the fore-part of the vessel contained, beside a sleeping-place for the crew, my heavy chests, stock of salt provisions and groceries, and an assortment of goods wherewith to pay my way among the half-civilised or savage inhabitants of the interior. The goods consisted of cashaca, powder and shot, a few pieces of coarse, checked cotton, cloth, and prints, fish-hooks, axes, large knives, harpoons, arrow-heads, looking-glasses, beads, and other small wares. José [his servant] and myself were busy for many days arranging these matters. We had to salt the meat and grind a supply of coffee ourselves. Cooking utensils, crockery, water-jars, a set of useful carpenter's tools, and many other things had to be provided. We put all the groceries and other perishable articles in tin canisters and boxes, having found that this was the only way of preserving them from damp and insects in this climate. When all was done, our canoe looked like a floating workshop.—Vol. ii., page 71.

Behind the little vessel was attached a montaria or small canoe, for facilitating landing, or exploring

the numerous water-paths leading into the forest. Of these curious water-paths we will speak presently. Now, our readers might like to know how to make a canoe. First a log is cut, about nineteen feet long; then it has to be hollowed out, which is done by means of strong chisels through a slit made down the whole length. "The expanding of the log thus hollowed out is a critical operation, and not always successful, many a good shell being spoilt by its splitting, or expanding irregularly. It is first reared on tressels, with the slit downwards, over a large fire, which is kept up for seven or eight hours, the process requiring unremitting attention to avoid cracks, and make the plank bend with the proper dip at the two ends. Wooden straddlers, made by cleaving pieces of tough elastic wood, and fixing them with wedges, are inserted into the opening, their compass being altered gradually as the work goes on, but in different degrees, according to the part of the boat operated upon." The log takes a long time to cool, and whilst doing so, is kept in shape by means of cross-pieces. Then two planks being fitted for the sides, and two semi-circular boards forming the ends, the boat is ready for caulking.

Mention has been made of the curious water-paths which abound in the regions of the Amazons, and which may be said to be almost peculiar to it. Parallel to the river's course, and at varied distances from it, is a succession of lakes and swamps, connected with the main river, and sometimes with each other, by narrow channels, which run under the dense vegetation of the forests, and, unless actually choked up by logs and brushwood, form water communications between the scattered huts and villages. Along these water-paths, Mr. Bates used to wander in search of specimens, the bushes and lower branches having often to be cut away to allow the canoe to pass. The following is a description of one of his trips:—

We set out at sunrise in a small *igarieté*, manned by six young Indian paddlers. After travelling about three miles along the broad portion of the creek—which, being surrounded by woods, had the appearance of a large pool—we came to a part where our course seemed to be stopped by an impenetrable hedge of trees and bushes. We were some time before finding the entrance, but when fairly within the shades a remarkable scene presented itself. It was my first introduction to these singular water-paths. A narrow and tolerably straight alley stretched away for a long distance before us; on each side were the tops of bushes and young trees, forming a kind of border to the path, and the trunks of the tall forest trees rose at irregular intervals from the water, their crowns interlocking far above our heads, and forming a thick shade. Slender air-roots hung down in clusters, and sloping sides dangled from the lower branches; bunches of grass, tillandsias, and ferns, sat in the forks of the larger boughs, and the trunks of the trees near the water had adhering to them round dried masses of fresh-water sponges. There was no current perceptible, and the water was stained of a dark olive-brown hue; but the submerged stems could be seen through it to a great depth. When the paddlers rested for a time, the stillness and gloom of the place became almost painful: our voices waked dull echoes as we conversed, and the noise made by fishes occasionally whipping the surface of the water was quite startling. A cool, moist, clammy air pervaded the sunless shade.—Vol. ii., page 229.

One of the dangers besetting the voyager on this river is the prevalence at times of violent storms, of the force of which we, with our small streams, can form no idea.

Another source of terror are the landslips, which occasionally take place along the steep, earthy banks. Large vessels are sometimes overwhelmed by these earthy avalanches, and the greatest care is needed when making fast the boat for the night.

One morning [says our author] I was awake before sunrise by an unusual sound resembling the roar of artillery. I was lying alone on the top of the cabin; it was very dark, and all my companions were asleep, so I lay listening. The sounds came from a considerable distance, and the crash that had aroused me was succeeded by others much less formidable. The first explanation that occurred to me was that it was an earthquake; for, although the night was breathlessly calm, the broad river was much agitated, and the vessel rolled heavily. Soon after another loud explosion took place, apparently much nearer than the former one; then followed others. The day dawned after the uproar had lasted about an hour, and we then saw the work of destruction going forward on the other side of the river, about three miles off. Large masses of forest, including trees of colossal size, probably 200 feet in height, were rocking to and fro, and falling headlong, one after the other, into the water. After each avalanche, the wave that it caused returned on the crumbling bank with tremendous force, and caused the fall of other masses by undermining them. The line of coast over which the landslip extended was a mile or two in length. It was a grand sight; each downfall created a cloud of spray; the concussion in one place causing other masses to give way a long distance from it; thus the crashes continued, swaying to and fro, with little prospect of a termination. When we glided out of sight, two hours after sunrise, the destruction was still going on.—Vol. ii., page 172.

Perhaps one of the most curious consequences of travelling in these out-of-the-way places is the utter insensibility to danger that it seems to engender. Rattlesnakes, alligators, water-serpents—names of horror to us in England—are objects of indifference, or even sources of amusement. Mr. Bates almost treads upon a rattlesnake in one of his walks, and is rather vexed that he cannot excite it to anger by throwing sticks and mud at it! He chases another snake as big as the large python in the Zoological Gardens, and is much chagrined when it escapes into a thicket! Alligators swarm in the river. "It is scarcely exaggerating to say that the waters of the Solimoes are as well stocked with large alligators in the dry season as a ditch in England is in summer with tadpoles." Fortunately they are great cowards, and are, therefore, treated by the natives almost with indifference. A capital scene, with a spirited wood-cut, is the dragging of one of these brutes by the tail out of a turtle-net. One, which they catch in the net, they muzzle and bind with a rope, and take with them in the canoe to the village to bait with dogs. At the bathing-places, as there is always one alligator on the watch, some little care is needed. He says:—

When this visitor was about, I used to imitate the natives in not advancing far from the bank, and in keeping my eye fixed on that of the monster, which stares with a disgusting leer along the surface of the water; the body being submerged to the level of the eyes, and the top of the head, with part of the dorsal crest, the only portions visible. When a little motion was perceived in the water behind the reptile's tail, bathers were obliged to beat a quick retreat. I was never threatened myself, but I often saw the crowds of women and children scared, whilst bathing, by the beast making a movement towards them; a general scamper to the shore, and peals of laughter, were always the result in these cases.

In writing of Mr. Bates's labours as a naturalist, we feel that we should be doing him injustice almost if we selected one passage before another. In every page there are passages which we long to transcribe; descriptions of scenery, accounts of strange birds and insects, beasts and reptiles, of their character and habits. In his accounts of monkeys he is particularly happy, and we strongly recommend his book to all lovers of these human caricatures. Numbers of them he tames himself, and almost every Indian girl has her monkey-pet. He mentions the curious power of taming animals which the natives have, and he ascribes it chiefly to their kind treatment, and leaving the animals free. They never tie up their pets as we do; and their pets form for them almost romantic attachments.

Some notion may be formed of the fitness of this region for specimen-hunting, when we find, that within half an hour's walk of one village, in the course of forty days, our author enumerated fully 300 species of butterflies alone; and in the neighbourhood of Ega were found upwards of 7,000 species of insects, of which 550 were distinct species of butterflies. In searching for specimens, he found the Indians of the greatest service. They entered heartily into the spirit of the thing. At first they were sadly puzzled at a man coming so far to hunt butterflies and stuff birds; but the difficulty ceased the moment they understood that he was *paid* for his trouble. In hunting the smaller birds, and even monkeys, the Indian blow-pipe was of great use, and from its property of killing without noise, often of more service than a gun. This blow-pipe is a hollow tube, generally nine or ten feet long, perfectly straight and smooth; while the arrow is very light and sharp, bound round at the but-end with a small oval body of silk from the seed-vessels of the silk cotton-tree, the point of it being dipped in the deadly Urari poison. With this simple weapon even boys can bring down a bird or monkey at a distance of thirty yards, and men, of course, farther still.

We should have liked to have said something about the Indians, who have been mentioned so often—their habits of life and modes of thought; but our space warns us that it is time to conclude. We feel that we can hardly have given to our readers a notion of what the book really is, and we offer them the only amends in our power by referring them to the book itself.

Scenes from the Drama of European History. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS, Author of "Anecdotal Memoirs of English Princes." London: Virtue, Brothers and Co., 1, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row.

THIS work contains a vast amount of historic information. It refers to the most spirited periods in history—the most remarkable epochs which mark the progress of the world. The battle of Tours, the coronation of Charlemagne, the voyage of Columbus, the defeat of the Spanish armada, the flight at Borodino, and the victory of Waterloo, are all brought before the reader in a vigorous and graphic style. The volume is one which will no doubt prove useful and interesting to the student of history.

NOT DEAD YET.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFERSON,

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

EDWARD'S DREAM.

WHEN Edward spoke the last words of the last chapter, the night was far advanced. The roar of Holborn had sunk to a drowsy murmur, and the drowsy murmur had gradually died down to a silence which, as the artist drew to the close of his revelations, was only occasionally broken by the clattering of night cabs. Above, in the quiet, cloudless firmament, the stars shone clear and bright, and, standing at the open window of his studio, to which he went for a breath of fresh air as soon as he had ended his story of personal experiences, Edward saw upon the surface of the court below the reflected light of the moon (which was itself invisible from his point of view), and the dark shadows thrown across the open space by the opposite buildings.

"We had better say 'Good night' to each other now," he observed, when he had stood in silence by the open window for three minutes, and had once again resumed his customary seat.

"Dear old fellow," responded Rupert, with brotherly tenderness. "I wish I knew how to comfort you. Yours is a hard case; that it is! You are my junior in years, but my elder in suffering."

"It will all come right, old boy," answered Edward, with a sad smile; "don't trouble yourself about me, so much as to be unhappy for me. I know that life's chief good comes to those who are called upon to learn her sternest lessons, if only they bear their trials patiently, never forgetting that God sends them their afflictions. And if I am to be a wretched man, what of it? What does it matter? I am only one paltry unit of the millions of human creatures still alive, before whom countless millions have passed away, and after whom innumerable millions will come. It is impious for a man to make too much of his own sorrow, as if it were of any real importance in the vast scheme of which his entire existence is no more than a grain of dust. If I can get to heaven when I die, I don't care what happens to me in this world. That's how I console myself."

Unaccustomed to look beyond this present life, and taking a somewhat selfish view of all matters pertaining to man's existence on this planet, Rupert could not see how much consolation could be derived from his friend's way of regarding and dealing with personal grief; but he did not say so. Respecting the superstitions and humouring the crotchets of his weaker brethren, Rupert seldom shocked the feelings of his companions by openly differing with them on points of faith or religious sentiment; and in his intercourse with Edward, he was especially careful to keep his shallow scepticism out of sight.

On the present occasion, instead of following the artist to the higher level of thought whither the latter had ascended, with those quick steps by which men of fervently religious natures pass from what is low and personal to unselfish and sublime meditations, the butterfly barrister drew his friend back to ground on which he could better sympathise with him.

"That's true, old fellow," he observed, "and there is comfort of the highest, grandest sort in what you say. But still a friend, thinking for his friend, cannot throw sorrow into distance, and drive it out of sight by long division. When I think of your hard case, I can't console myself with the generations of the past, and the ages that are to be. I can do no more than think of

you, and how different your lot ought to be—might have been—may be. A trifling accident of birth has made you miss all that would make you a supremely happy man; and a trifling accident of death would give you all that you desire; you know it would."

"So well, Rupert, do I know it," replied the artist, in a changed voice—a voice of alarm and warning, as he looked up with a nervous expression of terror and entreaty—"that Satan has no need to remind me of it by my dearest friend's lips. The devil is always putting that thought into my mind. As soon as I pluck it up and throw it away, he plants it there again. It is the way in which he is ever tempting me to sinful wishes, though God's great mercy saves me from the iniquity of deliberately harbouring them. Rupert, I tell you, the devil prompted you to make that speech! As you love me with a brother's love, *never repeat it!*"

Rupert had spoken the particular words which occasioned this outburst of feeling in comparative carelessness, little imagining how they would be received, and in perfect ignorance of the sensitive wound they probed so deeply. The result was to him a startling discovery, not unaccompanied with regret. Originally, his nature had not been especially evil; and of the faults with which vicious pleasure and vain philosophy had filled his heart and intellect, deliberate cruelty was not one. The sight of misery always touched him acutely. A radical defect, seated at the foundation of his moral constitution—a defect to which especial attention will be directed in the course of a few pages, and at the discovery of which no reader of this story will feel surprise—made him shrink from the spectacle of physical or mental suffering. He constantly did heartless acts, that necessarily brought anguish to others; but he always looked away from the consequences of his conduct. He was one of those beings to whom Providence apparently assigns the odious, but not needless, task of creating human misery; but from the wretchedness which he wrought he always fled as soon as he had created it. He often said that which inflicted torture on his hearers, but in thus giving wounds, the gaping mouths of which seized him with sudden assurance of what he had done, he acted in flippant heedlessness, not with malicious design. He was a man of fair words and pleasant smiles; greedy of approbation, and, with weak vanity, smarting for days at the recollection of any ill-judged speech by which he offended, where he wished to gratify. Of physical suffering, exhibited by others, he was meanly sensitive, shuddering at it with a child's impulsive pity and a coward's terror. A whining mendicant in the streets readily drew alms from him; and if, as he tossed the beggar a bounty, the young dandy uttered a contemptuous jibe or bitter jest, he did so under an impression that the contempt would not be felt, and that the jest would not be understood.

Had he, therefore, at all anticipated the effect of his words, they would not have been uttered.

"Dear Ned," he now exclaimed, with genuine distress, "if I had had the faintest notion that my unconsidered speech would disturb you in this way, I would have cut my tongue out sooner than have so hurt you. Of course, you know this. How was I to know on what delicate ground I was treading?"

As he thus spoke he rose, and advancing to the artist, held out his own right hand.

"You couldn't know it, of course not," rejoined Edward, taking the outstretched hand in a firm grasp; "and you may see I don't resent your discovering what I should not voluntarily have shown you, when I say—and I can say it honestly—that I am not sorry you know the worst spot of my character. Why *should* I have any secret from you? There, sit down again, old fellow; don't go just yet. If we sit up till daylight, you won't be the worse for it."

"The fact is, Rupert," he continued, when his friend was again seated, "this sorrow is wearing me so, that at times I almost fear my judgment will be upset—my mind crazed. It surrounds me with temptations, and lessens my powers of resistance. For twelve months past I have not had a sound night's rest. Till this wretchedness began, I never knew what broken rest meant, and those wicked dreams which abuse the curtailed sleep. My strength, brain, nerves, are so shaken, that sometimes, when I stand at my easel, I can't hold out, but have to sit down here in solitude, and make an effort not to weep like a mere sickly fool. Hundreds of unhealthy fancies distress me, and I feel my powers all going to ruin. May God help me!"

"He will help you. Be a brave boy. It will all come right in time."

"Yes, yes. I have faith in Him. I know it will all turn out for the best. When we get away from England I shall be better. Rome will help to set me up: by God's grace it will! But till I turn my back on this place, my days will be nothing but a struggle with the diseases of my mind. That hideous thought of the benefit I should derive from my cousin's death upsets me; for guilt lies in thought as well as act. A man may commit murder in his heart, not less easily than adultery, or any other sin. There is great trial in store for me—a strange trial of self-sacrifice."

"Heaven knows, Ned, that you are sacrificing yourself already. That trial does not belong to the future: it is a part of the present."

"Ay, but there is worse coming; I know not what, but it is coming," answered the artist, with tremor in his voice, and anguish in his face.

"Shake off that fancy, Ned. Don't, old fellow, make things worse than they really are. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

"Nearly twelve months since," continued the artist, "as I was sitting in this room, one lonely, solemn night, a voice, clear and distinct as human voice, awful as God's must be, spoke to me these words: 'You are about to enter on a long course of self-sacrifice. You are now going to sacrifice your purely personal desires to a sense of duty. The time will come when you will sacrifice your personal desires to love. Be steadfast to your purpose. Nearly all men are capable of self-sacrifice for a brief period. Many persons begin great works of self-sacrifice. Few complete them. Be brave. You are now about to sacrifice yourself to duty. One day you will be called upon to sacrifice yourself to love.' They were the words, Rupert; there were no more of them, and no less. They were uttered slowly and deliberately, and as they struck my ear, I said to myself, 'Throughout my life they'll be as much a part of me as my own heart will be.' It is strange, the mode in which those words were placed in my memory; and the two different ways in which I am reminded of them. In the night, when it is dark, and I am full of dejection, they re-form themselves, and strike upon my ear in the same tones wherewith they first came to me. By day, when I pause in my work, or am walking about in the broad light of the sky, I see them spread out before me, printed on a white sheet. There is a terrible future before me!"

"Ned, you were just now trying to forget yourself in thinking about others," interposed Rupert, speaking with gentleness, and very impressive solemnity. "Bear in mind that you are not the first man who has writhed under the tortures inflicted by his own imagination."

"There is no need to assure me of that—to explain to me that it is my disordered imagination which originally fashioned the words, and is now continually repeating them, or extending them before me on the broad, white sheet. Of course, it was my imagination that did the work—that does it still. But what of it, since God speaks to us, and Satan tempts us, through our imagina-

tions? If you could show me that the words, in the first instance, were actually uttered by some power, some human agency, external to myself, you would take from them their solemn force and awful significance. There are those who laugh at ghostly communications and spiritual voices, as though they were impossibilities, and the mere creations of morbid phantasy. But I tell you, Rupert, these ghostly communications and mysterious utterances are realities—realities, compared with which mere material facts are no more than transient shadows. There is a ghost haunting every man, and, do what he can, he *can't* at all times refuse to recognise its existence."

Twelve months earlier, Edward could not have thus spoken; for his eyes had not been opened to the truth which he was still powerless adequately to express.

Sorrow was making him wise by the lessons which drive weak, unstable minds to madness.

"You know the nature of the words, the exact worth of the hallucinations: make light amusement of them, or look away from them," said the careless, cowardly counsellor, who had been listening to statements which, with all his cleverness, he could only imperfectly comprehend.

"Nay," answered the earnest man, the brave sufferer, "I know the nature of the words, and for that reason I won't look away, and smile at them. Every night and every morning I pray God to keep them fresh in my memory, and strengthen me to bear that to which they point."

"To what *can* they point?" asked Rupert.

For a minute Edward was silent, and then, raising his guileless face and honest eyes to that friend who had entered his heart's most secret chamber, he said, "This morning, Rupert—nay, not this morning (for we are already in a new day), but last morning, at about this hour, just as the dawn was slowly stealing up, and the shades of night were falling away, I was in bed, not sleeping, but dozing in that border-land between slumber and perfect self-consciousness—in that brief period when certain powers of the mind outstrip judgment, and fashion the capricious scenes which we call dreams; and as I so lay, I had a strange vision. I thought that I was walking under the trees of a nobly-wooded park, and that I strolled on till I came to the great hall in the midst of the demesne. There were around the mansion bowers and gardens—spacious, and beautifully kept. It seemed to me that I was in the pleasure-grounds of Gamlinghay Court; and as I stood under the black canopy of an ancient cedar, I saw Florence walking with her husband, the representative of my family."

"You dreamt that she had married your cousin, and become Lady Starling of Gamlinghay Court?" exclaimed Rupert, with surprise.

"I dreamt something wilder still."

"Impossible!"

"Informed for the first time of most important facts connected with my own history, as is often the case in dreams, I suddenly became aware that my cousin was dead, and that an impostor, claiming to be myself—aye, and having made good his claim—had deprived me of my birth-right, and acquired the rank and wealth which I had sinfully desired to arrive at through my dead cousin's death. I dreamt that, having gained my rightful title and estate, he had sought Florence's love, and won it; that she had married him; that I loved her, as I do now; and that I could not prove my title to my ancestors' lands and hereditary honour, without at the same time holding her up to an ignominious compassion, as the wife of a knave, a rogue, a felon!"

"By heavens! what a dream! Go on."

"I saw her innocent, lovely face. She passed me! A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair! The glow, and the glory, and the most intense

happiness of her beauty showed me that she loved him. Him I could not look at in the face; for his countenance was turned away from me and her. I could only see the figure of the man who had robbed me of my name, my lands, my love! There was an age of anguish in that short vision. The mind moves fast in dream-land. When I woke, my cheeks were wet with tears, and I prayed not to be tormented with that dream again, for I could not bear it."

"It was a fearful vision," said Rupert, earnestly.

"You asked me just now, to what the voice could point?"

"I did."

"If it point to such a future?"

"You would endure that future bravely," answered Rupert.

"No," answered the artist, "not bravely. There are trials, Rupert, which should not be met with a miserable affectation of fortitude. I should try to suffer humbly, imploring our dear Father in heaven to save me from the sin of self-murder."

They parted in the grey dawn, whilst the moon's beams were fading out in the haze of opening day.

As he crossed Holborn, in which no human creature was visible, and walked down Chancery Lane to the Temple, Rupert reviewed each item and cast up the sum of his friend's revelations.

A smile played upon his face as he tapped at the Middle Temple gate, and stood on the south side of Fleet Street, waiting for the night porter to answer his summons, and afford him entrance to the tranquil college.

"That's a new view of my dear friend, but it is a true one," muttered the barrister, as he slowly paced the distance from the gateway to Essex Court. "It is clear as daylight that my dear friend's mind has the seeds of insanity lurking in it. Humph! The taint comes to him from his mother. No Starling of Gamlinghay ever lodged for the sake of better health within the walls of a lunatic asylum. Poor boy! It all the more behoves me to take good care of him."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

IDA FEARS THAT SHE SEES.

WHILST time was thus placing Edward more and more under Rupert's influence, it was bringing on events which interrupted the artist's intercourse with the family who had shown him much substantial kindness—events which made him more than ever need a friend's sympathy and cure.

Flo's portrait, so nearly completed at the close of April, remained unfinished throughout May and the earlier part of June. Towards the end of the former month, Edward had told her that he should require her to give him two more sittings, and that he expected to add the final touches to the picture ere ten days had passed. But the canvas hung on hand. The girl had deferred those last sittings from day to day, evincing wayward disinclination to aid in the completion of the task; and as the fresh, stirring days of May drew near to sunny June, she had, in the manifest effects of a slight indisposition (Dr. Marlowe called it a *slight* indisposition) a reasonable excuse for putting off the sittings still later.

For weeks she had seemed out of health. She made no complaint, and when Mr. Newbolt and Ida first began to charge her with ailing, she had laughed at their anxiety; for besides knowing that their affectionate discernment was not at fault, she knew right well what it was that made her spirits flag, gave unrest to her pillow, brought tears to her eyes when no curious eyes watched them, and stole the pink glow from her cheeks.

Like Edward, she had a secret; and maidenly pride, and the sensitive honour of her pure breast, made her resolve that neither he, nor Ida, nor her father should discover it. So, with artifice and brave hypocrisy which it is not in this writer's power to condemn as systematic falsehood, she smiled gaily when her heart was very sad, and endeavoured to persuade Mr. Newbolt and her sister that their suspicions and apprehensions were groundless—laughing at their absurd fancies (as she termed them), and protesting that never in all her life had she found herself stronger or happier.

But she would not satisfy her loving inquisitors.

Mr. Newbolt was sure that his darling was "out of sorts," and having at hand no other power on which to lay the blame, was pleased to quarrel with the spring, attributing the mischief to the bursting of green leaf-buds, and comforting himself with predictions that his child would be as fresh and blooming as ever when June, the healer, came with sun and music. Ida, in word, took her father's view of the case; but at heart she was less confident that the dust and heat of summer would have the beneficial effect expected of them. She had herself always experienced a delicious consciousness of renewed vigour and larger capability of enjoyment in merry spring-tide; and in past years she had invariably observed April and May affect Flo in the same manner. How came it, she asked herself, that the spring of 1847 had not the same result as previous springs? She had better opportunities than her father for watching Flo closely. Like him, she saw the girl's loss of colour, appetite, animation, but she was aware of other signs of concealed trouble, which did not come to his observation. Having been to Flo a mother rather than a sister, she had been accustomed to guard and tend her with maternal curiosity. It was her wont to glide into Flo's room in the silence of night, and watch her in her peaceful slumbers. Heretofore, in these nocturnal visits she had always found the girl asleep. It was otherwise in the spring of 1847. "Beauty," observed the elder sister, stooping over her charge, and kissing her on one occasion, when she found her awake, though she had hoped to see her in a state of tranquil unconsciousness, "how comes it that you sleep so badly now? You cannot be well, I am sure you are not well." Whilst Flo responded, with unusual sharpness, "Why do you tease me so, Ida? why haven't I as much right as you to be awake?" and then, quickly repenting of her tetchy answer, she threw her arms round Ida's neck, kissing her passionately and saying, "But it is very good and loving of you to come and look at me."

A few nights after this event, Ida, on paying a visit to her sister's bedside, found her apparently asleep, but there were traces of tears on the poor girl's face; and these signs of sorrow made so deep an impression on the elder sister, that she stood many minutes intently gazing at the beauty on which grief had put plain letters. For many a night after this occurrence Ida was not permitted to enter Flo's room. Flo had only been feigning sleep, and she knew that the proofs of her weeping had been observed. She said nothing to Ida on the subject, but from that time she always barred her bedroom door before she laid herself on her bed, and thus compelled Ida to relinquish one of the many loving habits of her life. Not a word passed between the sisters relative to this exclusion of Ida from the chamber, but in silence each thought much about it: the elder sister marvelling why it was that her affectionate watchfulness, in past times always a source of pleasure to the watched as well as the watcher, had come to be regarded as disagreeable espionage; the younger sister wondering, with an uneasiness closely resembling the disquiet of a guilty conscience, what construction was put upon her conduct, and at times wishing, at other times fearing, that Ida would make an allusion to it. Those who have studied and can appreciate the

life of two such sisters as Ida and Florence will not deem this event a trifle, or suppose that its consequences were unimportant. The perfect confidence of loving hearts is made up of trifles. Loving intercourse consists in little things, and a little thing can bring it to an end. That barred door separated the sisters by day as well as by night; and each knew that it was a barrier betwixt them. And when two fond, trustful natures (whose mutual affection is the growth of long years spent in closest intimacy and unbroken harmony) are driven asunder, it for the time matters little whether the severance betwixt them be an inch-wide chink or a vast gulf. When breaches of affection have been wrought by trifles, the evil may be remedied; but *whilst* the evil lasts, the quarrel caused by a feather hurts not less than the wound given by a sword.

Good reason had Flo to wonder what construction Ida put on her conduct—what suspicions her altered looks and demeanour roused in her sister's mind.

But some weeks elapsed after Flo began to look pale and harassed, ere Ida feared she saw the cause of the mischief.

Shortly after the dinner-party at which Rupert was for the first time introduced to Mr. Newbolt's daughters, the young barrister called at the Clock House, and was conducted to the drawing-room, where the sisters were sitting. He had selected for the call an afternoon when he knew Edward would be engaged elsewhere; for though it was not his intention to become forthwith a frequent visitor at the house, he intended to make good his footing amongst the friends of the establishment, in his own personal character, and not merely as the artist's companion.

He deemed himself, therefore, fortunate in finding the ladies at home; and he did his best to recommend himself to their good opinion during the twenty minutes which he spent in their drawing-room, talking with the lively fluency of which his clever, subtle tongue was a perfect master.

Diffidence and too great modesty not being amongst the number of his failings, he exerted himself with some effect, and on taking his leave of the sisters, flattered himself that his excursion to the Hill had by no means failed of its object. "Miss Flo has already made up her mind that she likes me," he thought, as he turned out of Crouch Lane; "the elder sister is more cautious, and more slow to form favourable opinions of a stranger, but, unless I am greatly mistaken, she has not conceived a decided dislike to me."

In which last thought Mr. Rupert was in error.

For instead of being amiably disposed to him, Ida, without being able to put in words a good reason for her unfriendly feelings, entertained an actual and very decided aversion for Edward's most intimate companion. No look, no word, no act of his had informed the lady of his true character; till she had seen him his name had never been mentioned to her save in terms of affectionate admiration; and during her brief acquaintance with him he had been careful to say everything that could please, and nothing that could offend her. Instinct, and that subtle power of discerning character which good and very clever women not seldom possess, assured her that he was a bad, false, unstable man. She felt the wickedness that was in him, and needed no overt acts of immorality to convince her that he was that which the tingling and creeping of her sensitive nerves declared him to be.

"I don't like that young man," said Ida abruptly, as soon as she had heard the hall door close on Rupert's retiring steps.

"Indeed?" rejoined Flo with an air of surprise, looking up from the novel which she had been perusing before Rupert entered.

"I can't tell you why I dislike him; indeed, I don't know why. But I feel that he is no worthy friend for

Mr. Edward Smith. I wish they did not know so much of each other."

"Mr. Rupert Smith admires his friend very much!"

"Why doesn't he imitate him?" retorted Ida, quickly.

"You would not, surely, have the world made of painters?" returned Flo, well knowing what her sister meant, but wilfully misconstruing her words.

"I don't want him to imitate Mr. Edward as an artist. Indeed, part of my dislike to the young man, I think, is due to his idle affectation of being a connoisseur who amuses himself with art. He had better imitate his friend's industry. A young man of his age ought to be doing something of use either to himself or others."

"He has a profession, he is a barrister."

"Really, Flo, you'll make me angry with you, if you go on talking as though you had been brought up in a nursery all your days, and did not know what a brilliant barrister means."

"I suppose it means a gentleman who is a barrister, but is not so fortunate as to have a crowd of clients," answered Flo, with a spice of stubbornness in her voice and countenance. "You laugh at papa for thinking well or ill of people, just in proportion as they succeed or fail in the world; and now you are adopting the same tone yourself."

"And I must use it till I have a better reason for disliking our new friend," returned Ida; and then persisting in her uncharitable mood, which certainly was not in accordance with the usual tenour of her mind, she added, vehemently, "I do dislike him. And for the present I am content to dislike him without a good reason."

"And I like him *with* a reason," answered the younger sister, with corresponding warmth. "He is the friend of Mr. Edward Smith, who is our friend."

"Upon my word, Flo," retorted Ida, laughing outright, "you must like papa's young artist much more than I do—although I think him a nice young man enough—if you are ready to like all his friends."

There was a provoking flash of disdainful merriment in Ida's face as she spoke these words. She had not intended to give her sister pain; but the speech cut the girl to the heart. The colour leaped to her cheeks, and for a few brief moments she looked her sister full in the face, angrily, fiercely.

The sisters' eyes met; and Ida saw in Flo's clear, steady-gazing eyes a light that she had never before beheld in them.

Ida's glance fell before that fierce light.

Then Flo rose, and went hastily from the room.

And Ida, being thus left to herself, feared that she saw the cause of the mischief; the reason why Flo resented her affectionate watchfulness as insufferable espionage; the meaning of the poor girl's pale face and restless nights.

CHAPTER XLIX.

FINAL TOUCHES TO FLO'S PORTRAIT.

EDWARD continued to give Flo lessons in painting for three weeks after the sisters exchanged those significant glances; but when he was absent they rarely mentioned his name—Ida's suspicions making her feel that the artist was a topic which she had better steer clear of in conversation with her sister; and Flo lacking courage to speak freely about the man who had a part of all her thoughts, and dreading to confirm the suspicions which she well knew her sister had, at least for a few passing moments, entertained. With repeated efforts at self-deception, the girl endeavoured to persuade herself that Ida had dismissed those suspicions as idle fancies; but the efforts were far from successful, for as soon as Flo had reasoned herself into a transient belief that her

secret had not been actually discovered, recollections of the glance from Ida's eyes terrified her with a conviction that her heart had been thoroughly read. Moreover, Ida's caution in never alluding to Edward—whose name had previously been so often on her lips—strengthened the poor girl's fears that Ida knew too much.

Instead of becoming stronger with the advent of June, Flo continued to lose colour, energy, and gaiety of heart. It was manifest to every one that she was out of health. Edward saw the change in her, though he had not the faintest suspicion of its cause. John Harrison Newbolt became alarmed, and insisted that Dr. Marlowe (chief of the great "City physicians" who congregate in Finsbury Square) should be sent for; and after a faint show of resistance, Flo yielded to her father's entreaties, and consented to see the doctor. She yielded reluctantly, comforting herself with hope that by putting herself in medical hands, she might be the better able to divert household curiosity from the real nature of her case. As she could no longer hide her indisposition, she deemed it better that she should be thought sick in body, than that she should be regarded as sick at heart; and she flattered herself that, while she could mislead her doctor, his visits would aid her in misleading others. So, after discussion, Flo admitted that "she was not quite herself," and expressed readiness to try if Dr. Marlowe's art could set her right.

Dr. Marlowe, therefore, called and had an interview with the young lady, speaking to her in Ida's presence, and also when the elder sister was absent. To his patient, the physician's manner was very gentle and unobtrusive; for every ten words which he addressed to her on the subject of her health he spoke a hundred in a light, careless strain, about the ordinary topics, and pleasant "ladies' gossip" of the day. Her illness he called a mere trifle. Indeed, he was almost jocund about the avowed object of his visit. But to Ida, with whom he had a few stolen minutes of private chat, the cunning man spoke in a more serious tone, candidly avowing that the case required careful watching and treatment; and making minute inquiries about the way in which the invalid spent her time. Was she fond of reading? How large a portion of each day did she devote to study? How much to music? How much to exercise? Did she ride regularly on horseback? What were her usual hours for rising and going to bed? Had she been to many routs during the season? How often had she been to operas and theatres? She was learning to paint in oils, was she? "Dear me," said the doctor, in that soft, sly way with which it is still his wont to ferret whatever he wishes to discover, "it is not often that a young lady paints in oils. Girls are usually content with pencils and water-colours." And then the wise man continued his hunt in a new direction. How many hours at a time did she stand over the nasty paints? Did she complain of headache after her painting lessons, more than before them? Who was her instructor? Who was Mr. Edward Smith? Was he an old artist, a man of mark?

Perhaps, in answering these last questions Ida showed certain signs of restraint and awkwardness, not visible in her replies to other inquiries. It is not positively stated that this was the case; but it is confidently affirmed that the doctor learnt whatever a sharp observer of human nature and manners could learn from Ida's words and hesitations, her utterances and silences, her admissions and evasions.

The historian of these pages cannot say how much the doctor discovered, or thought he discovered, at this first and other succeeding visits to the Clock House. He never imparted his conclusions to Ida. It is equally certain that he imparted them to no one else, for his professional secrets and discoveries the wily physician always keeps locked in his own breast, not even revealing

them to the wife who enjoys his unqualified affection. It was but a few months since that the historian presented to the doctor full credentials from the natural guardians of Flo's honour—credentials empowering the doctor to state all he could remember of these visits—and endeavoured to extract from him particulars that might have contributed largely to the interest of these pages. The interview, it may be added, was a *l'été-à-l'été* chat, and took place in the doctor's dining-room, over a bottle of excellent port, of which the host took a full half; but the writer returned home no wiser than he went about the business which led him to dine in Finsbury Square.

"I am very sorry I can't help you," said Dr. Marlowe. "I forget all about the circumstances to which you allude. It is my rule to forget everything that transpires during my professional interviews with patients, except the medical points of their cases—which, of course, you would not wish me to trouble you with, in the instance of the lady about whom you are so much interested."

"But, my dear Dr. Marlowe," persisted the historian, "you asked me to dine with you, so that we might talk it all over. They were your words."

"Nay, nay, my words were, so that I might hear you talk it all over," returned the physician, in the blandest tone imaginable, and with a most mischievous smile.

No information could be either picked or screwed out of the doctor.

There are grounds, however, for believing that Doctor Marlowe saw much more than he either ventured to say at the time of Flo's illness, or subsequently admitted.

Certain it is, that he objected strongly to a continuance of the art lessons. He maintained that the smell of oil-paints was likely to be very prejudicial to the health of a delicate girl like his patient, and even went so far as to attribute her headaches, and sleepiness, and lassitude to their unpleasant and poisonous odour. There was little chance, he said, that Flo would be herself again, until she said good-bye—at least, for a time—to her brushes, and pallet, and nasty pigments. "Of course, she can take a holiday," interposed Mr. Newbolt, "or, at least, she can content herself with lessons in pencil-drawing and water-colours." Wherefore the doctor responded, "She had better try a complete change of pursuit. Since we have agreed to think art the cause of the mischief, she ought for a time to have no occupation which in any way savours of the cause of mischief. Doubtless, she has tried her eyesight, by incessantly scrutinising combination of form and colour. In this respect, pencils and water-colours will do as much harm as strips of stinking canvas. She must have change and perfect diversion. Send her into the country for a visit. When the weather grows hotter, take her to Scarborough, or the Highlands, or North Wales. Change will do more for her than physio. Still, she must take a little medicine."

Compliance was the only course open to Flo.

It was arranged that early in July she should pass a month with that sister who has already been mentioned as the wife of a provincial capitalist, living far away from the dust, and heat, and noise of London; and it was settled that in the autumn Mr. Newbolt should take her and Ida for a tour through Scotland.

So the lessons in painting were relinquished; and during the last two weeks of June she scarcely saw Edward, whose occupation, as her preceptor, had thus been suddenly taken from him.

But before she started for the month's visit to her sister, who lived in the country, Mr. Newbolt expressed a wish that Edward should finish the portrait, which had been waiting for six or eight weeks for last touches.

In the first week of July, therefore, Edward went up to the Clock House, and Flo gave him a final sitting.

The member for Harling was not at home during this professional visit.

As on many former occasions, the artist was received by the two sisters; and during the earlier part of the hour appointed for the sitting, Ida remained in the room whilst he stood at his easel, completing the face of the portrait.

Towards the close of the sitting, however, Ida left her study, retiring, because she thought (with her customary consideration for Flo's feelings) that her absence would gratify Flo, proving to her that she was not watched suspiciously, and that no insulting espionage was exercised over her.

Ida's womanly goodness and sisterly pride satisfied her that, whatever might be Flo's feelings towards the artist, no ill consequences could follow from their being left together for twenty minutes.

She knew she might rely on Flo's dignity and honour. She knew that she might trust Edward no less.

It never occurred to her that she ought to take precautions against the possible results of her darling's weakness.

"There, Miss Flo, I have no more need to trouble you to sit there," said Edward, standing away from his work—brushes in hand. "When Miss Newbolt returns, I think she will allow that nothing remains to be done. There is more colour in the face than appears in the original, but country air and the breezes of the Highlands will remove that fault, I hope."

"I trust so," answered Flo, looking up at Edward's face, but not rising from her seat. "To-morrow I say farewell for four months to the Clock House. It is hard to have to leave the old home for so long a time. Four months! It is a long time. Isn't it?"

"Long enough for much to happen in it. But I am about to leave old England for a longer space," returned Edward, little thinking what pain the words gave his companion; little thinking that if Flo were assured he would never leave her side till death separated them, the pink glow would speedily return to her sad face—to that sad face which was so gentle in its sadness.

"You will have left England before I return to the Clock House?"

"I hope to do so."

That word "hope" was a cruel knife to poor Flo.

"How long will you remain in Rome?"

"Certainly two years—perhaps three," returned Edward, endeavouring to conceal his emotion and to speak in his ordinary voice.

"Three years! Ah! how much may happen in three years!" answered Flo, sadly, thinking that amongst the many events which would take place in the next three years, her own death might be one.

"Yes," replied Edward, harping gaily on the very same string which the poor girl had herself that instant touched, bringing from it sad music audible to herself alone; "three years will work great changes in you. When I return, I shall most likely find you a great lady, married to some great man, and making a figure in the fine world of fashion. If you are anything at all to me then, you'll be my patroness, not my pupil. I hope you'll now and then buy a picture of me, Miss Flo, for your grand drawing-rooms. You may not quite forget your old friend! He will be a very humble and devoted client to you when you live in state at the West End."

Scarcely had Edward made this speech, so widely different from his customary tone, when Flo rose hastily from her seat, and advanced two steps towards him.

For ten seconds she gazed into his eyes, penetrating to the inmost chambers of his soul.

The girl's steady gazing eyes, in that brief break of time, seemed to pierce him through and through.

Then suddenly turning from him, without giving

utterance to a single word of farewell, she ran out of the room.

But before she vanished, Edward saw tears rolling from those terribly earnest and sorrowful eyes which an instant before had been looking into his.

Profoundly astonished was the young artist at being thus unexpectedly left alone; and ample grounds was there for his surprise.

It had never occurred to him as possible that the girl—whom he loved with a love which he was resolved she should never discover, had surrendered her unsought heart to her art-teacher; in like manner loving him with passion as ardent as it was pure—a passion which, she thought, would make her die of shame, if he detected it.

Good reason, then, had he for astonishment.

(To be continued.)

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

No. I.

THERE is a plant which grows in every garden, a tender, precious plant, cultivated alike by rich and poor. Every one loves to gaze on its beautiful blossoms and inhale its sweet perfume. It is an exotic, and requires great care and watchfulness that it may bloom—that the sweetness of it may flow out. Still it cannot flourish with us as it does under its native skies; for it is exposed to biting winds and nipping frosts; the soil in which it grows is unfavourable, the climate ungenial, and the gardeners weak and unskilful. Although often tended with great labour and pain, and watered with tears, its growth is stunted; it is choked by rank weeds, and blasted by unwholesome dews. The garden is the heart of man, and the plant is called Happiness.

We all wish to be happy. The germ of happiness is within us, although crushed and smothered by a heap of the elements of unhappiness; and we think, and plan, and labour to increase its growth, or remain thoughtless and idle lest we should hinder it. With inaction it holds but a sickly existence; but with care and attention it may be made to spring up and breathe fragrance over the path of life, and yield many a pleasant fruit. Yet the labour bestowed is often misdirected; for nourishment, the root is supplied with poison; and instead of the pure, sweet gale of health, the pestilential, burning blast is let in to wither up its tender buds. Even under the most careful management it is subject to many unfavourable contingencies beyond our control, and at the best is but a feeble plant. Yet it is the *traveller's joy* of life, and for our own comfort we should see that we give it the best chance of coming as near perfection as possible.

Every one pursues what he imagines will afford him the greatest amount of happiness; yet it is greatest in anticipation only, for we all know how little is derived from our pursuits and pleasures.

There was a king of whom we read in Scripture, who, besides profound wisdom, had great riches and power. He lived amid gorgeous luxuriance of everything that ingenuity could devise to please and gratify, and amused himself with carrying on useful and magnificent works: he had his fill of every earthly good, and his wisdom also remained with him. Now, one would think that if anybody could be happy, he must have been so. (Ah! that if.) But we learn from his sad exclamation,

when he reviewed his enjoyments and labours, that it was quite the contrary; there is something very touching, even sublime, in the bitterness of the words—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" Its truth finds an echo in every heart. It is the interpretation of the weary note that falls through the ages from the great clock-tower of time; day after day, year after year, century after century, the heavy pendulum swings backward and forward, uttering the same constant, monotonous, melancholy sentiment. It early disturbs the dream of youth, and beats with wearisome persistency in the ear of manhood, and rings the dull echo of wasted hours along the descending steep of age. The cares and toils of life, though in themselves a burden, are, in this case, a blessing; for their noise muffles the sound, and prevents our being driven to distraction. But its tone has a deeper and more persevering sound than the tones of earth. We may do our best to drown our thoughts in business or in pleasure; but do all that we will, the mournful note will still make itself heard—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

Verily this is a sore evil under the sun; a universal disease, an inward complaint that gnaws away slowly at the heart and sickens the life. I have read somewhere that Nature probably has a remedy for every malady to which she is liable, if it were only known. Well, she may, as far as physical infirmities are concerned; but in this sorer evil of mental dissatisfaction she is powerless. Everybody feels that craving for something which he cannot find, that want which he cannot get supplied, although he may not know exactly what ails him. Ah! it is the hunger of the soul, and earthly husks cannot satisfy that. Yet, nevertheless, there is a remedy, though in this life a cure is only partially effected. Any distemper, under circumstances favourable to its development, will, more or less, work out its end in spite of the best treatment. And so it is with man—poor patient!—in his vitiated moral atmosphere. The disease is deep-seated, and though it cannot be thoroughly eradicated and its consequences entirely prevented, still, it may be so overcome and soothed that its modified form may be called happiness, in comparison with the misery of its full development.

First of all, then, we must remember that this is not our rest, and we need not look for perfect enjoyment in it. Experience, common sense, and religion alike teach us that life is not a scene of unmingled pleasure; there are sharp stones scattered in our path, there are thorns among the flowers by the wayside, and we cannot get on without some bruises and scratches. If the way be tolerably smooth, it is all we can expect, and it is our wisdom to be content and make the best of it. Our state here is never either completely happy or miserable; and we should learn neither to be too much elated nor cast down by circumstances beyond our control. Success may attend all our pursuits, and yet we may feel disappointed. Disappointments, though hard to bear at the time, have often been the means of saving from ruin, and have brought a stream of happiness in their train. We are so short-sighted that we cannot tell at the moment which is best, and it becomes us to be content. And none need grumble at their position or circumstances, for, after all, happiness is equally distributed over the various grades of society—it

differs not: and whatever happiness or misery may attend the lot of one man more than another, is, in a great measure, in his own keeping. Man is not a creature of circumstances; he can, to a great extent, make or mar his own peace. This is the general rule, for there are individual instances for which exception must be made. In many cases the enjoyment of life is almost entirely lost; and the fault generally lies in a mistaken idea of happiness and misery, or rather of their causes. Virtue leads to happiness; vice, to misery. Self-love is the impulse of action with too many of us; man naturally pursues whatever is most likely to gratify self. In his present condition his original tastes are perverted; he is cheated by the glare of false pleasure, and his sad mistake gives birth to a host of passions that keep him in continual agitation and trouble, like cross winds that vex the waters. "A man of pleasure is a man of pains. Envy is a glass that diminishes our own blessings and magnifies those of our neighbours; proud flesh is liable to irritation at the slightest touch; every one of the host of evils entails its own wages. Passion ruffles the stream of life, and makes it reflect the flowers on its banks in distorted images. A man influenced by any passion sees through a distorted medium, and cannot get a true idea of the just proportions of things; and when they appear in this unfavourable light, they engender discontent and its attendant evils, which fret, and worry, and poison the life."

On the other hand, virtue calms the mind, and shows everything in the most favourable light. It gives peace within, for conscience is at rest. We should, above all things, endeavour to keep a clear conscience; for it is the depth of misery to be condemned by our own heart. When peace reigns within there is less danger from without. Evil thoughts or passions are like traitors in the fortress—in unguarded moments they let in the enemy—and the more virtuous and pure the life is, the less room they have to work in; and when they are cast out, the mind becomes a stronghold of repose from the turbulent influences that surround us. And the blessing of such a stronghold may, under the Divine favour, be acquired by all. Purify the fountain-head, and the stream will be pure; and, as it flows onward, watch to prevent the influx of the muddy currents that pour from every side. Thought is the parent of action: in our musings wishes arise that seek to be gratified. Therefore we should watch our thoughts as the very spring of all influence, for out of them are the issues of life, and, if not employed about that which is good, they will naturally and constantly tend to evil. It is difficult to regulate our thoughts, because they lie beyond the range of materiality, and are so subtle in their workings as often to escape our apprehension; and the heart is so deceitful; but by constant watchfulness, with reason for our guide and will for our executor, much can be effected. And let all be done in dependence on Him who is perfect purity and strength.

The stream of influence descends from the fountain of thought; and, if not kept in its proper channel by the embankments of principle, it floods the mind with evil, and undermines and wears away all peace, and man soon becomes his own tormentor. He who has no rule over his mind is subject to invasion on every hand; all the petty

annoyances of life launch their shafts at his defenceless head, they rankle in his mind, and put him into ill-humour with himself and everything else; he cannot quell the mutiny of the violent passions, and they keep him in continual bitterness. It is a grand thing to be able to rule our own spirit; it forms a barrier against the influx of every disturbing element.

(To be continued.)

COURAGE.

MAN cannot come to his full growth of character and influence without courage. The term is from *cœur*, "heart," "soul." It is not mere physical instinct. It is not the spirit that animates those men of whom it may be said, "They are brave in proportion as they are without thought." Courage is rather that deep conviction, or that solid purpose, which gathers strength by delay.

We are told that icebergs in the northern seas are sometimes seen moving northward, in the face of strong tides and winds setting toward the south. This movement is explained by the fact of deep under-currents drifting along at the base of the ice mountain, and moving it with irresistible power. So the real courage of the soul is a power which stems and goes counter to superficial tides. It is a principle of self-propulsion, moving in the direction of reason, and conscience, and heart. It is that rare power of the soul which is able to say of a proposed undertaking, "It may be difficult, it may be costly, it may be odd, but it is right, and I dare to do it." One of the greatest triumphs of courage is to dare to be one's self—to stand in one's own shoes, accepting one's own personality, addressing one's self to one's own responsibilities, envying none, imitating none.

Some one said of us, as a nation, "Englishmen seem the most self-conscious people in the world. They cannot lose the sense of individuality, and throw themselves into any work with 'scorn of consequence.' It is a great defect, and interferes most seriously with their usefulness, as well as happiness." This opinion was not given by an Englishman, and, like many opinions of us from foreigners, may be in part a scandal. Yet there is a lesson in it. For it is simply true that men and women fail of half the good they might achieve, for no other reason than that, with an open path before them, they do not dare to enter it. Whatever any of us accomplish must be done in spite of shadows floating like clouds over us. We are shaded to-day by the great reputation of men whose profession we choose; to-morrow, by the shadow of our superiors in mental or moral qualities. Then comes the shadow of conventionalism; which is but a respectable name for fashion, and whose motto is, "Do forbear: suffer anything rather than be odd." We next find the shadow of morbid self-depreciation, and then of constitutional diffidence. But true courage, working in the paths of self-development, must be indifferent to all these shadows, intent only upon doing its work, and fulfilling its mission.

God only carries his people when they cannot walk; he pities our weakness, but not our sloth.

HOW WE KEEP OURSELVES WARM.

No. III.

ACCORDING to promise, we proceed now to explain why it is that though the air is such a bad conductor of heat, yet we need thick clothing to keep ourselves warm. The reason is this: conduction is not the only way in which heat can pass away. If it were, then, indeed, we should need no clothing to keep us warm. But there are other ways in which the heat of our bodies can get away.

Every one knows how much colder it is in the wind than when the air is quite still. The little particles of air are blown against us, and though each takes but a small portion of our heat away, and would be a long time conducting that portion on to the next, yet, when as fast as we have warmed one there comes another in its place, and then another, and another, they manage between them to take away a great deal. Just as in sawing, each tooth of the saw only gives a very little cut, and removes a very little bit of wood, but yet, from there being so many, and their coming after one another so fast, the wood is very soon cut through. The wind is very often not a jot colder than the still air; it only *feels* so, because it cools us faster.

Then, again, every one knows that if you leave your hands to dry in the air after washing them it makes them feel cold. In winter time you may see your face and hands steaming with the water. And this is just as true *steam* as what comes out of the spout of a kettle, or drives a steam-engine, only not quite so hot. And just as the water in the kettle will not turn into steam without a fire, so the water on your hands will not dry off without heat, which it takes from your hands, and so makes them feel cold. Now, the wind blowing against our skin dries up the moisture that is in it, and, of course, we feel cooler. In summer time this is very nice and refreshing, but in winter we are glad to shut the wind out, and so we cover ourselves up as close as we can.

We put on *thick* clothing, because else the wind would blow through; and we put on *bad-conducting* clothing, so that, even if the wind does cool the outside, yet we shall not feel it inside. Travellers in the Arctic regions tell us, that, be the air never so cold, so long as it is *still*, they scarcely feel it; but directly there comes a wind, they are liable to have their ears and noses frozen almost off. Bad conductor, then, as the air is, we yet need to wrap up warm to keep out the wind.

But, again, there is yet another way in which heat can pass away from us. If we go and stand before a fire, we easily feel its heat, but if we move to some place where we can't see the fire, we shall find that we do not feel it near so much, even though we are just about the same distance off. Now, why is this? Why should it be necessary for us to be where we can see the fire, in order to feel all its heat? Let us try and find out.

We go and stand before the fire again, and while the heat of the fire is full in our face, we put a screen, a book, or a handkerchief, or our hand, between us and the fire. Immediately the heat is shut off. Just as this screen has come between us and the fire, and kept us from seeing its light, so it has kept us from feeling its heat. And it does not matter where we put the screen, whether near to the fire, or near to our face, the effect is just the

same. Now, if the heat of the fire came to us by "conduction," this would be impossible, for it would then be the particles of air next our skin which were warming us, and to put a screen close to the fire could not make any difference in their heat. Nay, more, we may use the shovel for a screen, which is a much better conductor than the air, or than almost anything else, and still the same effect is produced. The heat of the fire is clearly not reaching us by conduction, it is not being led to us from particle to particle of the air.

Neither is there any wind coming from the fire which might warm us, and which the screen might shut off. If you put any light substance, such as a sheet of paper, near the fire, you will find that instead of there being any wind from the fire, there is a wind, or, as it is more commonly called, a draught, towards the fire, and so at last up the chimney. Go up on the roof and hold your face over the chimney-pot, and, though you cannot see the fire, you will feel its heat easy enough; it is being carried up to you by the hot particles of air and the smoke. This, however, cannot account for your feeling the heat in the room, where the draught is to the fire, not from it.

Let us go and stand before our fire once more, and see if we can find out how it is. We put up our screen and the heat is shut off. Now we are feeling the heat that belongs to the air, the heat that is being conducted up from the fire to our faces. We take away the screen, and we feel at once a great deal more; we enjoy it some time, and then put up the screen again. The air round us is no hotter than it was at first, and yet there has been all this heat passing through it. It is clear, then, that the heat passes through without warming the air; it goes between the particles, not through them, as in conduction, or with them, as in the wind or draught.

Now, let us step a few paces further back from the fire. The heat we get from the air remains about the same, but the heat that shines through the air is very much less. Another step back, and it is less still. If we were to measure the distance and the amount of heat very exactly, we should find that when we were at twice the distance we got not half the heat, but (twice two) one-fourth; when we were at three times the distance, we got not one-third, but (three times three) one-ninth; when we were at four times the distance, not one-fourth, but (four times four) one-sixteenth; and so on. While directly we went where we could not see the fire, we should lose it altogether. The heat is here passing through the air, then, in the same way as light; it shines out from its source in the same way; it passes through the air without making it hot, just as the light passes through without making it shine; it decreases in strength as the distance increases, and still at the same rate with light. Now we speak of rays of light, and so we call these "rays" of heat, and this way of heat passing through things, "radiation," or passing by means of "rays." It is in this way that the sun's heat comes to us, shining through the air just like the light does. And this is why it is so much hotter in the sunshine than in the shade. In the one case we are like a man standing in sight of the fire, and receiving the heat both by radiation and conduction; in the other we are like a man with a screen up, only receiving that from conduction.

And this is the other reason why we need to cover ourselves so with clothing in winter time; for not only does the fire give out its heat in this way, but all substances more or less, and among others our bodies. Yes; rays of heat are streaming away from our bodies on every side, and making us cooler; so we put something round us to do instead of a screen, and stop them.

What a wonderfully contrived thing this air is! Made a bad conductor of heat, as we saw last week, to enable us to live in various and changing climates; made a carrier of heat, that the winds might have their due effect in equalising the temperature of different places; and yet made so transparent to heat, that the sun's warm beams can shine upon us, and fire-blaze cheer us, while yet from both we can find shelter if we will. We can enjoy the summer and the winter, the sunshine and the shade; can keep ourselves both cool and warm as need requires, and all by virtue of these various properties of the common air we breathe—properties designed and conferred by God to make it fit for man. Let man, then, admire the wisdom, trust the goodness, and return the love, of his Almighty Father, on account of this his gift.

(To be continued.)

"HE LAYETH IT ON HIS SHOULDER."

Luke xv. 5.

LAY me on thy shoulder,
Gentle Shepherd, mine;
Let thy right hand hold me—
That pierced hand of thine.
Thou didst seek me wandering;
Found'st me well nigh dead;
Lay me on thy shoulder,
Near that thorn-crowned head.

Faint I am, and wounded,
And thou seest me bleed;
Lay me on thy shoulder,
Precious Friend in need.

Now o'er rock and valley,
Now o'er dale and hill;
Safe upon his shoulder,
He will bear me still.

Let the day be stormy,
Let the way be rough,
I am on his shoulder,
Is not that enough?

When the tempest rages,
I shall hear him speak
In such soothing whispers
To my heart so weak.

Though of lambs the weakest,
Yet in him so bold!
To his flock he'll bear me,
Safely to his fold.

He'll forgive my wandering,
He will keep me there,
Ever safe from danger
In his loving care.

Department for Young People.

THE ALPINE HUNTER.

AMONG all the hunters in or near the Alps of the Bernese Oberland, there was no one more fearless, or daring, or successful than Pierre Bernard. He not only knew where the wild chamois had his home, but the very peaks of rocks on which he would be likely to rest, as he lay down snuffing every breeze that came over him. There were no cliffs which Pierre could not climb, no abyss over which he would not contrive to pass, and no heights to which he would not find access. Hence he seldom returned home without a chamois thrown over one shoulder, while his great-bored rifle rested on the other. Sometimes he would be miles away, and far up the awful mountains, when day-light first gilded their peaks. Sometimes he would at night-fall be among the peaks and horns, watching to see the mountain goat go to rest. When once he saw his game, his eye was so true and his nerves so strong, that he was almost sure of him. Late and early, he was never at a loss.

Once, near the Alpine winter, just at night, he found himself among the highest peaks, many miles from home. For hours he had been following a flock of chamois as they leaped from rock to rock, and ran up and down steep slopes which it would seem that no hoof could tread. Just as the sun had set, he got his first chance, and his shot gave him a noble chamois. But darkness was now coming on, and night was beginning to spread her solemn mantle over those awful solitudes. It grew intensely cold, and the winds were rising, and sweeping, and moaning among the rocks. He threw the heavy game over his shoulder and set out for home. He well knew that if he stopped he should freeze to death. Over the jagged rocks he went as fast as his heavy load would allow him. But darkness came on fast. He knew that for many a mile he must find his way, pathless and unmarked, not by eyeing the peaks as in the day-time, but by his best judgment. He knew, too, that he had one awful chasm between two mountains to pass over. It was hundreds and hundreds of feet deep, and about twenty feet across its top. He knew that at a particular spot one single log had been thrown, as a bridge. He knew that over that log he must cross with his load on his back. He knew, too, that through this chasm the winds rushed very strong. He knew that he must find the log and get over it, or he would perish with cold. Would he be able to find it? Could he get over it?

Fearing he might be belated, he had brought a small lamp in his pocket. So when it became dark, he crouched down under "a great rock in a weary land," and with a match lighted his little lamp. What was his horror to find that he had but one single match! A single gust of wind might put out his lamp, and then—! So he hung it to a string, and let it down near the ground, to be "a lamp to his feet." Step by step he went, holding his little lamp most carefully; for if that failed, he must perish. At last he came to the chasm, and after a long search, found the log. It was a small, smooth, spruce log. And how loudly and fearfully the winds moaned and groaned through the chasm! A single strong gust would put out the lamp, and

then—! Pierre offered one short, earnest prayer, and laid himself on the log, to creep over. He tied his load to his back, and with one hand grasped the log, and with the other held the string, by which the little lamp hung over the dark, deep abyss. Slowly, almost breathlessly, he crept along on the log—the winds blew, the little flame flickered and wavered, as life and death hung on it. But he kept moving slowly, carefully, and got over! How joyfully, how thankfully he rose up, and felt that he was safe! When—whew! a horrible gust of wind came, and his lamp was out! And now he must die! perish in the cold! No! he raised his eyes and saw the dawn of day peering over the mountains! He leaped for joy, for, in a few moments, the day opened, and the "day-star," or the sun, was up! He was saved. He had had "the lamp to his feet till the day-dawn, and the day-star arose" upon him!

Reader, you have such a lamp to your feet, such a guide to your life—the Word, the precious Word of God! Does it enlighten your steps? Will it be the guide of your life, as you walk in the darkness of time, and creep over the dangerous places, till the day of eternity dawn, and Christ, the bright and morning Star, arise in your heart for ever? Precious lamp! It will not go out. It will show you every footstep till you safely reach your home in the heavens!

Biblical Expositions.

A FEW NOTES ON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW.

CHAPTER IV.—Verse 18.

"SIMON called Peter."

The Scripture narrative is suggestive of lessons of practical wisdom. If we commence with the call of Peter, and follow him through his eventful history, we see the amount of benefit that may be conferred upon others by the zeal of a godly man; and the very impetuosity of character which, in a man's natural state of mind, is a great infirmity, may, under a wiser and better frame of mind, become one of the elements of success in works that demand courage and vigour of purpose. Misdirected power—be it of talent, energy, money or time—is the source of evil in many a household; and wisdom calls, not for the withdrawal of the power, but for a pious, discreet, and conscientious use of it. Let energy and ardour find fitting objects, and then let the possessors be ardent and energetic to the highest degree, and they justly rank among the benefactors of mankind. The study of Peter's life may rouse us to action: but it will also bring home to our minds thoughts calculated to humble us, by exhibiting the power of human depravity even in regenerate men, and by testifying to the weakness of resolutions made in human strength. To the man who has known the truth and departed from it, and thereby practically denied his Master, the sacred history speaks, and, in the name of Peter, it urges him to exclaim, "With Peter I have sinned, and, God helping me, with Peter I will repent."

Verse 21.

"And going on from thence, he saw other two

brethren, James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother."

This is one of the portions of Scripture quoted by the late Professor Blunt as an illustration of those undesigned coincidences which are scattered throughout the sacred writings, and which tend so powerfully to confirm the truth of the Scripture narrative. Men conversant with legal proceedings regard as of the highest value circumstantial evidence, when the various parts are found to be complete, because such evidence is, from its nature, exempt from all suspicion. The Holy Scriptures stand in need of no such evidences: but, when discovered, they are received with pleasure by the student of God's Word. In the twenty-first verse Zebedee is spoken of as *living*, but another passage shows that one of the disciples *had lost his father*, and wished to bury him; and a few verses onward we read of "*the mother of Zebedee's children*," showing incidentally that the father had died. It may be fairly assumed that no false narrative can furnish this species of evidence; it is the privilege of veracity.

"James . . . and John his brother."

From Scripture we learn that James suffered martyrdom, by the hands of Herod; and history tells us that his brother John was condemned to death, but miraculously delivered, and, by the decree of Domitian, afterwards banished to the Isle of Patmos. The afflictions to which these devout men were subjected are well calculated to teach a lesson of submission to all Christian men, whose lot it is to suffer, by showing them that God deals with his servants according to his own wisdom, and not according to theirs. The mother of these two disciples sought, at the hands of Christ, regal honours for both her sons; and in place of honour, they receive ignominy, and instead of thrones, they find—the one, a dungeon and the loss of life; the other, exile and persecution. Let not, then, a Christian man under afflictions, privations, or reproach, judge of his soul's welfare by his worldly prosperity. Men may, in the path of duty, suffer trials hard to be borne, and yet be very dear and very near to Almighty God. The John here mentioned is spoken of as "the disciple whom Jesus loved."

Verse 23.

"And Jesus went about all Galilee teaching in their synagogues."

We are told by Biblical writers that there were in the city of Jerusalem about 460 synagogues. To each of these places of worship a ruler was appointed, whose office it was to regulate the service, that all things might be done decently and in order; a power was also vested in the ruler of the synagogue to call upon any distinguished stranger to take a part in the service, by the reading of a portion of the Old Testament Scriptures, or by expounding them, or by preaching from some part of the lesson which had been read for the service of the day. This will account for the frequent instances that occur of our Lord's ministrations in the synagogue, and also in the case of Paul, who was wont on all occasions to avail himself of this permission. It was not until after the Babylonish captivity that these places

for public worship were established, when they became the parish churches to the Jew; and there is reason to believe that the present mode of worship in our Christian houses of prayer was taken, not from the service of the Temple, but from the service of the synagogues, and that the modern mode—of prayer, reading the Scriptures, and preaching—corresponds with the threefold form employed in the synagogues in the days of our Lord and of his apostles.

Verse 24.

"And his fame went throughout all Syria."

The Roman province of that name included Phœnicia and, with slight intervals, the land of Judea. This territory extended from the mountains of Taurus and Amanus in the north, to the desert of Suez and the borders of Egypt on the south, and from the river Euphrates to what was termed by the Jews "the great sea," the Mediterranean.

"And they brought unto him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatic."

From the hour that the direful event occurred beneath the tree in the Garden of Eden up to the last transgression by fallen man, Satan has exercised a fearful control over the minds of men, and there is reason and Scripture to sanction the belief that, at the time of our Lord's sojourn upon earth, the devil was permitted to exercise power over the bodies of men, and that men were subject to demoniacal possession; but this is denied by some writers, who regard such instances as merely cases of lunacy. But the language of Matthew is very distinct—"those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatic." Bishop Porteus observes, there is everywhere a plain distinction made between common diseases and demoniacal possessions, which shows they are totally different things. The permission to exercise this power may have been granted that thereby might be manifested the power of Him who came to destroy the works of the devil. Dr. Lightfoot supposes that this dreadful state was a punishment for the appalling impiety that then prevailed, and because the people were strongly addicted to magic, and by this forbidden act they invited, as it were, evil spirits to dwell amongst them.

Unless we admit the scriptural account of these demoniacal possessions, we shall be unable to assign any fair mode of interpreting the numerous passages in which allusion is made to this direful condition. The power to cast out demons was one of the gifts bestowed upon the apostles, and this was distinct from the power to heal all manner of diseases. Our Lord never appeals to the individual possessed, but to the evil spirit: he speaks to the demons and they speak to him; and, on one occasion, they complain of being tormented before the appointed time: and these evil spirits bear testimony to Christ's divinity, by acknowledging the Saviour to be the Son of God. We must observe, also, that these demoniacs reasoned rightly, and on right grounds. Not so lunatics—for they reason incorrectly from right grounds, or correctly from wrong grounds, and some-

times both. The persons afflicted by these evil spirits always did homage to Christ, and to his apostles; but lunatics would not do so: for, on some occasions, they would render the required reverence, and at other times sternly withhold it. Men, in defiance of the lesson taught them by the plague of their own hearts, have still denied the existence of the devil; it follows, of necessity, that they must deny all demoniacal possessions. If Scripture is to have weight, and to be allowed to speak for itself, a perusal of the fourth chapter of Luke, from the thirty-third verse, ought at once to decide the question. Bishop Horsley speaks with considerable energy on this subject:—"I find no difficulty in believing that men's bodies were under demoniacal possession, and I hold those philosophising believers but weak in faith, and not strong in reason, who measure the probabilities of past events by the experience of the present age, in opposition to the evidence of the historian of the times. I am inclined to think that the power of the infernal spirits over the bodies as well as the minds of men, suffered a great abridgment when the Son of God had achieved his great undertaking; and before that event, men were subject to a tyranny from which (in their bodies) they have been ever since emancipated."

(To be continued.)

THE WORLD OF SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. F. W. FARRAR,

AUTHOR OF "ERIC; OR, LITTLE BY LITTLE."

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

THE MARTYR-STUDENT.

Whose youthful heart by influence sweet
Is early drawn to God.—HEBER.

THE days that followed, as the boys resumed the regular routine of school work, passed by very rapidly and pleasantly—rapidly, because the long-expected Christmas holidays were approaching; pleasantly, because the boys were thoroughly occupied in working up the subjects for the final examination. For Walter especially those days were lighted up with the warm glow of popularity and success. He was aiming with boyish eagerness to win one more laurel by gaining the first place in his form, and whenever he was not taking exercise, either in some school-game or by a ramble along his favourite cliffs and sands, he was generally to be found hard at work in Mr. Percival's rooms, learning the voluntary repetitions, or going over the trial subjects with Henderson, who had now quite passed the boundary line which separated the idle from the industrious boys.

One morning Henderson came in chuckling and laughing to himself. "So Power's taking a leaf out of your book, Walter. I declare he's becoming a regular sociable grosbeak."

"Sociable grosbeak! what do you mean?"

"Oh, don't you know that I'm writing a drama called the 'Sociable Grosbeaks,' in which you and Ken and I are introduced; I didn't mean to introduce Power, he wasn't gregarious enough; but I shall now, and he shall prologise."

"But why is he more sociable now?"

"Why, he's actually let one of the—oh, I forgot, I mustn't call names—well, he's given Eden the run of his study."

"Oh, yes; I knew that," said Walter, smiling. "At first, it was the funniest thing to see them together, they were both so shy; but after a day or two they were quite friends, and now you may find Eden perched any day in Power's window-seat, grinding away at his Greek verbs, and as happy as a king. Power helps him in his work, too. It'll be the making of the little fellow. Already he's coming out strong in form."

"Hurrah for the grosbeaks," said Henderson. "I did mean to chaff Power about it, but I won't, for it really is very kind of him."

"Yes; and so it is of Percival to let us sit here; but I wish that dear old Dubbs could be doing trial-work here with us."

"He's very ill," said Henderson, looking serious; "very ill, I'm afraid. I saw him to-day for a minute, but he seemed too weak to talk."

"Is he? poor fellow! I knew that he was staying out, but I'd no notion that it was anything dangerous."

"I don't know about *dangerous*, but he's quite ill. Poor Daubeny! you know how very, very patient and good he is; yet even he can't help being sad at falling ill just now. You know he was to have been confirmed to-morrow week, and he's afraid that now he won't be well enough, and will have to put it off."

"Yes; he's mentioned his confirmation to me several times. Lots of fellows are going to be confirmed this time—about a hundred, I believe—but I don't suppose one of them thinks of it so solemnly as dear old Dubbs—unless, indeed, it's Power, who also is to be confirmed."

"Do you think it would be possible to see Dubbs? I should so like to see him," said Walter.

"Let's ask Percival, he's in the next room; and if Dubbs is well enough, I know he'd give anything to see you."

"Please, sir," said Walter, after knocking for admission at the door of the inner room, "do you think that Henderson and I might go to the cottage and see Daubeny?"

"I don't know, Walter. But I want very much to see him myself, if Dr. Keith will let me, so I'll come with you and inquire."

Mr. Percival walked with the two boys to the cottage, and, after an injunction not to stay too long, they were admitted to the sick boy's bedside. At first, in the darkened room, they saw nothing; but Daubeny's voice—weak and low, but very cheerful—at once greeted them.

"Oh, thank you, sir, for coming to see me. Hallo! Walter, and Flip too; I'm so glad to see you—you in a sick room again, Flip!"

"We would have come before if we had known that we might see you," said the master. "How are you feeling, my dear boy?"

"Not very well, sir; my head aches sadly sometimes, and I get so confused."

"Ah, Daubeny, it's the over-work. Didn't I entreat you, my child, to slacken the bent bow a little? You'll be wiser in future, will you not?"

"In future—oh, yes, sir; if ever I get well I'm

afraid," he said, with a faint smile, "that you'll find me stupider than ever."

"Stupid, my boy! none of us ever thought you that. It is not the stupid boys that get head removes as you have done the last term or two. I should very much enjoy a talk with you, Daubeney, but I mustn't stay now the doctor says, so I'll leave these two fellows with you, and give them ten minutes—no longer—to tell you all the school news."

"In future wiser—in future," repeated Daubeney in a low voice to himself once or twice; "ah, yes, too late now. I don't think he knows how ill I am, Walter. My mother's been sent for; I expect her this evening. I shall at least live to see her again."

"Oh! don't," said Henderson, whose quick and sensitive nature was easily excited; "don't talk like that, Daubeney, we can't spare you; you must stay for our sake."

"Dear old fellow!" said Daubeney, "you'll have nobody left to chaff; but you can spare me easily enough;" and he laid his fevered hand kindly on Henderson's, who immediately turned his head and brushed away a tear. "Oh, don't cry," he added, in a pained tone of voice; "I never meant to make you cry. I'm quite happy, Flip."

"Oh, Daubeney! we can't get on without you!" said Henderson.

"Daubeney! I hardly know the name," said the sick boy, smiling; "no, Flip, let it be Dubbs as of old—a nice heavy name to suit its owner; and you gave it me, you know, so it's your property, Flip, and I hardly know myself by any other now."

"Oh, Dubbs, I've plagued you so," said Henderson, sobbing as if his heart would break; "I've never done anything but tease you, and laugh at you, and you've always been so good and so patient to me. Do forgive me!"

"Pooh!" said Daubeney, trying to rally him. "Listen to him, Walter; who'd think that Flip was talking? Teased me, Flip?" he continued, as Henderson still sobbed at intervals; "not you! I always enjoyed your chaff, and I know that you liked me at heart. You've all been very kind to me. Walter, I'm so glad I got to know you before I—. It's so pleasant to see you here. Give me your hand; no, Flip, let me keep yours too; it's getting dark. I like to have you here. I feel so happy. I wish Power and Ken would come too, that I might see all my friends."

"Good night, Daubeney; I can't stay, I mustn't stay," said Henderson; and, pressing his friend's hand, he hurried out of the room to indulge in a burst of grief which he could not contain; for, under his trifling and nonsensical manner, Henderson had a very warm, and susceptible, and feeling heart, and though he had always made Daubeney a subject of ridicule, he never did it with a particle of ill-nature, and felt for him—dissimilar as their characters were—a most fervent and deep regard.

"Look after him when I am gone, Walter," said Daubeney, sadly, when he had left the room. "He is a dear good fellow, but so easily led. Poor Flip! he's immensely changed for the better since you came, Walter."

"I have been very fond of him all along," said Walter; "he is so full of laughter and fun, and he's very good with it all. But, Dubbs, you are

too desponding; we shall have you here yet for many pleasant days."

"I don't know; perhaps so, if God wills. I am very young. I should like to stay a little longer in the sunshine. Walter, I should like to stay with you. I love you more, I think, than any one except Power;" and as he spoke, a quiet tear rolled slowly down Daubeney's face.

Walter only pressed his hand. "You can't think how I pitied you, Walter, in that accident about Paton's manuscript. When all the fellows were cutting you, and abusing you, my heart used to bleed for you; you used to go about looking so miserable, so much as if all your chances of life were over. I'm afraid I did very little for you then, but I *would* have done anything. I felt as if I could have given you my right hand."

"But, Dubbs, you were the first who spoke to me after that happened; the first who wasn't ashamed to walk with me. You can't think how grateful I felt to you for it; it rolled a cold weight from me. It was like stretching a saving hand to one who was drowning; for every one knew how good a fellow *you* were, and your countenance was worth everything to me just then."

"You really felt so?" said Daubeney, brightening up, while a faint flush rested for a moment on his pale face; "oh, Walter, it makes me happy to hear you say so." There was a silence, and, with Walter's hand still in his, he fell into a sweet sleep, with a smile upon his face. When he was quite asleep, Walter gently removed his hand, smoothed his pillow, looked affectionately at him for a moment, and stole silently from the room.

"How did you leave him?" asked Henderson, eagerly, when Walter rejoined him in Mr. Percival's room.

"Sleeping soundly. I hope it will do him good. I did not know how much you cared for him, Flip."

"That's because I always made him a butt," said Henderson, remorsefully; "but I didn't really think he minded it, or I wouldn't have done so. I hardly knew myself that I liked him so. It was a horrid shame of me to worry him as I was always doing. Conceited donkey that I was, I was always trying to make him seem stupid; yet all the while I could have stood by him cap in hand. Oh, Walter, I hope he is not going to die!"

"Oh, no, I hope not; and don't be miserable at the thought of teasing him, Flip; it was all in fun, and he was never wounded by any word of yours. Remember how he used to tell you that he was all the time laughing at you, not you at him. Come a turn on the shore, and let's take Power or Ken with us."

"Sociable grosbeaks, again," said Henderson, laughing in the midst of his sorrow.

"Yes," said Walter; "never mind. There are but few birds of the sort after all."

They found Eden with his feet up, and his hands round his knees, on the window-seat, perfectly at his ease, and chattering to Power like a young jackdaw. A thrill of pleasure passed through Walter's heart, as a glance showed him how well his proposal had succeeded. Power evidently had had no reason to repent of his kindness, and Eden looked more like the bright and happy child which he had once been, than ever was the case since he had come to St. Winifred's. He was now clean

and neat in dress, and the shadows of fear and guilt which had begun to darken his young face were chased away.

Power readily joined them in their stroll along the shore, and listened with affectionate sympathy to their account of Daubeny.

"What is it that has made him ill?" he asked.

"There's no doubt about that," answered Walter; "it's over-work, which has brought on a tendency to brain fever."

"I was afraid so, Walter;" and then Power repeated half to himself the fine lines of Byron on Kirke White:

"So the struck eagle stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the barb that quivered in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion that impelled the steel;
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest
Drank the last life-blood of his bleeding breast."

"What grand verses!" said Walter. "Poor, poor Daubeny!"

"I've never had but one feeling about him myself," said Power, "and that was a feeling almost like reverence."

"Ah! you loved him, Power," said Henderson, "because your tastes were like his. But I owe a great deal to him;—more than I can ever tell you. I don't feel as if I could tell you now, while he lies there so ill, poor fellow! He has saved me more than once from vigorous efforts to throw myself away. But for him I should have gone to the bad long, long ago. I was *very* near it once." He sighed, and as they walked by the violet margin of the evening waves, he offered up in silence an earnest prayer that Daubeny might live.

The blind old poet would have said, that the winds carried the prayer away and scattered it. But no winds can scatter, no waves can drown, the immortal spirit of one true prayer. Unanswered it may be—but scattered and fruitless *not*!

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

THE SCHOOL BELL.

To me the thought of death is terrible,
Having such hold of life; to you it is not
More than the sudden lifting of a latch;
Nought but a step into the open air,
Out of a tent already luminous.

With light that shines through its transparent folds.

LONGFELLOW'S GOLDEN LEGEND.

"I've got a good piece of news for you, Master Daubeny," said the kind old school-nurse.

"What is it? is my mother here?" he said eagerly; "oh! let her come and see me."

She was at the door, and the next moment his arms were round her neck in a long embrace.

"Darling, darling mother," he exclaimed, "now I shall be happy, now that you have come. Nay, you mustn't cry, mother," he said, as he felt one of her fast-flowing tears upon his forehead; "you've come to help me in bearing up."

"Dearest Johnny," she said, "I trust yet that God will spare the widow's only son; He who raised the son of the widow of Nain will pity us."

"His ways are not ours, mother dear; I do not think that I shall recover. My past life hangs before me like a far-off picture already; I lie and

look at it almost as if it were not mine, and my mind is quite at peace; only sometimes my head is all confused."

"God's will be done, Johnny," sobbed the poor lady. "But I do not think I can live, if you be taken from me."

"Taken—but not for ever, mother," he said, looking up into her face.

"Oh, Johnny, *why, why* did you not spare yourself, and work less? It is the work which has killed you."

"Only because it felt heavier on me than on other boys. They got through it quickly, but I was not so clever, and it cost me more to do my duty. I tried to do it, mother dear, and God helped me. All is well as it is. Oh! my head, my head."

"You must rest, darling. My visit and talk has excited you. Try to go to sleep."

"Then sit there, mother, opposite me, so that I may see you when I wake."

She kissed his aching brow, and sat down, while he composed himself to rest. She was a lady of about fifty, with bands of silver hair smoothed over her calm forehead, and in appearance not unlike her son. But there was something very sweet and matronly about her look, and it was impossible to see her without feeling the respect and honour which was her due.

And she sat there, by the bedside, looking upon her only son, the boy who had been the light of her life; and she knew that he was dying—she knew that he was fading away before her eyes. Yet there was a sweet and noble resignation in her anguish; there was a deep and genuine spirit of submission to the will of Heaven, and a perfect faith in God's love, whatever might be the issue, in every prayer she breathed, as with clasped hands, and streaming eyes, and moving lips, she gazed upon his face. He might appear dull and heavy to others, but to her he was dear beyond all thought; and now she was to lose him. In her inmost heart she knew that she *must* suffer that great pang; that God was taking to himself the son who had been so good and true to her, so affectionate, so sweet-tempered, so unselfish, that even from his gentle and quiet infancy he had never by his conduct caused her a moment's pain. She had long been looking forward to the strong and upright manhood which should follow this pure boyhood; but that dear boy was not destined to be the staff of her declining years; her hands were to close his eyes in the last long sleep, and she was to pass alone under the overshadowing rocks that close around the valley of human life. God help the mother's heart who must pass through scenes like this!

Poor Daubeny could not sleep. Brain-fever is usually accompanied by delirium, and as he turned restlessly upon his pillow, his mind began to wander away to other days and scenes.

"Stupid, sir? yes, I know I am, but I can't help it; I've really done my best. I was up at five o'clock this morning, trying, trying so hard to learn this repetition. Indeed, indeed, I'm not idle, sir. I'll try to do my duty if I can. Oh, Power, I wish I were like you; you learn so quickly, and you never get abused as I do after it all."

And then the poor boy fancied himself sitting under the gas-lamp in the passage, as he had so

often done, and trying to master one of his repetition lessons, repeating the lines fast to himself as he used to do; and whenever his memory failed, he would stop with a pained expression on his face, and press his hands tight over his brow.

"Don't go on with the repetition, Johnny, dear," said the poor mother. "I'm sure you know it enough now."

"Oh, no; not yet mother, I shall be turned, I know I shall to-morrow, and it makes him so angry; he'll call me idle and incorrigible, and all kinds of things." And then he began again, and failed. "Oh, I shall break down there, I know I shall;" and he burst into tears. "It's no good trying to help me, Power, I can't learn it."

"Leave off for to-night, at least, Johnny," said his mother, in a tone of anguish; "you can learn the rest to-morrow. Oh! what shall I do?" she asked, turning to the nurse; "I cannot bear to hear him go on like this."

"Be comforted, ma'am," said the nurse, wiping away her own tears. "He's a dear good lamb, and he'll come to himself soon afore he goes off."

"Must he die then?" she asked, trembling in every limb.

"Hush, good lady; we never know what God may please to do, in his mercy. We must bow to his gracious will, ma'am, as you knows well, I don't doubt. He's fitter to die than many a grown man is, poor child, and that's a blessing. I wish though he wasn't a repeating of that there heathenish Latin."

But Daubeny's voice was still humming fragments of Horace's lines, sometimes with eager concentration, and then with pauses at parts where he felt confused, at which he would grow distressed and anxious.

"If you love me, Johnny, give it up for to-night, that's a darling boy," said his mother.

"But, mother, it's my duty to know it; you wouldn't have me fail in duty, mother dear, would you? why, it was you who told me to persevere, and do all things with my might. Well, I will leave it for to-night." Then, still unconscious of what he was doing, the boy got up and prayed, as it was evident that he had done many a time, that God would strengthen his memory and quicken his powers, and enable him to do his duty like a man. It was inexpressibly touching to see him as he knelt there—thin, pale, emaciated, the shadow of his former self, kneeling in his delirium to offer up his old accustomed prayer.

And when he got into bed again, although his mind still wandered, he was much calmer, and a new direction seemed to have been given to his thoughts. The prayer had fallen like dew on his aching soul. He fancied himself in Power's study, where for many a Sunday the two boys had been used to sit, and where they had often learnt or read to each other their favourite hymns. Fragments of these hymns he was now repeating; dwelling on the words with an evident sense of pleasure and belief—

"A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

"They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Mid peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may strength be given,
To follow in their train."

"Isn't that beautiful, Power?"

"And when on upward wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee;
Nearer to thee."

And as he murmured to himself in a soothed tone of voice these verses, and lines of "Jerusalem the Golden," and "Oh, for a closer walk with God," and "Rock of Ages," the wearied brain at last found repose, and Daubeny fell asleep.

He lingered on till the end of the week. On the Saturday he ceased to be delirious, and the lucid interval began which precedes death. It was then that he earnestly entreated to be allowed to see those school friends whose names had been so often on his lips—Power, Walter, and Henderson. The boys, who had daily and eagerly inquired for him, entered, with a feeling of trembling solemnity, the room of sickness. The near presence of death filled them with an indescribable awe, and they felt desolate at the approaching loss of a friend whom they loved so well.

"I sent to say good-bye," he said, smiling sweetly. "You must not cry and grieve for me. I am happier than I ever felt before. Good-bye, Walter. It's for a long, long time; but not for ever. Good-bye, my dear old Flip—naughty fellow to cry so, when I am happy; and when I am gone, Flip, think of me sometimes, and of talks we've had together, and take your side manfully for God and Christ. Good-bye, Power, my best friend; we meant to be confirmed together, you know, but God has ordered it otherwise." And then he whispered low—

'Lord, shall we come? come yet again!
Thy children ask one blessing more!
To come not now alone, but then
When life, and death, and time are o'er;
The children of thy grace, to be
Confessed as thine, and dwell with thee.'

Oh, Power, that line fills me with hope and joy; think of it for me when I am dead;" and his voice trembled with emotion as he again murmured, "'Confessed as thine, and dwell with thee.' I'm afraid I'm too weak to talk any more. Oh, what a long, long good-bye it will be, for years, and years, and years; to think that when you have gone out of the room we shall never meet in life again, and I shall never hear your pleasant voices. Oh, Flip, you make me cry against my will by crying so. It's hard to say, but it must be said at last, Good-bye, God bless you, with all my heart." He laid his hand on their heads as they bent over him, and once more whispering the last "Good-bye," turned away his face, and made the pillow wet with his warm tears.

The sound of his mother's sobs attracted him. "Ah! mother, darling, we are alone now; you will stay with me till I die. I am tired."

"I feared that their visit would excite you too much, my child."

"Oh, no, mother; I couldn't bear to die without seeing them, I loved them so much. Mother, will you sing to me a little?—sing me my favourite hymn."

She began in a low, sweet voice—

"My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home in life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done,
Thy will be—"

She stopped, for sobs choked her voice. "I am sorry I cannot, Johnny. But I cannot bear to think how soon we must part."

"Only for a short time, mother, a short time. I said a long time just now, but *now* it looks to me quite short, and I shall be with God. I see it all now so clearly. Do you remember those lines—

'The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made?'

How true they are! Oh, darling mother, how very, very good you have always been to me, and I pay you with all my heart's whole love." He pressed upon her lips a long, long kiss, and said, "Good night, darling mother. I am falling asleep, I think."

His arms relaxed their loving embrace, and glided down from her shoulder; his head fell back; the light faded from his soft and gentle eyes, and he was asleep.

Rightly he said "asleep,"—the long sleep that is the sweetest and happiest, in that it knows no waking here; the long sweet sleep that no evil dreams disturb; the sleep after which the eyes open upon the light of immortality, and the weary heart rests upon the bosom of its God. Yes, Daubeney had fallen asleep.

God help thee, widowed mother! the daily endearments, the looks of living affection, the light of the boy's presence, are for thee and for thy home no more. There lies the human body of thy son; his soul is with the white-robed, redeemed, innumerable multitude in the Paradise of God.

For hours, till the light faded into darkness, as this young life had faded into death, she sat fixed in that deep grief which finds no utterance, and knows of no alleviation, with little consciousness save of the dead presence, and of the pang that benumbed her aching heart. And outside rang the sound of games and health, and the murmur of boy-voices came to her forlorn ear. There the stream of life was flashing joyously and gloriously in the sunshine, while here, in this darkened room, it had sunk into the sands, and lost itself under the shadow of the dark boughs. But she was a Christian; and as the sweet voices of memory, and conscience, and hope, and promise whispered to her in her loneliness their angel messages, her heart melted and the tears came, and she knelt down and took the dead hand of her son in hers, and said, between her sobs, while her tear-stained eyes were turned to heaven, "O God, teach me to understand thy will."

And through the night the great bell of the church of St. Winifred's tolled the sound of death; and, mingled with it stroke for stroke, in long, tremulous thrilling notes that echoed through the silent buildings, rang out the thin clear bell of St. Winifred's School. The tones of that school bell were usually only heard as they summoned the boys to lessons with quick and hurried beatings. How different now were the slow, occasional notes—each note trembling itself out with undisturbed vibrations which quivered long upon the air—with which it told that for one at least whom it had been wont to warn, hurry was possible no longer, and there was

boundless leisure now! There was a strange pulse of emotion in the hearts of the listening boys when the sound of these two passing bells struck upon their ears as they sat at evening work, and told them that the soul of their school fellow had passed away, and that God's voice had summoned his young servant to his side.

"You hear it, Henderson?" said Walter, who sat next to him.

"Yes," answered Henderson in an awe-struck voice; "Daubeney is dead."

The rest of that evening the two boys sat silent and motionless, full of the solemn thoughts which can never be forgotten. And for the rest of that evening the deep church-bell tolled, and the shrill school-bell tolling after it, shivered out into the wintry night air its tremulous message that the soul of Daubeney had passed away.

(To be continued.)

A PRAYER.

"Let my prayer come before thee: incline thine ear unto my cry; for my soul is full of troubles: and my life draweth nigh unto the grave."—Ps. lxxxviii. 2, 3.

OH, what is all the pride of birth,
Of wide domain, or princely hall!
Lowly before God's throne to fall
Is highest place on this great earth.

I bend before thy glorious throne,
Father on high, pervading all;
And with a feeble voice I call,
For I am fainting and alone.

Jesus, my Saviour, thou hast borne
The woes of life—the pangs of death;
Hast breathed the sigh of human breath,
And felt thy soul with anguish torn.

Hear the deep groan, the burdened sigh,
That rends my bosom, oh, my Friend!
And let the dew of heaven descend
Upon me, for my heart is dry.

Wipe thou away the sinful tear
That blinds me when I look to thee;
And bend thy loving eye on me,
And let me feel that thou art near.

Oh, let me come to thee for grace
To help in time of need; and give
Thy Spirit's life that I may live,
And in thy bosom find a place.

Oh, let me come, for life is dark,
And sick with inward pain and grief;
And comfort give, and sweet relief,
And fan to flame the feeble spark.

Faint in the way behold I lie;
I sink, I cannot come to thee;
Come in thy Spirit's aid to me,
And take me, save me, or I die!

Come and abide, O Saviour! stay
And guide me through this troubled scene;
Give thy strong arm, and let me lean—
Fain would I mount and fly away;

And dropping all my load of care,
Come like a weary, fluttering dove;
Sink softly on thy breast of love,
And feel at rest and happy there. J. H.

Progress of the Truth.

THE WORK OF THE GOSPEL IN LONDON.

No. III.

St. George's-in-the-East—continued.

At a recent meeting of the Open-Air Mission, Lord Ebury alluded to one feature which ordinary London congregations of nearly every denomination have in common—namely, that of excessive “respectability.” Whether we go to church or chapel, we find ourselves surrounded by persons of what is called “respectable appearance.” If we pass from one place of worship to another, from the west to the east of London, the question again and again presents itself, Where are the poor? Where are the poor, whom the Master made his peculiar care, and to whom, especially in that day, the Gospel was preached? We seldom find them now within the house of God. There the general aspect of the place and the elaborate ornamentation too often repel the poor man, even if the arrangements of the building and his reception therein do not make it plain that his presence is not expected. Need we be much surprised that he keeps away? He probably has, like many of the poor, a good deal of pride; and unless he is under religious impressions, he will not go where he thinks he is not wanted. A good coat is unfortunately now regarded as a necessary qualification for entering a church or chapel; and this probably is one of the principal reasons why the places of worship of the metropolis—so few in number when compared with the population—are rarely filled. It is a fact, which cannot be recorded without pain, that although in theory a poor man has a right to a seat in any church or chapel, and especially in his parish church, he is nevertheless practically excluded. There are instances to the contrary, notices of some of which will be found in our articles, but these are exceptional. While such a state of things exists, can we wonder at the many empty seats in our places of worship? This is a matter deserving the attention of Christians. It seems to us that before the poor can be induced to attend Divine service, there must be first a desire and a readiness on the part of the existing congregations to welcome their humbler neighbours among them; and next, a portion of the sittings should be thrown open to all comers. Free sittings where a weekly offering is expected will not, in our opinion, answer the purpose. The poor must be made to feel that the Gospel is offered to them without money and without price. If they become regular attendants, they will give readily enough from their scanty store. Nor must they be put to the ordeal of being “shown” to a seat. The seats should be open, so that a stranger may walk at once into them, and such books as he needs should be ready for his use. These seats need not be placed in the worst position in the building, nor unnecessarily exposed to draughts; nor is it essential that they should be without backs, or otherwise different from the other seats. In fact, the object should be to make the poor feel that they receive Christian kindness and a Christian welcome. To carry out an arrangement of this kind would involve, in many cases, a loss of pews, but not necessarily a loss of pew-rents; for under the present system, places of worship are not filled.

Proceeding to notice the work of the different Nonconformist bodies, we come first to Ebenezer Congregational Chapel, Ratcliff Highway: minister, Rev. J. Bowrey. Here, it appears, some earnest effort is being made to bring in passers-by. The chapel contains 850 sittings, and the congregation varies considerably, but probably averages 300 on Sunday morning, and 600 in the evening. The regular congregation is not large, but there is an active “Invitation Society” connected with

the chapel, the members of which stand round the gates every Sunday evening, and seldom fail to induce a considerable number of persons to enter. They have various small handbills printed, of which the following is an example:—

INVITATION AND WELCOME.

If no one has invited you to the house of God to-night, will you allow us to do so? The service at our chapel begins at half-past six. You will receive a hearty welcome. “God is love.” “Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.”

Ebenezer Chapel, Ratcliff Highway.

During three years of labour, more than 7,000 passers along that notorious highway have been thus induced to enter the house of God, exclusive of some thousands of residents in the neighbourhood who have been brought from their dwellings by special invitation. It is to be regretted that “Invitation Societies” are not more common. To have been the means of bringing so many thousand persons under the sound of the Gospel is no light matter, although a large proportion of these, being seafaring men, could not be expected to increase the permanent congregation. If there are persons among our readers who look coldly on efforts of this kind, we would point them first to the crowded streets and the empty churches, and then to the command of our Lord, “Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.”

The regular attendants at this chapel occupy sittings for which they pay, but so ready a welcome is given to strangers, that practically nearly the whole chapel is free. There is a Locating Society at work in the chapel, to consolidate the efforts of the Invitation Society without. The members supply strangers with seats and hymn books; and with a tract and a kind word, welcome them to return the next Sabbath, and occupy the same seats as their own. In addition to the two services on Sunday, there are two in the week, with an average attendance of sixty; two Bible-classes; a Mutual Improvement Society; a Christian Instruction Society; a Band of Hope; and an Infants’ Friend Society. There are also book clubs, and frequent popular lectures. The number of church members is 153. There is a day-school with seventy boys, and a Sunday-school with an average attendance of 200.

There are about seventy labourers of different kinds, who are engaged in the Sunday and Ragged-schools, in distributing tracts, inviting persons to the services, visiting the sick and distressed, attending the Mothers’ Meetings and Dorcas Society, and in open-air preaching. The work is done by voluntary agency.

Not far distant is the St. George’s Wesleyan Chapel, of which the ministers are the Rev. J. Kirk, the Rev. J. D. Brocklehurst, and the Rev. E. H. Tindall. It is a large building, containing 1,300 sittings, of which 300 are free. There are two services on Sunday, the attendance averaging—morning, 600; evening, 1,000. There is also a service on Tuesday evening, attended by 130 persons, and a prayer-meeting on Saturday, attended by fifty. The number of church members is 330. There is a Bible-class of thirty-five young men; a Ladies’ Dorcas Society, numbering twenty-five members; and a Lying-in-Charity, numbering twenty. The tract distributors are four in number; the sick visitors, nineteen; the class leaders, twenty-five; and the local preachers, five. In the Sunday-school connected with the chapel there are 372 children and thirty-nine teachers; the average attendance on Sunday afternoon being 227 children and twenty-four teachers. In St. George’s there is also a Wesleyan Chapel connected with the Wesleyan Seamen’s Mission, an account of which may be properly reserved to a future article on seamen’s institutions and places of worship.

Passing on to Cannon-street, we find a chapel of considerable size in connection with the United Methodist Free Churches, the minister of which is the Rev. R. Lyon. The sittings number nearly 1,000, and 180 are free. There are two Sunday services, the morning attendance averaging 200, and the evening 450. There are prayer-meetings and class-meetings on several evenings in the week, and on Thursday evening preaching, the average attendance being seventy. The church members number 204. Occasional open-air services are held, but the only regular labourers among the poor appear to be eight tract distributors. The Sunday-school numbers 427 children, with an average attendance of 800, and there are thirty-three teachers. There is no day-school.

We have next to notice the Commercial Road Chapel, which belongs to the General Baptists of the new connexion. The minister is the Rev. T. Goadby. The building contains about 700 sittings, 250 being free. Two services are held on Sunday, with an average attendance in the morning of about 230, and in the evening of 370. There is a lecture on Thursday evening, and a prayer-meeting on Tuesdays. The church members number 230. There is no day-school. At the Sunday-school there are 380 children and thirty-six teachers; the average attendance of the former being—morning, 160; afternoon, 280. In connection with this chapel is a Sick Society, the object of which is indicated by its name, and a Christian Instruction Society in active operation. The latter embraces twenty-three districts, has twenty-eight visitors, and reaches 930 families every Sunday. The business of the visitors is to leave tracts, which are exchanged every week; to speak with all with whom they may have an opportunity of speaking about the contents of the tracts; to invite the elder members of families to the house of God; to introduce the younger ones to the Sunday-school; and to secure for worthy cases the benefits of the sick society. These visitors are, as a matter of course, volunteers. There are no Scripture readers. Some out-door services are held by individual members of this church; but in what manner and with what results, we are not informed.

The last place of worship which we shall have occasion to notice in this article is that of the Primitive Methodists in Sutton Street, whose chapel is hidden from sight as effectually as St. Matthew's Church. It stands at the head of a yard, where a stranger would not expect to find a place of worship; and the yard opens into an unfrequented street. The superintendent of the circuit, the Rev. T. Penrose, is anxious to enlarge the present building, or to erect another in a better position; but the chapel is burdened with a debt of £300, which, as the members belong to the working classes, cannot be cleared off by ordinary means, and it is intended to hold a bazaar next summer, in the hope of effecting this object. In the present chapel are 400 sittings, of which 140 are free.

The average attendance at the two Sunday services is—morning, 230; evening, 250. There is a service also on Tuesday evenings, and a public prayer-meeting on Friday evening. The open-air preaching, which is a part of the regular system of the Primitive Methodists, is calculated to be very useful in a neighbourhood like St. George's, where a large proportion of the inhabitants will not be persuaded to enter any place of worship. When the weather permits, open-air services are held in Sutton Street on Sunday evenings and Friday evenings. Frequently the preacher takes a kind of circuit, passing through some of the poorest streets, and preaching as he walks along. The "walking sermon" is sure to attract attention, and if the preacher be faithful, some few words of truth will enter into many ears ordinarily closed against it. If the perishing millions of London

are to be reached, active aggressive means must be used. What are called the "prayer-leaders," connected with the chapel, hold devotional meetings in the vestry, but no cottage meetings are held.

Among the members are several Bible-women, who have been sent to work in this neighbourhood by the society of which the authoress of "The Book and its Story" is at the head. There is an agency for the distribution of tracts. The Sunday-school numbers 230 children. Here, also, there is no day-school. There is a Temperance Society and a Band of Hope, each with about 100 members. The church members number 180.

Such, then, is a hasty general view of the present condition and operations of the various denominations in St. George's. The general results may be thus summed up. The number of sittings in the churches is 4,980; in the chapels, 4,250; total, 9,230, or barely 19 per cent. of the population. The gross average number of attendants at the two Sunday services—in churches, 5,210; chapels, 4,230; total, 9,440. If we assume as before, that two-thirds of this number represent distinct individuals, we find that not quite 13 per cent. of the population attend Divine service. The statement in the last article, that the proportion attending the churches is 16 per cent., was an error; it should have been $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The total number of attendants at the most numerously attended services, in both churches and chapels, is 5,630, or little more than half the number of sittings.

These figures probably represent the case as a little better than it really is, but they show that a large majority of the people are living in a state of indifference to religion. There is but one place of worship in all St. George's (St. Mary's Church) of which we are able to report that every seat is occupied, and that only on the Sunday evening. St. George's may be taken to represent fairly the general condition of the East of London, as far as regards the work of particular religious bodies. There is, however, a work going on outside these bodies, not without encouraging results, and to some of this outside work we purpose to refer before proceeding to describe other parishes.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

Lectures on Butler's Analogy of Religion. By the Right Hon. JOSEPH NAPIER, D.C.L., LL.D. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co., Publishers to the University.

LIKE the great work of which they are an exposition, these lectures are divided into two parts:—I. The Analogy of Natural Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature. II. The Analogy of Revealed Religion to the same.

The former portion appeared in the QUIVER when they were delivered, and we are sure that to our readers we can scarcely pass a higher eulogium upon the work in its complete form, than to say that the second portion, treating of a higher and more sublime theme than the former, is in every way worthy of the ex-Chancellor's high reputation, and more than realises the hopes which the first portion had led us to entertain.

Mr. Napier at once commences with showing that revealed religion is by no means a different or even a distinct religion from that of Nature; but that it is the supplement of natural religion—the discovery to man of that which his unaided reason never could have taught him—the inner shrine of that Temple in whose outer

court Reason has hung her lamp to guide the steps of the pilgrim to the holier sanctuary within. In Mr. Napier's words, "The light of Nature, darkened as it has been, has ushered in the dawn and dayspring of Revelation."

Nothing can be more candid and Christian than the spirit in which the learned lecturer entered upon the consideration of his subject. The present age seems almost wholly given to controversial theology. If we were asked for the characteristic of the theological teaching of this age, we should certainly say—polemical discussion. Yet here, where the subject was so very inviting to such a course, Mr. Napier carefully avoids such topics, except where their introduction is absolutely necessary; and then he shows us, by the manner in which he demolishes the opponent's case, that it is not inability which prevents him from entering at greater length into the controversial theology now in vogue. It is by arguing in favour of positive truth, rather than by combating falsehood, that Mr. Napier defends the religion of Revelation.

A few lines from the introductory lecture will show the spirit of the work:—

We are not here to expect an exposition of controversial theology, nor to have any craving satisfied for the discussion of speculative opinions, about which polemical disputants may consistently contend.

Again, when alluding to the spirit in which he had treated the first part of the "Analogy":—

I am confident that you have not been in any degree misled into that common mistake of some of Butler's commentators, who have more or less complained (and surely without sufficient reason) of his having dealt with the credentials rather than the contents of Christianity. Is not this to say, that he has composed this masterly treatise in a form appropriate to the defence of religion, when it had been assailed by unbelieving men, instead of making it an exposition of the favourite doctrines, which earnest and zealous men have regarded and taught as constituting in their opinion the sum and substance of the Gospel?

Through this elaborate and learned series of lectures, entered upon in such a spirit, we cannot go in detail, but there are two subjects upon which Mr. Napier seems to have bestowed especial care, and which are peculiarly interesting from their being well suited to the character of the lecturer's mind.

No part of Butler's "Analogy" has been more severely criticised than that in which he discusses the question of the evidence for miracles. Bishop Fitzgerald, one of Butler's most able commentators, and Dr. Chalmers, have both objected to the manner in which Bishop Butler treats his question; on the other side, Dr. Lee, in his "Essay on Miracles," defends Butler's theory with his usual power; and Professor Webb, than whom there is, perhaps, no one more thoroughly conversant with Butler, is likewise ranged upon the same side. Mr. Napier has taken Butler's view of the question, and gives a very interesting letter from Mr. Mansel, bearing him out in his opinion upon this all-important subject.

To understand the question at issue, we must first see what Butler himself says upon this point. Those who object to miracles altogether as incredible, derive their argument from a supposed analogy, and say that there is a "peculiar presumption from analogy against miracles (particularly against revelation) after the settlement and during the continuance of a course of Nature."

It is with this supposed presumption against miracles that Butler proceeds to deal. The objection rests upon a presumption, that a "course of Nature" having once been established, this state of general law must continue uninterrupted to the end. To this Butler answers that we can on no pretence suppose such to be an argument "from analogy," "for we have no parallel case of a world in seemingly like circumstances with our own."

The analogy must be between two things that are capable of comparison; and as we know of no other "course of Nature" than the actual one which is the subject of discussion, we can establish no argument from analogy for or against revelation, considered as miraculous. So far, we think, all modern theologians must agree with Bishop Butler. But when he proceeds to investigate the "peculiar presumption" against miracles in general, prior to proof of any one miracle in particular, there is one argument which he makes use of against this "peculiar presumption" which by some (including Bishop Fitzgerald and Mr. Mill) is considered to be illogical. Bishop Butler's argument is briefly—against the truth of any very unexpected fact there is a presumption of millions to one. Take, for instance, the recent conflagration at Santiago. Against the truth of that event there was a presumption of millions to one. Yet it was, as we know, an event capable of any proof, and was actually universally believed upon the most ordinary testimony; and thus the great presumption of millions to one was immediately overcome. Butler applies this method to miracles, and asks what avails in this case either the presumption of millions to one when compared with the most ordinary testimony to the matter of fact? It is on this point that Mr. Mill and Bishop Fitzgerald consider Butler illogical. It is only fair, in passing, to say, that Mr. Mill does not directly impugn Butler's argument; but he does, in replying to Campbell and other of Hume's opponents, point out how "improbability before the fact and improbability after it" have been confounded. If the objection be valid as applied to Campbell, it is also good when applied (as Bishop Fitzgerald actually does) to Butler. Mr. Napier spends a great portion of his two lectures upon miracles in defending Butler's mode of reasoning, especially by pointing out that Butler was speaking of miraculous interference as a whole, and not of any one miracle as an independent fact. In an appendix to Lecture IV., Part 2, we have a letter from the Rev. H. L. Mansel, B.D., to Mr. Napier, to which we have referred, in which that learned and accomplished scholar entirely adopts Butler's reasoning. It would far exceed our limits to give Mr. Napier's able and elaborate defence of the great Butler upon this point: it is powerful and complete, and in our opinion entirely successful. The whole question of miracles is one of deep interest to the Christian scholar; and Mr. Napier's clear and lucid exposition of the arguments on either side will amply repay careful study.

We proceed now to refer briefly to Mr. Napier's exposition of Butler's great chapter on "The Mediation of Christ." The theme is unspeakably important, and has very properly met with the most careful treatment. It was not Butler's design to prove by analogy the fact of Christ's mediation. This would have been impossible.

The mediation is a Christian doctrine taught solely by Revelation; no analogy could point to it—no metaphysical dreaming could realise it—no *a priori* reasoning could discover it. Like its great and holy subject, this doctrine came down from heaven; and no man could know it save he to whom it was *revealed*.

Butler's object was to answer cavillers; to show that there are analogies of Nature sufficient to remove objections which have been made against the mediation of Christ. The objection against the doctrine of the atonement is against the whole notion of a mediator, and not against the particular mediatorial functions of our blessed Lord. We cannot follow Mr. Napier through his exposition of all the instances which are to be found in Nature, from the earliest moment of birth to the last day of our existence here, of how dependent we are in things natural upon others, not only for happiness, but even common existence.

So far (he concludes) Butler has fairly collected the inferences supplied by the constitution and the course of Nature. From these it appears that God uses the instrumentality of others in his providential dealings with each of us; that there is in his government a principle of mediation by which we are often mercifully saved from natural consequences of our sins and negligences, which otherwise must, in the course of things, have oppressed us or brought us to ruin; and there is in addition a principle of propitiatory expiation acknowledged more or less in all ages and countries of the world.

If so be, then, in the ordinary established course of Nature, that the mediation of others is absolutely essential for our existence and our comfort, what possible reason can there be for presuming that in the moral government of God we shall not find still evidences of the mediatorial principle? But then again we have another gradation of unbelief to combat, and in this age of exquisitely refined scepticism we have those who, admitting the *fact* of Christ's mediatorial death, explain away its complete vicarious efficacy, and reduce it merely to a great example of patient endurance, or a sublime incident, the last step in a great series of events which in their nature are all alike—"the crowning act of that 'full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction' which he offered as the Son of Man for the sins of the whole world."* This tendency to shift the centre of Christianity from the atonement to the incarnation is altogether subversive of the teaching of Scripture on the vicarious value of Christ's death. It was not the "crowning act of the sacrifice," but it was in itself alone and completely *the sacrifice*. These views existed in Butler's day, no doubt, or else with philosophic acuteness he anticipated them, and thus we have, in the latter part of his chapter upon this subject, unmistakable arguments in regard to the nature of Christ's atonement—a portion of the work upon which Mr. Napier has, in a lofty Christian spirit, enlarged. Wisely does Butler censure the vague speculations which are ever rife upon this all-important topic—some disputing the extent of the atonement, others asking could it have been accomplished by other means, and others again inquiring what would have been the condition of all mankind if Christ had not suffered. These are matters of idle speculation, and only

serve to draw away the mind from the contemplation of the great *fact* of Christ's atonement; the fact that "now once, in the end of the world, hath Christ appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself," Heb. ix. 26. Having disposed of the one-sided views which, both in Butler's time and at present, are taken by some of this great question of the vicarious sacrifice of our Lord, Mr. Napier adds—

It is through faith, faith in his blood, that the law of God is established. He who is most deeply conscious of the free forgiveness of sin, most convinced of his need of an all-sufficient Saviour, he will love the most, and love is the fulfilling of the law.

No one can read these lectures without being, with God's blessing, grounded and built up in the faith. All the questions of evidence and probability have been weighed in a judicial mind, long accustomed to look calmly and dispassionately on conflicting testimony; and thus the ex-Chancellor's lectures possess a value which cannot be attached to the writings of divines, who must generally be prejudiced by peculiar opinions on one side or the other. Of the style of composition of these lectures it is unnecessary to say more than that they are in that pure, chaste style of almost Addisonian English, which always adds an additional charm to Mr. Napier's speeches and writings. After a distinguished career at the Bar, in Parliament, in the Privy Council, and on the woolsack, Mr. Napier undertook these lectures as a labour of love. The society to which they were delivered, and the Church at large, must be thankful to the learned author for his able vindication of our great champion of the Christian faith.

Answers to Correspondents.

T. D. S.—There is no obligation laid upon Christians to pray aloud more than in silence. In your private devotion, your practice should be regulated by what seems most conducive to reverent attention. There can, however, be no doubt about your practice in the case of being on board a steamboat. In such a place you ought unquestionably to pray in silence. No good can be gained by making a display of uttering prayers aloud, which would probably only excite the ridicule of your fellow-passengers.

H. C.—We are much obliged to you for your letter. It always gives us real pleasure to know that our efforts are appreciated, and excite interest among working men. We will try and insert such articles in THE QUIVER as may meet their wants.

B. S. A.—The charity founded by the late Mr. Charles Day, of the firm of Day and Martin, is called the Blind Man's Friend, 29, Saville Row. The applicants must be resident in England, Wales, or Scotland. The clerk and treasurer, to whom communications should be addressed, is John Simpson, Esq.

KENILWORTH.—We are much obliged to you for your cordial expressions of sympathy with us in our undertakings, and for your suggestions.

E. H.—We decline "A Winter Piece," because the subject has been so often treated that we believe it has lost its interest. We do not, however, wish to discourage you; but shall be glad to receive any other verses you may send.

A. N.—We do not require to know the real name of those who write for us; if we do know it, we keep it secret, should such secrecy be desired. It is, however, indispensable to know the *address* of our writers.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE FIRST.—All information about the Ragged-schools, the Rag-collecting Brigade, and the Shoe-black Brigade, may be obtained from the Secretary of the Ragged School Union, J. G. Gent, Esq., 1, Exeter Hall, Strand, London, W.C.

* Bishop Coleman on "St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans," page 304.

NOT DEAD YET.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON,

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

TRUST IN ME.

EDWARD was not permitted for many minutes to marvel in solitude at Flo's sudden disappearance.

Ida soon limped into the room, showing by the excitement and annoyance expressed in her face that she had seen Flo, since her flight from the study.

"Mr. Smith," said the lady, closing the door behind her, and then limping towards her customary chair, "come here. I must speak to you. Flo passed me in the gallery not two minutes since, as she was hastening to her own room. She looked away from me, and tried to escape from me without a word; but I saw that she was crying—that something must have happened in this room to disturb her. I followed her, and begged her to tell me what had taken place, what was the matter with her; but she would not answer me a word. She threw herself on her bed, sobbing violently; and there I have left her. What does this mean? You must tell me as she won't."

"Indeed, Miss Newbolt," replied the artist, standing before Ida's chair, "you are as well informed as I. Miss Flo burst into tears, suddenly and to my great astonishment, and then ran out of this room without a word. When my work was finished with the picture, we exchanged a few sentences. I am afraid I must have said something which pained her; but what it was, that offended her, indeed, I am unable to say."

"Recall your conversation; tell me what you said to her—what she said to you, as exactly as you can. Sit down, my dear Mr. Smith. Don't stand there, as if you were a culprit on trial. Here, bring your seat close to mine, and don't speak in a loud voice. The walls have ears."

Whereupon, Edward sat down, and recounted accurately, word for word, all that had passed between him and Flo, concluding his narrative with a vivid description of the manner in which she rose quickly from her seat, looked at him with a strange and terribly earnest gaze, and then fled from him as the tears sprang to her eyes.

Not a word came from Ida as she listened to Edward's truthful and most graphic statement of facts.

For a minute after the artist had completed his disclosures, she remained silent.

Then, in a low, hollow voice of pain and great emotion, she said, slowly, "Mr. Smith, my father brought you to this house to teach my sister painting, and nothing else. But you have taught her something else. She loves you."

"Impossible! it is impossible!"

"You call it impossible?" retorted Ida, quickly, and with a flash of anger in her eyes: for she could not believe that the artist failed to see what was so evident to herself, and a momentary suspicion crossed her mind that the man, in whose truthfulness she had hitherto placed implicit confidence, was trying to deceive her. "Surely, surely, you cannot have betrayed the trust placed in you! That cannot be!"

"Miss Newbolt, you say rightly, that cannot be," answered Edward, with a tremulous, but very impressive voice. "I will make no further answer to your unjust and cruel suspicion, for you have dismissed it, and repented of having entertained it for an instant."

"Pardon me, Edward, pardon me; I have repented," answered Ida, in her deepest and kindest tones, as she

placed her right hand on the artist's coat-sleeve, in sisterly fashion. And then she added, "But as for my sister, the *fact* remains. You have eyes, Mr. Smith?"

For sixty seconds, during which he surveyed Flo's recent conduct under the light which Ida's words had thrown upon it, Edward was speechless; and then the sad truth breaking upon him, that he was loved by the girl whose love he had resolved never to win, he made an earnest gesticulation with his right arm, exclaiming, fiercely, as he clenched his hand, "I have eyes! yes, I have eyes! but until now love blinded them."

"Love blinded them!" cried Ida, with surprise and sudden consternation. "You cannot mean it."

Edward, when he spoke the words, had no deliberate intention to make Ida the sharer of his secret. In a moment of incaution, and intense excitement, the truth had escaped him; but the words which he had uttered could be neither recalled nor explained away. If he had done mischief; the deed was accomplished, and no power on earth could undo it.

"I do mean it, Miss Newbolt," he said slowly, those hesitations marking his speech which always characterised his utterances when he was deeply stirred. "How could it be otherwise? I love her with all my heart, and soul, and strength, next to my God; sometimes I am afraid—more than God! You need not tell me that my love must ever remain without hope, and that it would be dishonour to myself, cruelty to her, baseness to your father and yourself, to allow her to see my passion which cannot attain its object, though it is not unworthy of her, even of her. Indeed, dear Miss Newbolt, it is worthy of her! You have no occasion to ask me if, by word, or look, or silence, I have ever given her a hint of what I feel. You know what my demeanour to her has always been in your presence. When your eyes have not been upon us, I have been more formal and coldly deferential than when you have been a witness of our intercourse. The one great object for which I have striven, since your father brought me here, has been to keep him, and you, and Miss Flo, and all the world, in ignorance of my madness and unutterable misery. Dear Miss Newbolt, though the compassion of any other woman would be torture to me, I wish for your pity; and my conscience tells me I deserve it, soon as my heart assures me I shall have it. Remember, I did not wilfully and of my act seek her out. Bear in mind my suffering, and remember that I have borne it in silence for many months, keeping it from you as well as from her. From her knowledge it shall ever be kept. Oh! do say that you believe in my honour, and pity me."

To this strange, but very pathetic entreaty, Ida at the moment gave no assurance in words that the young man had her compassion and respect; but she strengthened him with that assurance and much more, by the gentleness with which she again laid her hand upon his coat-sleeve, and by the womanly softness and rich music of her voice as she said, "Edward, tell me all about it. Tell me how it began."

Whereupon, Edward told her all about it—how he had loved Flo ere ever he spoke one word to her; how it was that the picture, "For Ever," bore resemblance to Flo; how he had agreed to teach her painting, when he was in perfect ignorance as to the name or sex of his future pupil; how he would have withdrawn from the engagement, as soon as he had been introduced to her, if he could have seen how to do so without offering insult to Mr. Newbolt's feelings; how he had resolved not to betray the trust which had been imposed upon him; and how he had consistently striven to hide from Flo the love with which he loved her.

Thirteen months earlier (as these pages have already intimated), if Ida had been told that a mere working artist—an unknown painter whom her father patronised and employed—would presume to love her sister, she

would have scouted the suggestion as an impertinence and an indignity, offered to herself, her father, and the entire family of Newbolt.

Sadly had Flo reminded Edward that much might happen in three years.

Much also may take place in a third of that time.

Greatly had Ida's intercourse with Edward changed her estimation of artists by profession.

So differently had the lady come to regard the possibility of seeing her beautiful sister a painter's wife, that when Edward had told his story out, and she had heard "all about it," she said to him, "Dear Edward, leave me now. To-morrow Flo will have said good-bye to us. At present, you may not see her again; but I will write to you, appointing a day for you to come up here, and tell your story to papa. Your proposal will not at first please him. But I have great influence with him; and he loves Flo beyond all else in the world that is dear to him, and when he is convinced that she cannot be happy, except as your wife, I am sure he will consent. Trust in me, when I say that all the power I have with him shall be exercised in your behalf. Trust in me; and when you are my brother—thank me."

Thus saying, "And when you are my brother—thank me," Ida held out her right hand.

Which hand Edward took, and pressed to his lips; and as he did so tears fell upon it.

CHAPTER LI.

FLO'S DREAM.

It had been settled that after Flo had given Edward the final sitting for her portrait, she and Ida should drive to Norwood, to see their married sister who lived in that suburban parish.

Edward having said farewell to the elder sister, and taken his departure from the "Clock House," Ida bethought herself of this arrangement, deeming it more than merely probable that the events of the morning had taken from Flo all inclination to carry out the plan.

Leaving her study, the mistress of the "Clock House" went in search of Flo, in order that she might ascertain the girl's wishes; and with that object in view, she was climbing to the topmost gallery of the mansion, when Flo, coming out of her private room, met her at the head of the stairs. There was no need for Ida to ask her if she meant to make the expedition to Norwood for she was already dressed for the drive.

"You must make haste, Ida," said Flo, speaking in her usual voice, as if nothing had occurred to disturb the usual smoothness of their lives; "the carriage will be at the door in five minutes."

"You must have luncheon and a glass of wine, dear," replied the elder sister, in a corresponding tone. "I will join you in the dining-room in two minutes. You have taken your medicine?"

"Yes," she answered; and, passing her sister with that single word on her lips, she went down to the dining-room, where luncheon was set out.

During the drive to Norwood, Flo appeared more cheerful than she had been for several days; and to her married sister, she showed so smiling a face, and made so many sprightly speeches, that the said married sister was fully persuaded that her father's favourite child was on the high road to perfect restoration of health. On the homeward drive, the girl was not less animated. Every incident of the journey seemed to give her pleasure; and more than once she spoke with delight—of the weather—of the anticipated enjoyments of her visit to the country—and of her trip to Scotland. She even talked to Ida about the portrait, remarking how much it had been improved by the artist's final touches. "Dear

child," thought Ida, how prettily she plays the hypocrite! She hopes to mislead me, little knowing that she lives in a glass case."

The girl's artful prattle would have jarred upon her sister's feelings, making her both angry and sad, had not the latter already conceived a plan for aiding the lovers; but busy as she was with a romantic scheme for making Flo an artist's wife, Ida was amused at her darling's artifice, and responded to her feigned gaiety with words and looks of genuine happiness.

On their return to Muswell Hill, the sisters dined with their father. Flo's "last evening at home," the member for Harling had arranged to spend in the society of his two daughters; and very glad the giant was at the merriment and lightness of heart manifested by Flo throughout that "last evening." Instead of leaving him in solitude after dinner, Flo gave him his cigar with her own hand; and whilst he smoked it, she sat upon his knee—as though she were once again a little girl—with her right arm thrown over his broad shoulders. Predicting direful results to her hair from the pernicious aroma of the cigar, kissing the smoker on his lips whenever he took the cigar from them, and ever and again pulling his shaggy eye-brows in revenge for his impudent speeches, she did her utmost to make the grand, burley, tempestuous veteran thoroughly enjoy himself. The cigar finished, and the party having moved to the drawing-room, Flo sang the simple ballads which, of all her songs, her father best liked to hear; and when she thought he had had enough of music, she again took seat upon his knee, kissing and caressing him, and making him laugh again with a score or more of saucy drolleries.

Bidding them "good night," Ida went up stairs, leaving Flo still sitting on her father's knee.

But instead of going to her own apartment, Ida climbed to the top of the house, and entering Flo's bedroom, took a seat by the side of the girl's pillow, and counting the slow minutes, waited her advent.

Twenty minutes later Flo entered her room; not expecting to find Ida there, and as she walked from the door to the toilet-table, not seeing that the couch near her pillow was occupied by that loving sister.

From her unobserved position Ida saw Flo bar the door immediately she had entered her room, and saw a look of inexpressible weariness and bitter sadness on that face which for many hours had been bright with simulated gaiety. She heard also the deep sigh which came from Flo as she stood before the glass on her toilet-table, looking at her own sorrowful features. Yes, the time for acting was over; and now that the time for reality had come—Flo having barred the door and deeming herself alone and free from watchful eyes—was about to give vent to the grief which was consuming her.

Already the deep sigh had been repeated, and tears were starting in the girl's eyes, when Ida rose and said, "Dear Flo."

Turning suddenly, and trembling violently, as her eyes fell on her sister, Flo cried quickly, "Ida! you here! how do you come here? I barred the door."

"Yes, darling," Ida answered, lightly; "but I was in the room. I was determined you should not bar me out on this last night."

"I wished to be alone—you know I wish it," returned Flo, sharply and reproachfully.

"Dear Flo," entreated Ida, "be kind to me, as I have always been kind to you. Let me stay with you for one short hour of this last night, as we are to be separated for weeks. Let us have our reading together; and let me brush your hair and put you to bed, as I used to do. Dear Flo, you cannot refuse me this petition. You are offended with me; I have given you pain; but oh, darling sister, don't be hard upon me! You would never give me an unkind look if you could understand how my happiness lives upon your smiles. Do be good to me."

It was a new thing for Flo to hear herself addressed in this meek, earnest, suppliant strain by her elder sister. —
 Ida had said rightly that Flo could not refuse her petition.

"Dear Ida, this is very kind of you," answered the girl, overcome by her sister's loving manner. "You are a good angel, and I am very ungrateful. Dear, dear Ida. I am very bad and wicked, as well as unhappy, but do think the best you can of me."

So the sisters had their reading together: Ida's rich, solemn voice making holy music of words that tell whither Christians, sorrowing with exceeding sorrow, should take their heavy burden of grief, seeking comfort which, asked for in faith, will never be sought in vain. After which reading they knelt down, and, in Christ's dear name, prayed to God.

Then Ida brushed her darling's hair, and undressed her, and quickly robed her for the night.

And when Flo had laid her head upon her pillow, Ida put out the lights upon the toilet-table, and having shaded the night-lamp which burned dimly at the foot of the bed, resumed her former seat near Flo's pillow.

"Good night, now, dear," said Flo.

"Not yet, darling," answered Ida, "not quite yet. I have something especial to say to you."

"What is it?" asked Flo, in a whisper, turning her face to the pillow, so that in the darkened room her features were hidden from her sister.

"I know what has made you ill and unhappy for weeks—for months past."

"No—no—no," stammered Flo.

Ida could feel the bed shake under the trembling girl.

"Edward has spoken to me to-day," continued Ida.

"He knows nothing—he can know nothing," gasped Flo, turning quickly, and covering her face with both her hands.

"He spoke to me about you this morning, after you left him in my study."

"What?"

"Shall I tell you what he said?"

But Flo made no answer.

"Darling," continued Ida, interpreting the silence as permission to go on, "he loves you, he loves you, as much as you love him."

A pause.

Then with a passionate cry of grief, Flo exclaimed, "Oh, Ida, you are very cruel to tell me so; for you know that he and I can never be more to each other than we are, and have been."

"Dear one, we must be patient," returned Ida, softly. "I should like to have Edward for a brother, for he is worthy of you."

"Ida, dear Ida, I am not worthy of him. He is so good and unselfish, and high, and noble. I do not deserve to be his wife; and—and—"

"If we are patient, papa will let us have our wish," interposed Ida, feeling rightly what Flo wanted, but was unable to say.

Much more the sisters said to each other, and when Ida left the room, Flo was very happy.

Later in the night, Ida, who could not sleep after this exciting interview with her sister, again climbed the stairs from the floor on which was her peculiar apartment, to the higher story of the silent house, and creeping noiselessly to Flo's bed, found her also still awake.

"Dear Ida, have you come again," murmured Flo.

"What, still awake, naughty child?" returned Ida.

"Yes, dear," said Flo, softly, "I am awake, but I am very happy."

"You didn't bar the door, then, when I left you?"

"Dear, dear Ida," exclaimed Flo, getting up in her bed, and then, in a sudden paroxysm of gratitude and pure sisterly affection, throwing her arms round Ida's neck, "I will never bar you out of my room again."

"Or out of your heart?"

"Oh! never, never—never again," whispered the girl, weeping joyful tears.

Ida did not leave that room again, until she had seen her darling steeped in tranquil sleep.

When the sunny morning came, Flo had a delicious dream, in which she saw a group of beautiful children at her feet, and Edward standing near her. She dreamt that the beautiful children, looking up to her, sang, in chorus, "Dear, dear mamma, how we love you!" She dreamt also that Edward, first gazing proudly at the beautiful children, and then turning to her with a look of intense affection, said, "Yes, darling Flo, they are ours."

It was a short dream, a very short one.

And when the fresh sunlight, streaming through the windows, put an end to it, there was a scarlet blush on Flo's face; and folding her hands over her breast, she said, "This is very wrong and very wicked of me, but I was asleep when I thought it."

In saying which Flo was at fault.

For the fancy was void of sin, and dreams are far more the work of wakefulness than of sleep.

Whether any part of this dream was fulfilled, readers shall in due course see.

CHAPTER LII.

MR. NEWBOLT'S ANSWER TO EDWARD'S PROPOSAL.

Flo took her departure for the country with such a happy face—happy, notwithstanding the tears which filled her eyes, when she gave her father a farewell kiss—that Dr. Marlowe, who saw her as she was on the point of starting, was justified in predicting that country air and change would have all the effects desired of them.

Ida knew well that the invalid had as good a chance of recovering her strength in the Clock House, as she would have anywhere else.

Still she was glad that Flo would for a time be away from the old home, for there was much to be said and done, which the elder sister thought could be said and done to better purpose during Flo's absence, than during her presence.

On the morning following the young lady's departure, Edward received this note from the mistress of the Clock House:—

DEAR MR. SMITH,—Flo left us this morning, looking more like her old self than she had been for months. Last night I had a long talk with the darling, and told her everything that had passed between us, after her unceremonious flight from the study. Whatever you said to me and I said to you I fully reported to her. Need I tell you that she is no longer a miserable, moping child? Her parting words to me, whispered in my ear after I had given her a last kiss, were, "Tell Edward to be patient; tell him everything; but above all, tell him to be patient!" She has left with me a lock of her hair, which I am to put into a locket, and then give to any one I please. There is some one who, I think, would like to have this memorial of my darling in his keeping; and if he behaves properly, he shall have it. But mind, I cannot permit any correspondence under the present circumstances. I shall be daily writing to Flo, and shall have much pleasure in giving her any short messages which you may from time to time wish to send her; and if you think fit to give me a lock of your hair, I shall be happy to accept it and use it; either keeping it as a precious treasure, or giving it away to some one else, in accordance with my pleasure.

Papa will dine at home on Saturday, and expects to have the pleasure of your company. Come early, so that we may have some chat before dinner. I will then tell you what you must say to papa, on whose will, of course, the attainment of our wishes depends. We must be quite frank with him; and if he should express decided disapproval of our plan, you must be patient, and show him how, even under provocation, you can behave as a dutiful son ought to behave. Bear in mind that your request will strike a death-blow to his dearest and most cherished ambition; and that, therefore, whatever he may say, it will be your duty to carry out Flo's counsel, and "be patient."

Dear Mr. Smith, always believe me to be
 Your very sincere friend,

The Clock House.

IDA NEWBOLT.

Knowing the perfect and unreserved confidence which Edward placed in Rupert, readers will feel no surprise on learning that the artist not only showed Ida's letter to the butterfly barrister, but also gave him a full and minute account of all the circumstances that had given rise to the epistle. The events attendant on the "final sitting for the portrait" had so completely changed the character of Edward's sentimental relations to Flo that, had he been less intimate with Rupert, he would have indulged his triumphant egotism with the pleasure which every young man experiences in confiding to his most familiar associate the successes of an honourable love-suit. But since Rupert had become the sharer of his secret, when he dared not entertain a hope that Flo would ever be more to him than a friend, the artist had extraordinary reasons for making known to his close ally the proofs that he was loved by the girl—whose love he had resolved never to win—and, moreover, was loved under circumstances that justified him in hoping that ere long he would be recognised by the world as her accepted suitor.

On the appointed Saturday Edward dined at the Clock House.

Obedient directions given him by Ida, he did not venture to broach the delicate subject to Mr. Newbolt until the member for Harling had smoked his evening cigar, and taken tea in the drawing-room.

"Say nothing to him about the matter," Edward's gentle counselor had said, "till I have sung him my best songs. When I rise from the piano and leave the room, you are to begin the battle. I shan't bid you a formal 'Good night,' but my departure will be a signal for you to speak out. The first announcement had better come from you. That he won't receive it in the most friendly spirit, you must make up your mind. Perhaps he will be furiously indignant at first: but you mayn't mind that. When he talks it over with me—as he will be sure to do when you have left him—I will do my best for you."

So dinner, and wine, and smoking went off without a word on the subject which occupied the young artist's mind.

That he seemed absent and pre-occupied in mind to his host, there is no need to say. But Mr. Newbolt attributed the young man's silence, and inattention, and inappropriate replies to simple questions, to a cause very remote from the true one.

"Edward's wits have been wool-gathering," observed Mr. Newbolt to Ida, as he placed his empty teacup before his daughter. "Rome and preparations for his Roman trip fill his mind. I asked him just now what he thought of Landseer's new picture, and he answered, 'Certainly, two years are a long time.' As he can't talk like a sensible man, you had better give us some music, and so help to keep him in a fool's paradise. But, first, give me another cup of tea."

Whereupon Ida, having replenished the empty cup, went to the piano, and for the next half-hour sang and played to her father and his guest.

The giant, it may be remembered, knew nothing of music, and pretended to feel great contempt for the melodious art and its professors; but still he never liked to pass an evening without listening to music from Flo or her sister; and Ida, who had an intimate knowledge of his ways and humours, and could manage him during his most intractable moods better even than his youngest and favourite child, knew that he was not insensible to the influence of sweet sounds, and felt that Edward's proposal would be much less likely to irritate him after he had heard her sing.

So the sire's order was dutifully obeyed.

And when she rose from the piano, Ida left the room without a word of farewell.

At which signal Edward's heart beat fast.

"Umph," said the giant, expressing surprise at the lady's unexpected disappearance. "Why has she gone off in that mysterious way?"

"Miss Newbolt has left us——" began Edward.

"No doubt about it," interposed the giant, laughing. "She *must* have left us, if you are aware of the fact. How long is it since you returned from St. Peter's?"

"Miss Newbolt has left us, sir," returned Edward, beginning again, "because I asked her to leave us together, as I wish to speak to you on a very important subject."

"Indeed! Why didn't you speak to me about it in the dining-room?"

"Because the subject is very important; and as I could not satisfy myself that my communication would altogether please you, I did not venture to make it while you were enjoying your wine and your cigar. May I speak to you now, sir? Have I your attention?"

"Attention! of course you have. Speak out, man. What, have you got into some young man's trouble?"

"I am afraid I have," returned Edward, smiling, but feeling no inclination for mirth.

A pause: for Edward, a very awkward pause.

The wax-lights of the great drawing-room were provocingly brilliant.

"Well, Ned, out with it," said the member for Harling.

"So you have been up to mischief, have you? I am surprised to hear it; but never mind, boy. Young men will be young men; and as I dare say there's nothing very outrageous on the matter, I'll do my best to set you straight. Anyhow, you've done right to make a clean breast of it to me. How much will put you all square? What's the figure?"

The artist was so astounded at this interruption, that for the moment he did not see how to reply to his patron's inquiries.

"Come, out with it," continued the giant, with a cordial smile on his big face. "You'll have soon said it, when you once begin. Your expenses during the past year have doubtless been greater than you calculated they would be. Well, that's all natural. A young man can't dress well without running up tailors' bills; and your studio has cost you more this year than you expected it would; and now that you want to be off to Rome, you find you haven't so much in hand for the trip as you ought to have. Aha! I see how it is that you've been able to think about nothing but Rome all this evening. There, now let's hear all about it; I cannot help you any further—or stay, don't bother me with particulars. Give me the total, and have done with it. Will three hundred do?"

"You quite misunderstand me, sir," exclaimed Edward, sorely discomfited by his patron's characteristic offers of pecuniary help. "I don't want money from you; you have given too much of that already."

"You don't want a cheque?" retorted the member for Harling, raising his voice to the pitch of his surprise and the measure of his perplexity. "Then what on earth do you want?"

"To speak to you about myself and Miss Flo," answered Edward, uttering Flo's name with a prodigious effort.

"Heaven bless me! that all?" replied the giant, in a tone implying that Flo was a trifling subject in comparison with a cheque for three hundred pounds. "Well, what about her? what can you want to say about her that Ida oughtn't to hear? You are going to tell me that she might just as well begin her painting lessons again—ay? Well, I agree with you, that it's all bosh what Marlowe says about the smell of the paint doing her harm. It's all fudge and nonsense; but still, the doctor must have his way for a time."

"Mr. Newbolt, I love her," said Edward, fiercely.

Thus, in three short words, the whole truth was told.

The giant had rightly assured Edward that "he would soon have said it, when he once made a beginning."

"What!" cried the giant, quickly, rising from his seat, and as quickly resuming it. "You are mad! You love my child?"

"Are you surprised, sir?" asked Edward, gaining nerve now that the fight had really begun.

"Surprised! I am surprised at nothing."

And then the thought crossing the proud father's heart that it was no wonder Edward had fallen in love with the beautiful girl; that it would have been little to his credit if the young man had been insensible to her many charms—he added in a tone of boastfulness that would have been very comic to any comparatively disinterested auditor of the conversation—"By Jove, it would have been a marvel if you hadn't regarded her as the most exquisite creature to be found in London. Of course, I don't object to your loving her; every young fellow who sees her pass in her carriage does that. No doubt you love her! I should like to know who could help loving her? But of course, you can't imagine that I will allow you to tell her so. You haven't *dared* to hint to her that you love her?"

This last question was not put in the boastful tone, but in a voice of sharpness, anger, and suspicion.

It had been arranged between Edward and Ida, that he should, without telling untruth, avoid disclosing to Mr. Newbolt that Flo was aware of his love, and responded to it.

He therefore replied to this inquiry—"Never, by look or act of any kind, have I intimated to her my feelings. My aim, ever since you introduced me to her, has been to prove myself worthy of the trust you placed in me. I now speak to you, sir, in the hope that you will grant me permission to tell her frankly all that I have long, and with much painful self-control, done my best to conceal."

"Long? how long has this insanity held you? Speak out, Mr. Madman."

Whereupon Edward spoke out eloquently, giving the entire history of his madness from that day when he saw Flo riding on her pony in Crouch Lane, to that not far-distant hour when he had completed the young lady's portrait.

"Then you were idiot enough to give your heart to a girl whom you had only seen once, and to whom you had never addressed a syllable?"

"I was that idiot."

"No wonder I was struck by the likeness to Flo in 'For Ever.'"

"You may well say—no wonder."

"It's very droll! It's a triumph for the little minx, and she'll boast about it when she is an old woman. When she is married to a man of her own rank of life, and has a lapful of pretty babes, I'll tell her about it, and we shall have many a laugh over it. The pure fact is, she is stupendously beautiful; and I'll be bound that dozens of young fellows have, like you, fallen in love with her at first sight. Some youngsters are made of very inflammable stuff; and a glance of Flo's eyes is a spark just calculated to put them in a blaze."

This speech was, of course, made in the boastful tone.

Readers need not be reminded that, though John Harrison Newbolt was a man of generous impulses, he was singularly devoid of fine perception and delicate sympathy. The outrageous insolence and cruelty of his conduct in thus showing that he regarded Edward's passion as just topic for criticism and amusement, and as an occasion for indulgence in fatherly exultation, never occurred to him. Had any one told him in thus laughing about the young man's "inflammable stuff," within his hearing—ay, more to him for his sole hearer—he was guilty of extreme heartlessness and vulgar brutality, he would have derided the accusation as infinitely absurd.

"Well! I suppose I have heard all you have to say?" the patron asked, after a pause.

"All that I have to say at present," answered the young man—"all that I have to say till I have your answer."

"Don't be so agitated, my young friend," rejoined the veteran, throwing much kindness into his voice. "You have behaved very properly. You see I am not angry with you. I knew from the first time I saw you that I should not be mistaken in you. You are an honourable fellow, and for my own sake, almost as much as your own, I wish my duty to my child would allow me to say, 'Try to make up your mind in this matter. Go in and win.' But I am bound to think of her happiness, as well as yours and my own; and I should not be consulting for her happiness, if I allowed her to glide into a marriage with a man beneath her in rank—and all that sort of thing. As you don't need to be told, I hold social rank as cheap as dirt, but women don't; and as my daughter is a woman, and will, of course, think like a woman, it is my duty as a good father (and I trust I am a good father to all my children) not to let her ally herself with any one who is beneath her."

"Sir, I am a gentleman," interposed Edward, proudly, with a flash of anger in his eyes.

"Of course, of course, you are," returned the Republican. "In my estimation, every man of honour is a gentleman, however poor he may be. And you are a gentleman by education and tone of thought, as well as by honour. Still, there are grades amongst gentlemen; and though it would ill besem a man, who was once no more than a poor office-boy, to boast about his position, and all that sort of nonsense, I think I may venture to say that a clever young artist belongs to one grade of gentlemen, and a member of Parliament belongs to another grade. Ay? Come, that is not putting the case offensively. Ay?"

Edward was offended, but he did not say so.

"I trust, sir, I have given you no occasion to speak to me in a tone of offence."

"That you have not, my dear young friend. Your conduct on this delicate question has given you an additional claim to my friendship. You have, I tell you, in my opinion, behaved like a man of honour; and you shan't repent the fair and very gentlemanlike course you have taken. Your determination to go to Rome, so as to put yourself out of the way of temptation, has my warmest commendation—I may even say it rouses my gratitude. There is nothing left for me to give you in the way of advice; whatever I could wish you to do, you have already decided on doing. Two or three years hence, you'll return from Rome, the first British artist living, and you'll have quite got the better of this romance of a day, and we shall be firmer friends than ever. Perhaps, when you come back, Flo will ask you to stand godfather to her eldest child. You dog, you, you'll have to paint your godchild lying in a cradle. Offence? My dear boy, the notion is ridiculous! As far as I am concerned, I feel that you have paid me a compliment. A father is always pleased when his daughter is admired by a young man of honour."

"Then I am to start for Rome?" asked Edward, sadly, laying a significant emphasis on the word "am."

"Of course; and the sooner the better. Don't trouble yourself about funds, my dear lad. You've done me a great service, and by Ceresus, if I don't repay it! There'll be a cheque on your breakfast-table on Monday morning that will make your eyes open."

"Good Heavens, sir," cried Edward, with an accent of agony, as though he were under the torture of a surgical operation, "do you want to buy my heart as well as my pictures?"

"I don't want to buy anything of you," returned the

giant. "You misunderstand me. The cheque will be a present. I shan't ask you to work it out."

"Can't you give me any hope, sir?" groaned Edward. "Fix any term of probation, but do give me a word of hope."

"Hang it, Master Edward, I am trying to give you hope, when I tell you that you will come back from Rome a happy man."

Apparently, John Harrison Newbolt had forgotten that the young man was not asking his permission to go to Rome and forget Flo, but was seeking leave to stop in England and make love to her.

This was not merely the case in appearance.

It was the actual fact.

So lightly had the real point of Edward's petition touched the patron, in comparison with the compliment and flattery it rendered to his paternal vanity, that already had the member for Harling ceased to remember it, and the answer which he had given. In his eyes Edward was not a suitor seriously asking to be accepted in the character of son-in-law, so much as a mere mad, harum-scarum young lover who needed encouragement and counsel to carry out a project, by which he might be enabled to out-grow his folly.

"Is that the only hope you can give me, sir?"

These words, and the deep dejection of the tone in which they were uttered, recalled the patron to the true state of the case.

For half-a-minute, the great man favoured his *protégé* with a look of surprise and embarrassment.

"You can't be serious," the member for Harling then said, laying aside his air of perplexity and astonishment, and assuming his business look and business voice. He did not speak unkindly; but there was an expression of resoluteness in his countenance, as well as a hardness in his tone, which made the artist feel how little likelihood there was that his wishes would ever meet his patron's approval. "You can't be serious. It is impossible that you can in sober earnest think that I will let you become my child's husband. I don't wish to pain you. I couldn't hurt your feelings without at the same time wounding my own. So I won't enumerate all the reasons that render it impossible for me to grant your request. I will merely give you a brief answer in the negative, and you will not be acting wisely for your own happiness, if you don't receive the answer as a final and unalterable decision, from which no consideration whatever shall make me swerve."

A pause.

"Remember," my dear young friend, continued Mr. Newbolt, in a kinder manner, as if he wished to comfort Edward in his disappointment, and at the same time justify himself in the young man's opinion, "that I treated you frankly on this subject from the very commencement of our acquaintance. Of course, I was not blind to the possibility of a young fellow falling in love with Flo, when I asked you to come here and give her lessons. But I flattered myself that I had removed that danger from your path, by telling you candidly that I was ambitious—foolishly ambitious, perhaps—to see her well settled in life. You don't forget the conversation we had on the lawn the very first day you dined here? It necessarily made an impression upon you. It was intended to do so; and I hoped it would save you from the trouble and the misapprehension which have given occasion for this very disagreeable interview. You remember what passed between us? You know to what I allude?"

"I know; I remember it all," said Edward, hoarsely.

"Well, then, you see I did my best to give you fair warning. Unfortunately, the mischief had been already done; but, of course, I did not know that the case was so. How could I imagine that you had conceived a liking for a girl whom I supposed you had never seen?

You see, you have no grounds for charging me with cruelty. You cannot even justly accuse me of neglecting to consider your feelings. Come, you must acknowledge that I did my best to protect you from this discomfort. You have no complaint to bring against me."

"I do not accuse you of unkindness. I have not ventured to complain."

"That's right," rejoined Mr. Newbolt, with an air of relief. "When your merely temporary disappointment, therefore, has passed away, there will be no recollection of any kind that can keep us asunder. Now, my dear boy, as we thoroughly understand each other, let us say no more on this not very agreeable subject. You had better say 'Good night' to me now; it is a lovely night for your walk back to Holborn. And, perhaps, we had better not see much of each other during the next few weeks. When you are settled in Rome, you'll write to me, I hope; and though I am not given to writing letters which have no relation to business matters, I shan't fail to answer your letters. And when you return to England, I trust you'll come to this house, and make it a sort of home, as you have done for many months past. There, my dear Edward, good night. I'll ring for Turvey to open the door for you."

Speaking these last words, Mr. Newbolt rose, and put his hand on the bell-pull; but before he gave the ring he turned round, as though he suddenly remembered something which had almost escaped his mind, and said, "By the way, you have spoken to Ida on this question; what did she say?"

"She advised me to speak at once to you."

"Exactly; and what else?"

"She told me that if you would accept me as a son, she would be happy to greet me as a brother. She said that, sir."

"A most judicious, and kind, and dutiful answer. Of course, she knew what my reply would be; but she did quite right in referring you to me. Ida's good taste and sound judgment are always beyond all commendation. Very good. You need not trouble yourself to recall anything else of what passed between you. You have said quite enough to satisfy me that she has, in all respects, behaved as I could wish her."

Whereupon, Mr. Newbolt gave the bell a sharp pull.

On which signal that he was to take his departure, Edward rose.

"Good night," said Mr. Newbolt, holding out his hand. "I will say Good night for you to Ida. Remember, my dear boy, I am as much your friend as ever, notwithstanding the attitude I am compelled to assume on this matter. Let us always remain fast friends."

"I hope we shall, sir," rejoined Edward, taking the outstretched hand, as Mr. Philip Turvey opened the drawing-room door.

"Philip Turvey," said the master of the Clock House, "open the door for Mr. Smith."

Ere two more minutes had passed, Edward was walking slowly under the trees of Crouch Lane, by no means so confident of the ultimate success of his suit as he had been before dinner.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIANS are like children at school, learning to write, by having a copy set before them. It is through much imperfection and failure, and by trial after trial, that they begin to improve, till they are able to write with ease and rapidity. They may never be able to write with the same exact perfection as the engraving; yet, if they do the best they can, and continue daily to improve, the master is pleased; so we must be ever copying the Lord Jesus, and the true Scriptural perfection is to be always aiming at perfection.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

No. II.

BUT, after all, we are not to expect to live in ecstasies of delight: these, if they come at all, are but momentary. Some folks appear to live in constant mirth and laughter: they seem to regard life as an excellent joke; but their levity is generally an effort to flee from themselves—a mask for deeper pain and hollowness of heart. Life is a serious matter; and the attempt to laugh it off is as unwise as the accomplishment is impossible. Disappointments and sorrows come to disturb the most equable lot, and trials and temptations shake the strongest will and the firmest trust. These should be met with resignation, because they are beyond our control; and endured with patience, knowing that time will either remove them or reconcile us to them. Besides, if we hold on to the right, we may be sure that all is for the best; and that is a sweet source of comfort in every trouble. When we strive after too high an idea of earthly felicity, we ruin our present peace, and incur the bitterness of disappointment. If the tenor of life be calm and cheerful, it is all that we can propose to ourselves here: perfect happiness is reserved for the bright hereafter.

And as the blessing of inward peace may be secured by all, so may the enjoyments of social intercourse be enhanced and sweetened. It does not depend on "that deep penetration, that keen sagacity, and those refinements of thought which so few possess," to smooth the numberless roughnesses and sweeten the thousand bitternesses that circle round our mutual relations. These, doubtless, increase our sensibility; but any one may cultivate kindness, gentleness, and sympathy. Gentleness soothes the bitterness of life, and sweetens all its enjoyments: it comes like a soft medium between our tender parts and the hardness that would cause injury or pain, and opens deeper, purer springs of pleasure by closer fellowship. Charity sheds a happier light on the objects around us; and its outflow, benevolence, reflects a felicity upon the heart, whence it flows so far above all the pleasures that can be lavished on self, that it has been called the most refined kind of self-love. And sympathy comprehends all: it seizes on the deepest, tenderest fibres of our being, and the strongest ties of human relation, and binds heart to heart in bands of love.

Kindness and mutual forbearance should be the motto of friendship. The person who gets into a huff at every fancied insult makes but a poor friend: under the influence of conceit and pride he becomes so touchy as often to take offence when none is intended; and keeps himself and those about him in a state of feeling that effectually shuts out the sweetness and sympathy of close intercourse. We are not to expect more from others than we can give ourselves. We all have our infirmities; and he who would have friendship must be content to take little foibles or hobbies of his friends along with it. Every one of us has his weak side; and instead of keeping his friend in remembrance of his weakness by frequent attacks of thoughtless railery, or other little ways of giving pain, as is too often done, each of us should endeavour, without intimating by the slightest hint our discovery of the tender point, to form a barrier round

him against everything that would cause discomfort; and thus, the strong side of each presenting a front to guard the weak side of his brother, let us preserve the peace within, and, by a multiplicity of kind little offices, cement our union, and comfort and help one another in the journey of life. And when helping one another, we should always see that it is done with feeling and delicacy: many an act of kindness is worse than neglect by the manner in which it is performed. We should always strive to make ourselves agreeable—to please and be pleased; and should we be so unfortunate as to mar the general harmony, we ought at once to apologise, and if in fault, frankly acknowledge it, and seek reconciliation. Let us never suffer that coolness to remain which is the deadly enemy of friendship: mutual explanation generally makes the offence of less magnitude, and clasps the bands of friendship closer than ever.

As selfishness is the root of many a bitter evil, so a regard for the welfare of others nourishes and strengthens the best principles of our nature, and returns with tenfold happiness into our own bosom. And, oh, we should have much consideration for the feelings of others, for we cannot tell how sorely they are tried—

"We only see their wounds and scars,
We never saw their tears and prayers."

Many are so constituted as to have a larger capacity for individual suffering than ordinary minds can well conceive; the harp of their being is so delicately strung that the common trifling discords of life jar upon them with intolerable pain: and some appear to be strung altogether in the minor key, and at every gust of wind utter only sad and plaintive music. I am sure that if everybody took pains not to strike his hard angles against the tender parts of his neighbours, and walked through the avenues of social intercourse in a spirit of charity and benevolence, what a happy world it would be! But we need not expect such an ideal state of things: yet even the effort to do our best towards others will awaken many a pleasant emotion; and pour many a drop of sweetness into our own heart.

True happiness is not confined by state or circumstance, but comes in the nobleness and loveliness of her angel form, and smiling walks in the path of the upright. Where Virtue and Duty walk hand in hand, she strews flowers in the way. Well and beautifully has Pollock painted her earthly dwelling-place:—

"True happiness has no localities—
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb,
Where Duty goes, she goes—with justice goes;
And goes with meekness, charity, and love.
Where'er a tear is dried, a wounded heart
Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed, or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven—
Where'er an evil passion is subdued,
Or Virtue's feeble embers found—where'er
A sin is heartily abjured and left—
There is a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where Happiness descending, sits and smiles."

The highest and most enduring happiness of all is that afforded by the comfort and hope of true religion. It lifts man above himself and the cares and troubles of the world, and links him to the

bliss of heaven. We read that "the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," and that "God is love"—that is, Love omnipotent reigneth—and that this Love has come to save us. If we could fully and constantly believe that, it would make a heaven even of this sinful world. If we could fully and constantly realise the fact that such a great and glorious and loving Being is interested in all our little affairs, and looks upon our weakness with an eye of love and sorrow; if in all our troubles we could look up in calm trust to a pitying Father, a loving Brother, and a tender Comforter—in all our darkness, and tossing, and confusion, have that one fixed point of rest to which we could always turn; if we could feel encompassed by the cloud of unseen witnesses, who watch with interest our battle as we struggle onward to our rest—that in the course of a few years at most we shall attain to its blessedness, and bid farewell for ever to pain and sorrowful tears; and, finally, that in the dark hours of the heart's misgiving, God is near; and if we only believe omnipotent Love is pledged to save us,—surely a consolation so strong, a hope so glorious, is sufficient to comfort us in every distress, to nerve us in every trial. If that cannot make us happy, assuredly nothing else can; for earthly joys, compared to the hope of heaven, are but glow-worms in the sunlight. Yet while we are in the body, earthly comfort is needful to fill up and gratify the requirements of our lower capacities; and we should see that, without abusing, we enjoy them to the full, for they are God's gifts. Our earth, after all, is a beautiful dwelling-place, and full of joy, if we could only catch it. We should listen and look around, all ear for her sweet harmonies and all eye for her beautiful sights; and, with thankful hearts for the numberless things that please and gratify, and the many blessings that surround us, behold in them all the goodness of God. These conjoined with the higher happiness, the inconceivable Love, form the sum of life's enjoyment.

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing"—that is our lot. But by making the best of it, by looking always on the bright side of our troubles, by forgetting what is behind, and pressing on to redeem what lies before; in all our secret communings, our social relations, and struggle in the never-ending life-battle, with calm trust performing our duty towards God and man to the best of our ability, in the firm persuasion that all is for the best, and will end in victory, we may hope to pass through life as smoothly and happily as a body of death in a world of sin will admit.

Of what we have said this is the sum. Obedience to the promptings of our depraved nature is the way to be miserable here and hereafter. Listen to what a poet who chose that course of life says:—

"I care not when this scene shall close,
No terrors hath the grave for me,
This wearied frame may there repose,
And leave the encumbered spirit free;
Or should it rot in apathy,
And moulder with its mortal clay;
O God! 'twere still a happy day,
Which ends this fearful agony!"

This is a terrible picture, but it is the necessary consequence of such a life. The gratification of self calls up those evil passions that lurk within, to rage in our hearts like a storm on the sea, and keep us in continual trouble and commotion.

But obedience to the motions of the higher life; the mortifying of evil passions and desires, and the cultivating of whatever is pure, and lovely, and of good report, under the sweet influence of the hope revealed, is the certain way of grasping the most and the highest happiness. Hear what a poet who framed his life according to the latter model says; he was, perhaps, as weary of the world as the one we have quoted, but instead of the wail of despair he begins a song of rapture:—

"To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne!"

The practice of virtue and charity, and the consolations and hopes of true religion, tend to bring the mind into a state of sweetness and calm that is a perpetual source of enjoyment. When troubles arise, or the evil demon begins to move us, they whisper, "Peace, be still," and there is a great calm; and by constant exercise under the Divine blessing, a sweet influence pervades our whole being, and constitutes that "peace of God which passeth all understanding." J. H.

LONGINGS FOR REST.

How strong, how countless are the foes

We often have to strive with here;

The snares of life, its work, its woes,

Seem sometimes more than we can bear;

'Midst smiles we sigh, and at the best

We long for rest!

The inward conflict without end,

Which makes our burden what it is;

This will of ours which will not bend,

Nor be conformed to what is His.

Oh! could we lean on Jesu's breast,

And there find rest!

But sorrow comes with all its weight,

And bows our trembling spirit low;

And we are taught, in woeful state,

Not to expect our peace below:

Then weary, sad, and sore distressed,

We sigh for rest!

Then for a moment comes a calm;

The storms and tempest all seem past;

We hush our trembling soul's alarm,

And fancy we have peace at last.

We haste to say, "The Lord knew best!"

And take our rest.

Ah! not for long;—it comes again,

Perhaps an overwhelming blow;

Our bleeding heart, in tears and pain,

Owns, "'Tis His hand that lays us low.

And overwhelmed, perplexed, oppress,

We long for rest!

And then a conscience sad with sin,

The weary burden of our life!

The war which goeth on within,

That constant, never-ending strife!

How oft it forces from our breast

A cry for rest!

THE WASP IN THE SPIDER'S WEB.

It was fairly caught, but struggled hard for its freedom. At first it seemed that these struggles would be successful, for it was strong and powerful in comparison with its fellow-victims, the helpless little flies. It flew to the very edge of the web, and there put forth its utmost efforts to escape, but it was all in vain. It could not burst the chains that bound it. It was a captive still. Exhausted with these efforts, it would remain quiet for a time, and then renew the struggle; but with the same result. This continued for some time. At last it became evident that its struggles were growing weaker and weaker, and soon they ceased altogether. The wily spider had it all her own way, and did what she would with her helpless victim.

The wasp in the spider's web may teach us some important lessons about another kind of web—the web which sin weaves for its victims. In the first place, we may learn that the victim of sin, when once entangled, can never of himself, and in his own strength, escape. He may seem strong when compared with some of his fellow-victims; but he is as hopelessly entangled as they, and in the end will prove as helpless. He may think himself strong in his morality, in his clear convictions of the truth, or in his firm resolves to be free; but every honest effort he makes to escape will only serve to show him how helpless he is.

Convictions of sin, terrors of conscience, fears of retribution, may drive him to the very edge of the web, and incite him to earnest efforts to escape; but these efforts will be in vain. He cannot burst the chains that bind him: he is a captive still. The struggle will be succeeded by a period of unresisting quiet. In other words, the season of conviction will, in many cases, be succeeded by a period of indifference and stupidity. Again and again he may be roused to renew the struggle, but with the same result. If he labours in his own strength, the time is not distant when his struggles will become weaker and weaker, until at last all effort ceases, and he falls into the hands of his great enemy, who has woven his web for his soul's destruction, and who now rejoices over him as his prey, and does with him according to the desire of his heart.

Do you say, this is a sad picture—a fearful lesson? It is indeed; but our second lesson is of a different character. It is full of hope and encouragement. It is this: though the victim of sin cannot deliver himself, there is One who can deliver him. Though the wasp could not free itself, a friendly hand might have freed it with ease. So it is with sin's victim; though he cannot deliver himself, there is One, strong and mighty, who can deliver him.

Dear reader, have you been made sensible of your guilt and danger, and are you struggling to escape? Then is this great Deliverer very nigh unto you. Call upon him, and he will save you. Perhaps you are not yet persuaded that you cannot save yourself. You may be urging, Surely all these powerful convictions, these earnest efforts to escape, cannot be in vain. I shall soon be free. I am not like the poor victims who are content to be quiet in their chains. I am struggling bravely.

Do not be deceived. If you are resolved to be your own deliverer, behold your fate. These

struggles, on which you rely for escape, will soon grow weaker and fainter, until they cease altogether, and you find yourself wholly in the power of the great destroyer. But if you will acknowledge both your guilt and your helplessness, and cry unto him who is able to deliver, you may soon be able to sing, "My soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler: the snare is broken, and we are escaped." Jesus, our great deliverer, can set the captive free.

HOW WE KEEP OURSELVES WARM.

No. IV.

HITHERTO we have only been talking of how heat passes to us and from us, how we can keep it from getting away, what we must do to make it come. And we have seen that there are three ways in which it passes:—1. "Conduction," when it is led or "conducted" along from particle to particle; 2. "Convection," when the heated particles themselves move, and so the heat is carried or "conveyed" about; 3. "Radiation," when the heat goes between the particles, without warming them, in straight beams or "rays" like light. As we stand before the fire we have examples of all these three ways. We touch the hobs, or any part of the stove, and we find them warm—here the heat has been passing by means of conduction. We place our hands over the fire, in the smoke (supposing, of course, that it isn't too hot), and we feel the hot draught setting up the chimney—here the heat is being carried away by means of convection. We turn our face towards the fire, and we receive the warm beams of heat that are streaming out in every direction—and here we have radiation.

But now we want to go a step further. This fire, which it is so nice to stand before, or sit close to, on a cold winter's day; this fire, which gives out its heat in so many different ways; what is it makes this fire hot? Why the coals, to be sure, the burning of the coals. Yes, but why should coals burn? What do we mean by this "burning?" Let us look at our fire a little more narrowly, and see if we can find out.

Put a lump of stone, or a brick, into your fire. Everyone knows it will get hot and glow, just like the cinders do; yet we could not make a fire of stones or bricks by themselves. They won't burn. Well, then, when we speak of coals "burning," we mean something more than just getting hot. Everything will get hot when it is put in a fire; and, if it does not go off in smoke, will glow and give out heat. But that is not burning. Put a big stone into a small fire, and it will most likely put the fire out. Why? Because it takes away the heat from the coals to warm itself, and cools them down so much that they can't go on burning. Put on a big piece of coal, and though at first it will do the same, and make the fire worse than before, yet directly it begins to burn it will make it better. The stone only gives out the heat which it has first taken from the fire; the coal makes fresh heat as it burns.

Now, let us notice what becomes of the stone and coal when they get hot. Look at the fire the next morning. The stone is there, just the same as when we put in. If we weigh it we shall find it has scarcely altered, while the coal has all burnt away

to ashes; or if there are a few cinders left, we know very well that, put them in the fire again, they will all burn away into nothing but ashes. Here, then, is a striking difference between the stone that only gets hot, and the coal that burns. The one is unchanged by the heat, the other has all gone away in smoke. For these ashes which are left behind have nothing whatever to do with the burning of the coal; they are merely earthy or stony matter that was mixed up with the coal, and would not burn. Put them on the fire again and you will find they just get hot like the stone did, but are not changed at all, and will not make any heat. Some coals have more of this earthy and stony stuff in them than others; wood and charcoal, which burn even easier than coal, have much less. While there are a great many things that burn well, and give out plenty of heat, which leave no ashes at all—wax, tallow, oil, spirit, or turpentine, for instance. We learn, then, that when anything burns, so as to make fresh heat, it is always *changed*; in the case of coals and wood, and all things which we commonly use as fuel, changed into smoke, and burnt quite away.

Merely going off in smoke, however, is not burning. We know that water, when it is made hot, turns into steam, which is a kind of smoke, and flies away. Yet, certainly, water does not burn. But here comes the difference. Let your steam pass into a cold vessel, and it will all turn back into water again. Hold your hand over some steaming water, or at the spout of a kettle when it is boiling, and you find it gets quite damp with the water that condenses on it. The heat has not really changed the water at all, it has but altered its appearance. Steam is not a different thing from water, any more than water is a different thing from ice; they are, all three, only different *forms* of the same thing. Take away the heat which has made them appear different, and they all come back to what they were before—the steam becomes water, and the water ice. Now try and do the same with the smoke that goes up the chimney from your fire; take away the heat from that. Will you get your coal back again? No, indeed. Cool it down as much as you will, nothing like the coal you started with will ever make its appearance. Look up your chimney, is there any coal there? You may find some soot, which will burn, and so seem something like coal; but this has only come from the coal not being thoroughly burnt in the first instance. Fires that consume their own smoke give no soot at all; yet is the coal burnt. Soot, therefore, is not, properly speaking, a thing that coals burn into.

Here, now, we have the secret, or at all events part of the secret, of this burning—it is a change, not only in form or appearance, but in the thing itself. The coal is turned into something entirely different from what it was before, and in that turning it gives out heat. It is not destroyed, or turned into nothing, as we might at first imagine. No, it is turned into smoke or vapour, which goes away up the chimney. True, we can't see it; but then we can't see the air we breathe, we can't see the gas that lights our streets, yet we are quite sure there is air, and there is gas. And it is because the coals turn into smoke, and don't turn into nothing, that we have chimneys to our fires. It isn't merely to save ourselves from the soot; for if we burn coke or charcoal, which give no soot, we still want

chimneys. The smoke which these things burn into is very hurtful to life, it is a kind of poison, and will suffocate any one who tries to breathe it. Many men have been killed by having a charcoal fire burning in a close room without a chimney, just because of this smoke. This could never be if the charcoal burnt away into nothing. The same sort of smoke comes from gas when it is burnt, which is the reason why rooms lit with gas often get to feel close and oppressive, especially near the top, where this smoke goes. Whenever coals, or coke, or charcoal, or anything of that sort is burnt, then, we need a chimney or some such means of carrying off the smoke that is produced. It goes up the chimney because it is hot, and the heat makes it lighter than the air, and so it rises up as high as it can. And we may be very thankful that it does get lighter, and go away up the chimney in this way, for if it did not we should never be able to have a good fire, or keep our rooms warm, without endangering our lives.

What exactly this change in the coal is, when it turns into smoke, and what it is that makes it turn, we shall have to talk about next week.

(To be continued.)

THE CHRIST CHILD.

"TELL me a story, mother,
About the good Christ Child."
And Hartie climbed on my arm-chair,
Looking up with her eyes so mild.
I heard the bells of Christmas
Ring out through the frosty air,
And I knew for the Saviour's story
'Twas a season fitting and fair.
So I told her how every Christmas,
Just at this time of night,
Christ comes to our world of gladness,
Leaving his home of light:
How he wanders through the cities,
As a little child and poor,
And stops at every mansion,
And knocks at every door.
And those who'll not admit him,
Or grant him food and rest,
He turns and leaves with sadness,
And their Christmas is not blest.
But happy those who open
To the poor child at their door,
For Christ shall grace their dwelling,
To abide there evermore.
He lifts his robe of poverty,
And, to their wond'ring eyes,
He stands revealed in majesty,
The Saviour from the skies.
Then, Hartie, try this Christmas
To pity all Christ's poor,
And to each one in suffering
To open your heart and door.
Then Christ will come in glory
To dwell within your heart;
He'll make your life all holy,
And never from you part.

L. M.

Short Arrows.

TEMPER.—THE LATE REV. CHARLES SIMEON.

WE were one day sitting at dinner, says a friend of the late Mr. Simeon, when a servant stirred the fire in so clumsy a way that Mr. Simeon turned round and hit the man a thump on the back to stay his proceedings. When he was leaving me, on horseback, after the same visit, my servant had put the wrong bridle upon his horse. He was in a hurry to be gone, and his temper broke out so violently that I ventured to give him a little humorous castigation. His cloak-bag was to follow him by coach; so I feigned a letter in my servant's name saying how high his character stood in the kitchen; but that they could not understand how a gentleman who preached and prayed so well should be in such passions about nothing, and wear no bridle upon his own tongue. This I signed "John Softly," and deposited it in his cloak-bag. The hoax so far succeeded, that at first he scarcely discovered it; but it afterwards produced this characteristic note:—"I most cordially thank you, my dear friend, for your kind and seasonable reproof. I feel it to be both just and necessary, and will endeavour, with God's help, to make a suitable improvement of it. If it do not produce its proper effects, I shall be exceedingly thankful to have a second edition of it. I trust your 'precious balm will not break my head;' but I hope it will soften the spirit of your much-indebted friend, Charles Proud and Irritable.—To John Softly."

THE PERSONALITY OF GOD.

MEN sometimes speak of God as the "soul of nature," "the spirit of the universe," as if God were a part of nature, and nature a part of God, and not as he is, in truth, the Creator of nature, the Master and God of all, pervading all things and yet separate from them. The artist or the mechanist embodies his thought in the picture or the machine; yet no one ever thinks of either of them being identical or one with his work. It is but a loose way of speaking which keeps the distinct individuality of God out of sight, as if God were but another name for nature, and not as completely a separate being as one man is from another, or as a man is from a house or a tree. How often we hear such expressions as, "Heaven grant it;" "Heaven forbid it;" "Thank Heaven," and the like, as if heaven were God, and God were heaven, as if the house and he that dwelleth therein were one and the same. In a similarly loose way people talk of providence, as if providence were God. Providence is the work of God, the order and manner of things, the embodiment, in the world of mind and matter, of the Divine will and wisdom; but it is not God. God is a living Person, not a scheme; not a plan, but Himself the Allwise Designer, Himself the Almighty Controller.

GODLY SORROW.

THE broken box of Mary, who poured the ointment on the feet of Jesus, was but the symbol of her now broken and contrite heart, out of which love and grief, and hopes—perfumes more exquisite than spikenard—flowed freely. And Christ understood it all. He knew the secret of her grief, and she read her acceptance in his smile. That is a beautiful saying of St. Augustine, "If thou wouldst that the Most High should draw nigh to thee, be lowly. God is above all. Thou raisest thyself, and touchest not him, thou humblest thyself, and, lo! he descendeth unto thee." Luther hit the mark when he said, "What are all the palaces of the world to a contrite heart; yea, heaven and earth, seeing it is the seat of the Divine Majesty!"

GOD'S PLAN OF YOUR LIFE.

NEVER complain of your birth, your employment, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something if you only had a different lot and sphere assigned you. God understands his own plan, and he knows what you want a great deal better than you do. The very things that you most deprecate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hinderances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities; and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines. No. A truce to all such impatience. Choke that envy which gnaws at your heart, because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather bring it up to receive God's will, and do his work, in your lot and sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, against your temptations, and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your good, but consistent with it.

Department for Young People.

MARY LEE;

OR,

"THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT."

It is a charming room that I am going to take you to. Everything about it denotes the refinement and elegance of an English country house. Through its bay-window, which looks over a bright garden and a stretch of park beyond, the sun had been shining all day, and had lingered ere he set, as though unwilling to leave the bright pictures on the walls, or the plants in the baskets, or the bird who trilled his joyous song as long as daylight lasted. But it was twilight, and the bird was at rest; and the window, once bright and warm, was dark and cold; so drawing her easy-chair close to the fire, away from the darkness, Mary Lee began thinking of the past, as we almost all do when watching the flickering flame at twilight. She thought of the time when she was strong and light-hearted, and of the many bright day-dreams which had thronged that room—dreams of pleasures to be enjoyed, and the good she meant to do; but now she would never be well again; and she seemed of such little use in the world; and she yearned for some other work than that patient waiting service she had been striving to render so long. Then came thoughts of the day before. She ought to feel very thankful for having been permitted to enter God's house again. How precious each word of the service! She was willing to suffer a little more the next day, for she had enjoyed the Sunday so much. If the minister had only chosen some other text than, "Let us not be weary in well-doing!" What could she do without feeling weary? She had tried in vain to teach in the Sunday-school, and to visit the poor. Was there, then, nothing for her to do but to sit in that room, day after day, and try to be patient? Oh! 'twas so hard! and she was growing sadder and sadder, when quick little footsteps were heard on the stairs, and the room door, opening gently, let a strange little figure come in. It looked like a living bundle of grey woollen. But when you looked a little closer you saw a pair of merry brown eyes peeping from under the close-quilted hood, and two cheeks still red with the blushes that came when the

boisterous wind rushed and kissed them. A great shawl was tied so tightly around the child, that her two little arms had quite a struggle before they could meet around Mary's neck.

"All alone, auntie?" exclaimed Mrs. Lee's little niece, Amy, after the hugging was over. "And it is so dark! Do let me light the gas."

Mary could not help smiling. Her little niece evidently had not learned to appreciate twilight as the time of all others for thinking; but if thoughts such as hers should be the ones to be dwelt upon, she hoped very earnestly that it would be a great many years before the little one sat down at twilight to think.

"Three burners don't make it too bright, do they, auntie?" asked Amy, standing on tiptoe, holding up the long wax taper with which she had been performing her favourite occupation of lighting the gas. "I won't put them at full height; and they make a room so delightfully cheerful. I am so fond of light! Oh! what lovely flowers! Violets and lilies of the valley! Did Miss Allen bring them to you? I'm so glad!" And Amy walked round the room on her usual tour of inspection, trying all the time to unfasten her heavy shawl.

Then, calling the little one to her, Mary undid the knot, and smoothing the long, light curls over the black dress, she drew the child very closely to her side, and kissed her again and again for the mother, whose last kiss had been given, very early one summer morning, just before she went home to God.

"You don't look at all well to-night, auntie," and Amy's face grew sad. "I know your head must ache. Let me hold my hands there, as I used to do on mamma's. I didn't wait to put on any gloves, so they are nice and cold. I'm so sorry you went to church yesterday."

"But I'm very glad, my pet. It did me a great deal of good. 'Twas the first time in six months, and I enjoyed it very much. Yet I remember when both service and sermon seemed very tiresome, and I longed to have them end."

Amy blushed. She had often felt so. But then she never fidgeted in church like some children; so she said: "I was very much afraid Susie Sheldon would annoy you, auntie. She kept looking around so much; and when quiet this is the way she sat:" and Amy assumed a most listless position. "You will scarcely believe it, but sometimes she does nothing but turn over the leaves of her hymn-book during the sermon." And the child's toss of her head said very plainly, "Every one knows how differently I behave."

"I scarcely noticed her yesterday, dear; but you have reminded me of something. How would you like to hear a story, such a one as I used to tell last winter?"

"Dearly, dearly, auntie, if it wouldn't tire you too much."

"No, it will do me good, and I shall just have time to tell a short one before your Uncle James comes home."

Then, after placing a huge lump of coal on the fire, Amy drew a little chair close to her auntie, and looked up with an air of the greatest attention; for if the story should have anything to do with good behaviour in church, she might relate it to Susie some day.

"There was once a very great King," began

Mrs. Lee, "who had many houses throughout the world, in which he loved to dwell. Some were large and beautiful; others, small and plain; but he came to them all alike. He was very rich, and more willing to give away his treasures than any other monarch that ever lived. He even appointed men whom he called his servants, and whose chief business was to gather people into these houses, and tell them of the riches the King was waiting to give them, asking only their love in return. Once a little girl came into one of his houses. She was extremely poor, and needed the offered riches sorely. She joined with the King's subjects in presenting many petitions; but often her lips uttered words that did not come from the heart. Very attentively she seemed to listen to all the servant said—of the beautiful city in which the King reigned, whose wall was of jasper garnished with precious stones, whose gates were of pearl, and whose streets were of gold; and of the pure, crystal river, that flowed from the throne; how no tears were shed in that happy city; and how the King would take them all there to reign with him some day, if they would only love and serve him truly in that state of life unto which it had pleased him to call them. Then the servant, looking up towards the King, solemnly besought him to give them all that peace, which would keep their hearts in knowledge and love of him, and prayed that his blessing, which would make them rich beyond all understanding, might remain with them always.

"While the servant was thus praying, how did the child behave? Was she not kneeling before the King, begging earnestly for that peace and blessing? She was very poor, and needed them above all things.

"Alas! the poor careless little one seemed scarcely to hear the words, so busy was she gathering her worthless garments about her, preparing to leave the house; and as the King saw her indifference and irreverence, it both grieved and displeased him to think that one whom he loved so dearly, and to whom he offered such priceless treasures, should show no wish for his benediction."

"And I'm that little girl!" exclaimed Amy, hiding her face on her aunt's knee. "I didn't think what I was doing. I never felt before how wicked it was to act as I've so often done during the concluding prayers. It seemed only like the ending of the service, and now it seems so solemn; but I'll never be so careless and naughty again—no, never."

Then a loving hand rested on the child's head, and the sweet, earnest voice continued: "I knew that my dear little Amy did not realise how full of meaning were those solemn words; and though I told the story partly to reprove her irreverence towards God, and her want of charity towards Susie, my chief reason for telling it was to help her to strive, from this night, to honour and please God at all times, for her own sake, for the sake of her dear mother, and for the sake of Him who, after taking little children in his arms to bless them, died upon the cross, that they might rest again on that loving bosom, and there enjoy the peace that passeth all understanding, which in heaven knows no interruption. I am very anxious, darling, for you to be a holy child, following the example of our Saviour Christ, and doing all the good you can: for it may

be that your time for doing much good will be short. You may be placed as I am, and kept —"

"Not from doing good, dear, dear auntie," exclaimed the little one, as her quick eye saw a tear on her aunt's cheek. "You don't know how much good you have done me to-night. I'll never forget it, as long as I live." And clasping her arms around her aunt's neck, she drove far off, in her own sweet way, both the tears of sorrow, and tears of joy, just in time; for in a moment afterwards Amy's uncle opened the door.

He first called for his twenty kisses, and then remarking that he felt very hungry, hoped tea was almost ready.

"Mayn't we have it up stairs, to-night, auntie?" begged Amy, jumping down from her uncle's knee; "and mayn't I set the table, and make the toast, and do everything myself? It would be perfectly delightful."

Then after her uncle had loudly protested against such a proceeding on her part, she was allowed, as usual, to have her own way, and set out the tea-things with great gravity.

They contrived to spend an hour at the table; and then Amy's uncle bundled her up in the shawl, winding it round her neck and arms so that she could not move a hand to prevent his putting her hood on wrong side out, then upside down; and it wasn't arranged properly till Mrs. Lee, declaring that he should not tease the child any longer, tied it herself; and when that was done, she drew the dear little face close to hers for a good-night kiss.

"I'll not forget, auntie," whispered Amy; "and I'll ask God to help me do everything that's good."

Then Uncle James took Amy in his arms, and carried her away, leaving Mary once more alone; but her heart was no longer sad; and she thanked God that he had permitted her to do some good to one of his little ones, and prayed that, through the strength which "is made perfect in weakness," she might never be "weary in well doing."

Biblical Expositions.

A FEW NOTES ON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW.

CHAPTER IV.—*Verses 24.*

"Those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatick, and those that had the palsy; and he healed them."

Three diseases are named—palsy, the greatest weakness of body; lunacy, the greatest weakness of mind; and demoniacal possession, the greatest calamity of both body and mind. Sin is all these to the soul, and therefore these maladies may be regarded as emblematic of those greater evils by which man is afflicted. The palsy and the leprosy—sad emblems of the pollution of sin, and the weakness of the sinner—were regarded by the Jews as diseases inflicted by the hand of God, and, as such, could only be removed by the power that inflicted them. Our Lord, therefore, appears, at the commencement of his ministry, to have selected these maladies, and by their effectual cure he gave a proof of his Divine power; and this evidence was needful to remove the prejudice of the Jew, when assured that Christ was the Messiah, and necessary in order to show

that Judaism was to be abrogated, and the Gospel established, by the will of God.

"And he healed them."

There are few modes better calculated to enkindle a reverence for the truths of the Gospel than a serious reflection upon the miracles of our Lord, and the diversified benefits effected by these deeds of mercy. To the devout reader, they exhibit—

1. The benevolence of Christ's character;
2. The greatness of his authority and power;
3. The superiority of Christ to Moses and the prophets;
4. They tend to confirm the minds of his followers in their belief of his Divine nature;
5. The miracles performed prove the Saviour's power over men, angels, and demons; over the air, the earth, and the sea; over things visible and invisible; over events, present and future; over persons and things, present or absent;
6. They accomplish divers prophecies, and show the oneness of the Old and the New Testaments;
7. They give weight to the Saviour's doctrines;
8. They were great blessings to the persons afflicted;
9. They are emblems of the spiritual blessings which Christ is ready to confer upon all who are sensible of their need of healing, and appeal to him for aid;
10. The miracles, moreover, prove the justice of the Saviour's claim to the Messiahship;
11. The miracles performed by Christ furnish evidence of the trinity of persons in the Godhead—as miracles are performed by the power of God, by the power of Christ, and by the power of the Holy Ghost;
12. They were also designed for the confirmation of the Gospel;
13. They were calculated to animate the apostles in their perilous labours; and are
14. For the edification of the Church of God until Christ's return to take possession of his purchased inheritance; and
15. They serve as a perpetual invitation to men to call upon the Saviour; as the great Physician of souls, by showing his tenderness, his mercy, his willingness, and his power.

Other benefits might be assigned as resulting from the Saviour's miracles, and when we contemplate these diversified results, we behold an example of that economy of power which distinguishes the works of God from the works of man. The Almighty, by a single cause, produces diversified results; but man, even to accomplish things that are within his power, is compelled to employ the most complicated machinery—a combination of causes to produce a single effect. How many results arise from the performance of the miracles recorded in the life of Christ? In the works of creation, the same economy of power is everywhere discerned. Who is able to enumerate the effects produced by a ray of light? or by the sun as the great light-reflector? or by gravitation? or by attraction? and yet is it not strange that man, gifted as he is with powers which bear evidence of a Divine hand to impart them, that this intellectual being, after contemplating these results of power—as recorded in the pages of revelation, or as exhibited in the stupendous works of creation—

can call for arguments to prove the existence of the Deity? With the objects around man, and with the faculties bestowed upon man, in addition to the communications given to man, is it not an offence to ask for evidence of the Being of a God?

CHAPTER V.—Verses 1—3.

"And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying,

"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

To quote the words of Archbishop Leighton—"The eight beatitudes pronounced by our Lord are the paradoxes of the world;" for the world place happiness in a condition of mind and in circumstances directly opposite to those that are here described: they admire loftiness of character, not humility; fullness, not hunger; and joy, not mourning. Prosperity and exemption from sorrow are numbered, by men in general, among the essentials to happiness; whereas all these promised blessings are assigned to conditions that denote humiliation or suffering; thus presenting, at the beginning of our Lord's ministration, the contrast that distinguishes the New from the Old Testament dispensation. "Prosperity," says Lord Bacon, "was the blessing of the Old Testament; but sanctified afflictions are the blessings of the New."

We perceive that the graces commended by the Saviour relate alternately to God and man, teaching us that no man can rightly honour God who disregards the duties to his fellow-man, and no man can rightly discharge his obligations to his fellow-creatures who has not learned to unite this duty with his obedience to God.

The first and the last of these benedictions relate to God; thus reminding us of him to whom we are to conform, from whom flows the ability to obey, and in whom is centred all our hopes for the present and the future. To the devout mind God in Christ is the first and the last—the alpha and the omega of all its desires. The opening and the closing beatitude speak alike of heaven—for by the graces here enumerated heaven is brought down to earth, and the possessor, while living in the world, lives *above* the world; his heart becomes the throne of God, and the joys of the kingdom of God are not unknown. Of these benedictions seven are absolute, and apply to all the godly; one is relative, and depends upon the conduct of others.

These beatitudes comprehend the state of mind which the Gospel is designed to produce, and the blessings which it promises to confer; and they present to us a standard by which we may rectify a sluggish faith; and they furnish a test of the vitality of our Christian profession. The beatitudes, spiritually understood, are a key to the Bible, and to every pious man they constitute a rule of duty—a code of Christian laws, embodying love to God, duty to man, and the spirit of the decalogue.

Blessings corresponding to these that are recorded by St. Matthew, are to be found also in the Gospel of St. Luke. A question arises among theologians as to their identity. St. Chrysostom, and most of the early fathers of the Eastern Church, regard them as the same, though somewhat differently expressed. This opinion is held by

Archbishop Trench, Bishop Ellicott, Bengel, and other eminent writers of modern times; and we may presume that they have been induced to arrive at this conclusion by the fact that the healing of the centurion's servant is recorded by both the evangelists directly after the enumeration of those things in which true "blessedness" consists.

The law, promulgated to fallen man amid the thunders of Sinai, excited fear; whereas the Gospel, proclaimed by Christ on the mountain-side, speaks to the offender in accents of mercy, and reveals to the inquiring mind the secret of happiness. In the definition of blessedness here recorded, we hear the only begotten Son of God describing those who are the sons of God by adoption, and the brethren of Christ by the operation of the Holy Ghost. Their relationship to God and Christ is shown by their conformity to the precepts of the Gospel. The description speaks of them in a two-fold point of view: as they are now, and as they shall be hereafter; from which we learn, from an authority that cannot be questioned, that a godly man's happiness begins in this life, and that Christian graces confer present blessings as well as a future recompense; but the recompense of Christian graces is an act of grace.

In Scripture, truth is oft enforced by the power of contrast. In this fifth chapter eight blessings are pronounced as the portion of the humble, the obedient, and the contrite seeker after righteousness; in the twenty-third chapter, an equal number of woes are denounced against the hypocrite and the doers of evil. How grave the thought! It is the Lamb of God, the merciful Saviour, who pronounces the woe that awaits the proud offender; and how cheering the reflection, that it is the Judge of the living and the dead who makes known the blessings reserved for the righteous. Thus the mercy of God will not save the impenitent, and the justice of God is the security of them that fear him.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit."

Pride cast angels out of heaven, and expelled Adam from paradise. Humility, therefore, is one of the qualifications which God bestows upon his servants. It is to be classed among the highest of the Christian graces; for humility and self-denial are the starting-points of Christianity, and the most godly men have always been found among the most humble: men who combine lofty views of God, and lowly views of themselves. Grotius, a Bishop of Lincoln, who flourished upwards of six hundred years ago, thus describes "the poor in spirit:"—"Poverty of spirit disposes a man to feel that he has nothing but what he receives from above; but Adam, in innocence, might have felt this; therefore, the humility of a sinner goes far deeper, and leads him to own that, self-condemned and corrupt before God, he finds life, and health, and strength in Christ alone." Humility imparts to the mind of its possessor a lively sense of God's greatness, and his own nothingness; of God's holiness, and his own sinfulness; of God's goodness, and of his own unworthiness. It abases the offender in his self-estimation, but exalts him in God's esteem. The man of God, poor in spirit, ascribes to God all his blessings, and is ever ready to exclaim, "What have I, that I have not received? What have I

received that I have not abused? I am not what I was—this I owe to the grace of God; I am not what I ought to be—and this I owe to my own sinfulness. I have nothing of which I can boast—for that which I know to be mine causes sorrow and not rejoicing; and I have learned—alas! too often—by the plague of my own heart that, without Divine strength, nothing is strong; and, without Divine purity, nothing in me is holy; therefore, I am constrained to cast aside all language that is laudatory, and, in lowliness of mind, to confess that it is by the undeserved mercy of God I stand, and against my infirmities am able to prevail." To this frame of mind the beatitude is assigned, and to this poverty of spirit the promise is given—"To that man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." "For thus saith the high and lofty One, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit." With the poor in spirit Jehovah delights to dwell.

(To be continued.)

THE WORLD OF SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. F. W. FARRAR,

AUTHOR OF "ERIC; OR, LITTLE BY LITTLE."

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

FAREWELL.

"Be the day weary or be the day long,
At last it ringeth to even-song."

THERE was a very serious look on the faces of all the boys as they thronged into chapel the next morning for the confirmation service. It was a beautiful sight to see the subdued yet noble air, full at once of humility and hope, wherewith many of the youthful candidates passed along the aisle, and knelt before the altar, and with clasped hands and bowed heads awaited the touch of the hands that blessed. As those young soldiers of Christ knelt meekly in their places, resolving with pure and earnest hearts to fight manfully in his service, and praying with child-like faith for the aid of which they felt their need, it was indeed a spectacle to recall the ideal of virtuous and Christian boyhood, and to force upon the minds of many the contrast it presented with the other too familiar spectacle of a boyhood coarse, defiant, brutal, ignorant yet conceited, young in years but old in disobedience, in insolence, in sin.

When the good bishop, in the course of his address, alluded to Daubeny's death, there was throughout the chapel instantly that silence that can be felt—that deep unbroken hush of expectation and emotion which always produces so indescribable an effect.

"There was one," he said, "who should have been confirmed to-day, who is not here. He has passed away from us. I hear, and I rejoice to hear, that for this confirmation he was indeed prepared, and that he looked forward to it with some of his latest thoughts. I hear that he was pre-eminent among you for the piety, the purity, the amiability of his life and character, and his very death was caused by the intense earnestness of his desire to use aright the talents which God had en-

trusted to him. Oh! such a death of one so young yet so fit to die is far happier than the longest and most prosperous of sinful lives. Be sobered but not saddened by it. It is a proof of God's merciful and tender love that this one of your schoolfellows was taken in the clear and quiet dawn of a noble and holy life, and not some other in the scarlet blossom of precocious and deadly sin. Be not saddened therefore at the loss, but sobered by the warning. The fair, sweet, purple flower of youth falls and fades, my young brethren, under the sweeping scythe of death, no less surely than the withered grass of age. Oh! be ready—be ready with the girded loins and the lighted lamp—to obey the summons of your God. Who knows for which of us next, or how soon, the ball of death may toll? Be ye therefore ready, for you know not at what day or at what hour the voice may call to you!"

The loss of a well-known companion whom all respected and many loved—the crowding memories of school life—the still small voice of every conscience, gave strange meaning and force to the bishop's simple words. As they listened, many wept in silence, while down the cheeks of Walter, of Power, and of Henderson, the tears fell like summer rain.

In the evening Walter was seated thoughtfully by the fire in Power's study, while Power was writing at the table, stopping occasionally to wipe his glistening eyes.

"He was my earliest friend here," he said to Walter, almost apologetically, as he hastily brushed off the drop which had fallen and blurred the paper before him. "But I know it is selfish to be sorry," he added, as he pushed the paper towards Walter.

"May I read this, Power?" asked Walter.

"Yes; if you like;" and he drew his chair by his, while Walter read in Power's small clear handwriting—

A FAREWELL.

Never more!
Like a dream when one awaketh,
Vanishing away;
Like a billow when it breaketh,
Scattered into spray;
Like a meteor's paling ray,
Such is man, do all he can—
Nothing that is fair can stay.
Sorrow staineth, man complaineth,
Sin remaineth ever more;
Like a wave upon the shore
Soundeth ever from the chorus
Of the spirits gone before us,
"Ye shall meet us, ye shall greet us
In the sweet homes of earth, in the places of our birth,
Never more again, never more!"
So they sing, and sweetly dying,
Faints the message of their voices,
Dying like the distant murmur, when a mighty host rejoices,
But the echoes are replying with a melancholy sighing,
Never more again! never more!

Far away,
Far far away are the homes wherein they dwell,
We have lost them, and it cost them
Many a tear, and many a fear
When God forbade their stay;
But their sorrow, on the morrow
Ceased in the dawning of a lighter, brighter day;
And our bliss shall be certain, when death's awful curtain,
Drawn from the darkness of mortal life away,
To happy souls revealeth what it darkly now concealeth,
Yielding to the glory of heaven's eternal ray.
Far, far away are the homes wherein they dwell;
But we know that they are blest, and ever more at rest,
And we utter from our hearts, "It is well."

"May I keep them, Power?" he asked, looking up.

"Do, Walter, as a remembrance of to-day."

"And may I make one change, which the bishop's sermon suggested?"

"By all means," said Power; and Walter, taking a pencil, added after the line "Nothing that is fair can stay," these words—which Power afterwards copied, writing at the top, "In memoriam, J. D."

"Nothing that is fair can stay;

But while Death's sharp scythe is sweeping,

We remember, 'mid our weeping,

That a Father-hand is keeping

Every vernal bloom that falleth underneath its chilly sway.

And though earthly flowers may perish,

There are buds His hand will cherish,

And the things unseen, eternal—these can never pass away;

Where the angels shout, Hosanna!

Where the ground is dewed with manna,

These remain and these await us in the homes of heaven for aye!"

The lines are in Walter's desk; and he values them all the more for the tears which have fallen on them, and blurred the neatness of the fine clear handwriting.

On the following Tuesday our boys saw the dead body of their friend. The face of poor Daubeny looked singularly beautiful with the placid lines of death, as all innocent faces do. It was the first time they had seen a corpse; and as Walter touched the cold cheek, and placed a spray of evergreen in the rigid hand, he was almost overpowered with an awful sense of the sad sweet mystery of death.

"It is God who has taken him to himself," said Mrs. Daubeny, as she watched their emotion. "I shall not be parted from him long. He has left you each a remembrance of himself, dear boys, and you will value them, I know, for my poor child's sake, and for his widowed mother's thanks to those who loved him."

For each of them he had chosen, before he died, one of his most prized possessions. To Power he left his desk: to Henderson, his microscope; to Kenrick, a little gold pencil-case; and to Walter, a treasure which he deeply valued, a richly-bound Bible, in which he had left many memorials of the manner in which his days were spent; and in which he had marked many of the rules which were the standard of his life, and the words of hope which sustained his gentle and noble mind.

The next day he was buried; only the boys in his own house, and those who had known him best, followed him to the grave. They were standing in two lines along the court, and the plumed hearse stood at the cottage door. Just at that moment the rest of the boys began to flock out of the school, for lessons were over. Each, as he came out, caught sight of the hearse, the plumes waving and whispering in the sea-wind, and the double line of mourners; and each, on seeing it, stood where he was, in perfect silence. Their numbers increased each moment, till boys and masters alike were there; and all by the same sudden impulse stopped where they were standing, when first they saw the hearse, and stood still without a word. The scene was the more strangely impressive because it was accidental and spontaneous. Meanwhile, the coffin was carried down stairs, and placed in the hearse, which moved off slowly across the court between the line of bare-headed and motionless mourners. It was thus that

Daubeny left St. Winifred's, and passed under the Norman arch; and till he had passed through, the boys stood fixed to their places, like a group of statues in the usually noisy court.

He was buried in the churchyard under the tower of the grand old church. It was a lovely spot; the torrent murmured near it; the shadows of the great mountains fell upon it; and as you stood there in the sacred silence of that memory-haunted field, you heard far off the solemn monotone of the everlasting sea. There they laid him, and the stream of life, checked for a moment, flashed on again with turbulent and sparkling waves. Ah me!—yet why should we sigh at the merciful provision which causes that the very best of us, when we die, leaves but a slight and transient ripple on the waters, which a moment after flow on as smoothly as before?

Mrs. Daubeny left St. Winifred's that evening; her carriage looked strange with her son's boxes and other possessions piled up in it. Who would ever use that cricket-bat or those skates again? Power and Walter shook hands with her at the door as she was about to start; and just at the last moment, Henderson came running up with something, which he put on the carriage-seat, without a word. It was a bird-cage, containing a little favourite canary, which he and Daubeny had often fed.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

KENRICK'S HOME.

Yonder there lies the village, and looks how quiet and small,
And yet bubbles o'er, like a city, with gossip, and scandal, and spite.—TENNYSON. *Maud.*

It was the last evening. The boys were all assembled in the great school-room to hear the result of the examination. The masters, in their caps and gowns, were seated round Dr. Lane on a dais in the centre of the room; and every one was eager to know what places the boys had taken, and who would win the various form prizes. Dr. Lane began from the bottom of the school, and at the last boy in each form, so that the interest of the proceedings kept on culminating to the grand climax. The first name that will interest us was Eden's, and both Walter and Power were watching anxiously to see where he would come out in his form. Power had been so kindly coaching him in his work, that they expected him to be high; but it was as much to his surprise as to their gratification, that his name was read out *third*. Jones and Harpourt were, as was natural, last in their respective forms.

At length Dr. Lane got to Walter's form. Last but one came Howard Tracy, who was listening with a fine superiority to the whole announcement. Anthony and Franklin were not far from him. Henderson expected himself to be about tenth; but the tenth name, the ninth, and the eighth, all were read, and he had not been mentioned; his heart was beating fast, and he almost fancied that there must have been some mistake; but no; Dr. Lane read on—

"Seventh, Gray;

"Sixth, Mackworth;

"Fifth, Whalley;

"Fourth, Henderson;"

and Walter had hardly done patting him on the back, and congratulating him, when Dr. Lane had read—

"Third, Manners;

"Second, Carlton;

"First"—the Doctor always read the word *first* with peculiar emphasis, and then brought out the name of the boy who had attained that distinction with great *emphase*—"First, Evson."

Whereupon it was Henderson's turn to pat him on the back, which he did very vigorously; and not only so, but in his enthusiasm began to clap—a demonstration which ran like wildfire through all the ranks of the boys, and before Dr. Lane could raise his voice to secure silence—for approbation on those occasions in the great school-room was not at all *selon règle*—our young hero had received a regular ovation. For since the day on Appenfell, Walter had been the favourite of the school, and they were only too glad to follow Henderson in his irregular applause. There was an intoxicating sweetness in this popularity. Could Walter help sweetly enjoying the general regard which thus, defiant of rules, broke out in his honour into spontaneous acclamations?

Dr. Lane's stern "Silence!" heard above the uproar, soon reduced the boys to order, and he proceeded with the list. Kenrick was read out first in his form, and Power, as a matter of course, again first in the second fifth, although in that form he was the youngest boy. Somers came out head of the school, by examination as well as by seniority of standing; and in his case, too, the impulse to cheer was too strong to be resisted. The head of the school was, however, tacitly excepted from the general rule, and Dr. Lane only smiled while he listened to the clapping, which showed that Somers was regarded with esteem and honour by the boys, in spite of his cold manners and stern *régime*.

"Hurrah for the Sociable Grosbeaks!" said Henderson, as the boys streamed out of the room. "Why, we carry all before us! And only fancy me fourth! Why, I'm a magnificent swell, without ever having known it. You look out, Master Walter, or I shall have a scrimmage with you for laurels."

"Good," said Walter. "Meanwhile, come and help me to pack up my laurels in my box. And then for home! Hurrah!"

And he began to sing the exquisite air of "Home, sweet home," in which Power and Henderson joined heartily; while Kenrick walked on in silence.

Next day the boys were scattered in every direction to their various homes. It need not be said that Walter passed very happy holidays that Christmas time. Power came and spent a fortnight with him; and let every boy who has a cheerful and affectionate home imagine for himself how blithely their days passed by. Power made himself a universal favourite, always unselfish, always merry; and throwing himself heartily into every amusement which the Evsons proposed. He and they were mutually sorry when the time came for them to part.

From Semlyn Lake, Walter's home, to Fuzby, Kenrick's home, the change is great indeed; yet I must take the reader there for a short time, before we return to the noisy and often troubled precincts of St. Winifred's school.

Before Power came to stay with the Evsons, Walter, with his father's full permission, had written to ask Kenrick to join them at the same time, and this is the answer he got in reply.

My dear Walter,—I can't tell you how much your letter tempted me. I should so like to come; I would give anything to come and see you. To be with you and Power at such a place as Semlyn must be—O Walter, it almost makes me envious to think of you there. But I can't come, and I'll tell you frankly the reason. I can't afford, or rather mean that my mother cannot afford, the necessary travelling expenses. I look on you, Walter, as my best school friend, so I may as well say at once that we are very, very poor. If I could even get to you by walking some of the way, and going third-class the rest, I would jump at the chance; but

Lucky fellow, you know nothing of ———. You must be amused at the name of this place, Fuzby-le-Mud. What charming prospects the name opens, does it not? I assure you the name fits the place exactly. My goodness! how I do hate the place. You'll ask why then we live here? Simply because we must. Some misanthropic relation left us the house we live in, which saves rent.

Yet, if you were with me, I think I could be happy even here. I don't venture to ask you. First of all, we couldn't make you one tenth part as comfortable as you are at home; secondly, there isn't the ghost of an amusement here; and if you came you'd go back to St. Winifred's with a fit of ———, as I always do; thirdly, the change from Semlyn to Fuzby-le-Mud would be like walking from the Elysian fields and asphodel meadows into mere ———, as old Edwards would say. So I don't ask you; yet, if you could come ——— why, the day would be marked with white in the dull calendar of—Your ever affectionate

HARRY KENRICK.

As Fuzby lay nearly in the route to St. Winifred's, Walter, grieved that his friend should be doomed to such dull holidays, determined, with Mr. Evson's leave, to pay him a three days' visit on his way to school. Accordingly, towards the close of the holidays, after a hopeful, a joyous, and affectionate farewell to all at home, he started for Fuzby, from which he was to accompany Kenrick back to school; a visit fraught, as it turned out, with evil consequences, and one which he never afterwards ceased to look back upon with regret.

The railroad, after leaving far behind the glorious hills of Semlyn, passes through country flatter and more uninteresting at every mile, until it finds itself fairly committed to the fens. Nothing but dreary dikes, muddy and straight, guided by the ghosts of suicidal pollards, and by rows of dreary and desolate mills, occur to break the blank grey monotony of the landscape. Walter was looking out of the window with curious eyes, and he was wondering what life in such conditions could be like, when the train uttered a despairing scream, and reached a station which the porter announced as Fuzby-le-Mud. Walter jumped down, and his hand was instantly seized by Kenrick with a warm and affectionate grasp.

"So you're really here, Walter; I can hardly believe it. I half repent having brought you to such a place; but I was so dull."

"I shall enjoy it exceedingly, Ken, with you. Shall I give my portmanteau to some man to take up to the village?"

"Oh, no; here's a ———; well, I may as well call it a cart at once—to take it up in. The curate lent it me, and he calls it a pony-carriage; but it is, you see, nothing more or less than a cart. I hope you won't be ashamed to ride in it."

"I should think not," said Walter, gaily,

mounting into the curious little oblong wooden vehicle.

"It isn't very far," said Kenrick; "and I dare say you don't know any one about here; so it won't matter."

"Pooh, Ken; as if I minded such nonsense." Indeed Walter would not have thought twice about the conveyance, if Kenrick had not harped on it so much, and seemed so much ashamed of it, and mortified at being obliged to use it.

"Shall I drive?" asked Walter.

"Drive? Why, the pony is stone blind, and as scraggy as a scarecrow; so there's not much driving to be had out of him. Fancy if the aristocratic Power, or some other St. Winifred's fellow, saw us! Why, it would supply Henderson with jokes for six weeks," said Kenrick, getting up, and touching the old pony with his whip. Both he and Walter were wholly unconscious that their equipage had been seen and contemptuously scrutinised by one of their schoolfellows. Unknown to Walter, Jones was in the train; and, after a long stare at the pony-chaise, had flung himself back in his seat to indulge in a loud guffaw, and in anticipating the malicious amusement he should feel in retailing at St. Winifred's the description of Kenrick's horse and carriage. Petty malignity was a main feature of Jones's mind.

"That is Fuzby," said Kenrick, laconically, pointing to a straggling village from which a few lights were beginning to glimmer; "and I wish it were buried twenty thousand fathoms under the sea."

Ungracious as the speech may seem, it cannot be wondered at. A single muddy road runs through Fuzby. Except along this road—muddy and rutty in winter, dusty and rutty in summer—no walk is to be had. The fields are all more or less impassable with ditches and bogs. Kenrick had christened it "The Dreary Swamp." Nothing in the shape of a view is to be found anywhere, and barely a single flower will deign to grow. The air is unhealthy with moisture, and the only element to be had there in perfection is earth.

All this, Kenrick's father—who had been curate of the village—had fancied would be at least endurable to any man upheld by a strong sense of duty. So when he had married, and had received the gift of a house in the village, he took thither his young and beautiful bride, intending there to live and work until something better could be obtained. He was right. Over the mere disadvantages of situation he might easily have triumphed, and he might have secured there, under different circumstances, a fair share of happiness, which lies in ourselves and not in the localities in which we live. But in making his calculation he had always assumed that it would be easy to get on with the inhabitants of Fuzby; and here lay his mistake.

The Vicar of Fuzby, a non-resident pluralist, only appeared at rare intervals to receive the adoration which his flock never refused to any one who was wealthy. His curate, having a very slender income, came in for no share at all of this respect. On the contrary, the whole population assumed a right to patronise him, to interfere with him, to annoy and to thwart him. There was at Fuzby one squire—a man coarse, ignorant, and brutal. This man, being the richest person in the place, generally carried everything in his own way, and among other

attempts to domineer over his neighbours, had ordered the sexton never to cease ringing the church bell, however late, until he and his family had taken their seats. A very few Sundays after Mr. Kenrick's arrival the bell was still ringing eight minutes after the time for morning service, and sending to desire the sexton to leave off, he received the message that—

"Mr. Hugginson hadn't come yet."

"I will not have the congregation kept waiting for Mr. Hugginson or any one else," said the curate.

"Oh, zurr, the service haint begun afore Muster Hugginson has come in this ten year."

"Then the sooner Mr. Hugginson is made to understand that the hours of service are not to be altered at his convenience, the better. Let the bell cease immediately."

But the sexton, a dogged, bovine, bullet-headed labourer, took no notice whatever of this injunction, and although Mr. Kenrick went into the reading-desk, continued lustily to ring the bell until the whole Hugginson family, furious that their dignity should thus be insulted, sailed into church at the beginning of the psalms.

Next morning Mr. Kenrick turned the sexton out of his place, and received a most wrathful visit from Mr. Hugginson, who, after pouring on him a torrent of the most disgusting abuse, got scarlet in the forehead, shook his stick in Mr. Kenrick's face, flung his poverty in his teeth, and left the cottage, vowing eternal vengeance.

With him went all the Fuzby population. It would be long to tell the various little causes which led to Mr. Kenrick's unpopularity among them. Every clergyman similarly circumstanced may conjecture these for himself; they resolved themselves mainly into the fact that Mr. Kenrick was abler, wiser, purer, better, more Christian, than they. His thoughts were not theirs, nor his ways their ways.

"He had a daily beauty in his life
That made them ugly."

And so, to pass briefly and lightly over an unpleasant subject, Fuzby was brimming over with the concentrated meanness of petty malignant natures, united in the one sole object of snubbing and worrying the unhappy curate. To live among them was like living in a cloud of poisonous flies. If Dante had known Fuzby-le-Mud, he could have found for a really generous and noble spirit no more detestable or unendurable inferno than this muddy English village.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

The Herring; its Natural History and National Importance. By JOHN M. MITCHELL, F.R.S.S.A., &c. With Illustrations. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. London: Longman and Co. 1864.

MR. MITCHELL has not written on the subject of the herring without due thought and preparation. Amid his many other avocations, it is surprising that he could find time to obtain and work up the mass of information which he has digested into the present volume.

Not content with living on the banks of the Forth, and studying the herring in one of its favourite localities, he visited all parts likely to afford him materials for his work. The fisheries on the west coast, the east coast,

Cornwall, the English Channel, and the coasts of Ireland. He went on board the Dutch fishing-busses, and to their headquarters at Vlaardingen and Maassluis; he visited the shores of the Baltic on both sides, and the shores of the German Ocean; for some time he resided in Norway, among her herring fisheries; and finished off with the principal French fishing stations from Dieppe to Marseilles. From the materials thus obtained under his own personal observation, he has given to us a most complete treatise on this very important subject; and though to the general reader his book may seem dry and too much devoted to statistics, yet to any one seeking real information about our herring fisheries it is a most valuable work.

He has divided his volume into three books. The first tells of "The Natural History of the Herring;" the second describes "The Different Modes of Fishing at Home and Abroad;" while the third treats of "The Progress of the Herring Fishery from the Earliest Period to the Present Day."

We cannot pretend to follow our author in any regular order; but we will try to give a sketch for the benefit of our readers of that which he truly calls of "national importance."

Baron Cuvier, in his "Natural History of Fishes," gives the following testimony to the importance of the herring fishery, as a national undertaking:—

The coffee-bean, the tea-leaf, the spices of the torrid zone, and the silkworm, have less influence on the wealth of nations than the herring of the northern seas. Luxury and caprice may seek those productions, but necessity requires the other. This fishery sends every year from the coasts of France, Holland, and Britain, numerous fleets to collect, from the depths of the stormy ocean, an abundant and certain harvest, which the vast shoals offer to the courageous activity of these nations. The greatest statesmen, the most intelligent political economists, have looked on the herring fishery as the most important of maritime expeditions. It has been named the Great Fishery. It forms robust men, intrepid mariners, and experienced navigators. The nations industriously employed in this fishery know how to make it the source of inexhaustible riches.

Perhaps the most curious part of the herring fishery is its gradual growth as a national institution; but before we proceed to this part of the subject, it would be as well to say a few words about the fish itself, its habits, the manner of its capture, and its preparation as an article of commerce.

It has been generally stated in books of natural history, that the herring comes from the arctic circle; that it breeds there, and at regular seasons migrates southwards, and that vast shoals of herrings come down to the north of Scotland, where they divide, one body going to the west coast of Scotland and Ireland, the other proceeding to the east coast. From this opinion Mr. Mitchell differs entirely.

We consider [he says] that the herrings inhabit the seas adjacent to the coasts, bays, or rivers where they resort for the purpose of spawning; and that after spawning they return to sea in the neighbourhood, where they continue, and where they feed, until the spawning time again approaches; while the fry, on being vivified, continues near the spawning-ground until it is of sufficient size (p. 84).

In support of this opinion he adds most conclusive arguments, into which, however, we need not now enter; let it suffice us to know that our old teachers were wrong, and that we have gained from Mr. Mitchell a new and indubitable fact in the natural history of the herring.

Of the mode of depositing the spawn, Sauer tells us what he saw himself at Kamtschatka, where the herrings are very numerous:—

He observed that the herrings made circles about six feet in diameter, and in the middle of this circle, at the bottom, another, no doubt the female, was fixed; when

the tide went out he saw the aquatic plants and stones covered with the spawn, which was devoured by dogs, gulls, and crows (p. 29).

And Mr. Mitchell subjoins the following description, both of the process of spawning, and the vivification of the young herrings:—

The female remains quiescent at the bottom, the whole of the roe is at once deposited; the milt, thoroughly ripened in the male, has become changed from a solid mass to a liquid, of the colour and consistency of cream; the roe, although placed in the briny flood, becomes a firm united mass, somewhat larger than, but similar in shape to, the roe in a full herring. This lifeless mass, or egg-bed, has the power of adhesion; it grasps firmly the stones, the rocks, the sea-weed, &c., so much so, that we have found it difficult to remove or separate it until the mass was dried or dead; the young being thus protected from the effect of storms and currents, to a certain extent from being devoured by fishes, and firmly fixed probably in a suitable feeding ground. Thereafter, the eyes are first observable; at least a small black speck is first seen in the egg. Then the head appears, and in fourteen days, or perhaps three weeks, the young are seen in great abundance near the shore, of a very small size; in six or seven weeks more they are observed to be about three inches in length, and move about in large shoals in winter and spring in the various coasts, and in the rivers and bays generally resorted to by the herring shoals, and it is likely they attain to full size and maturity in about eighteen months (p. 30).

We will now follow the shoals out to sea; where, as they roam off the coasts in countless myriads, they are preyed upon by their enemies from all quarters; from the air above, from the depths beneath, until they are taken wholesale by their great enemy, man. Mr. Mitchell, in speaking of their appearance at sea, says:—

It is extremely interesting to observe the herring when on the different coasts or fishing-grounds at the usual seasons of their approach. On some of the coasts, as on those of Norway, the herring-shoals are frequently accompanied or pursued by numbers of whales or aquatic birds, which are all occupied in preying on them. The large dark masses of the whales rising and blowing, and throwing up great quantities of the herrings into the air, sparkling and glittering in the clear winter day; the constant movements of the birds, with shrill notes, actively engaged in seizing their easily-obtained food, vying with man in their attacks on the countless myriads of herrings; and the appearance of numbers of fishing-boats and vessels, with the sound of the voices of an active body of fishermen, is one of the most extraordinary and interesting sights that can be contemplated (p. 22).

The herring fleets differ in size; but, when the shoals are very large, they have been known to consist of 800 vessels; and few who have watched them setting out, the sea dotted all over with the hulls, and darkened with their brown sails, will soon forget it. When the boats have reached the herring ground, and it has been ascertained by trial that the shoal is there, the nets are let out from the various vessels, and the men wait patiently through the night for the expected "take." Each boat has from twelve to fifty nets on board, which are about fifty yards in length, and from twenty-five to thirty feet in depth. A number of these being joined together, and furnished with corks and sinkers, are let down carefully to the required depth, and secured in straight lines, either anchored or adrift. When the fishermen consider that the nets have been long enough in the water, or when the floats sink with the weight of the fish, they haul them in, shaking the loose fish into the bottom of the boat, and leaving those that are fast in the meshes to be taken out afterwards. So great is the number of fish taken sometimes, that the nets sink with their weight, and have to be cut adrift, to the great loss of the fishermen. Besides this drift net fishing, there are other ways of catching herrings, differing according to the different stations. On the coast of Norway, where

the abrupt nature of the coast, and the absence of tides, permit of it, "lock fishing" is practised. This is done by means of nets of great strength and size, fastened at one end to the shore, and carried round the herring shoal, so as to enclose them in a trap. In the year 1857, Mr. Mitchell tells us, that "one fisherman, with a net of about 150 fathoms in length, surrounded such a large quantity that he sold the whole for 25,000 dollars; about £5,000" (p. 301). We cannot, of course, particularise the quantities of herrings caught on our coasts in the different years, though Mr. Mitchell gives us most complete statistical tables; we may mention as a guide to our readers, that in the year 1856, the total number of barrels taken off the coasts of Scotland, was 751,975, which, allowing 1,000 herrings to a barrel, gives the enormous total of 751,975,000 herrings taken in one year off the coast of Scotland alone. Of those employed in the herring fisheries, we find that there are in Scotland, 91,189 fishermen, &c., employed, using 11,251 boats; and if we add to these such as are indirectly employed, namely, the boat-builders, sail-makers, rope-makers, mast-makers, salt-makers, grocers, carters, porters, shipowners, sailors, and other trades, we may gain some idea of the almost incalculable value to the nation of the prosperity of this fishery.

We will now quote from one of Mr. Mitchell's papers an extract describing the mode of curing herrings:—

The herrings being brought in the boats alongside the quay, or near the curing place are lifted with wooden shovels into a wooden measure without a bottom, called a cran (which measure is branded by the fishery officer, and must contain thirty-six gallons). The cran is previously placed on the cart, or place where the herrings are to be delivered, and upon lifting up the measure, the same having no bottom, the herrings are thereby emptied out of it without the trouble of tumbling them out, as would have to be the case if it had a bottom. The herrings are then conveyed to the curing yard, or shed, and are placed in square pits or in heaps; they are then gutted (almost always now in Scotland with a knife) by taking out the gills and stomach, and those who cure in imitation of the Dutch leave the appendices *cæci*, or crown gut, as it is considered to impart a richer flavour to the herring; they are then roosed (sprinkled with salt), and, thereafter, those employed in packing put a quantity of salt in the bottom of the barrel, and a layer of herrings is then closely laid together on their sides (if in imitation of the Dutch, nearly on their backs); and alternately a portion of salt and a layer of herrings, until the barrel is properly packed. After remaining three or four days, the barrel is again opened, when the herrings are found floating in pickle; the superabundant pickle is poured off, and an additional quantity of herrings to fill up the cask is packed in; a quantity of salt is then laid on the top of all, and the barrel is headed up, and it is then ready for branding. According to the existing fishery laws, such barrels must be marked to show the month and day the herrings were taken, cured, and packed, and the mode of gutting, and the year, as well as the name and residence of the curer (p. 251).

But in connection with the herring fishery, perhaps the most important part is the history of its gradual development, to which we will now call the attention of our readers.

As early as A.D. 240, we find mention made of fish as a chief article of food in the Hebrides; but whether or not these were herrings, we cannot pretend to say. The herring fishery of Great Yarmouth is supposed by Swinden to have commenced soon after the landing of Cedric the Saxon, in 495; and he states that the Church of St. Bennet was built upon the Greenhill, "and a godly man placed in it, to pray for the health and success of the fishermen that came to fish at Yarmouth in the herring season" (p. 131).

In the year A.D. 1138, we find mention made of the herring as an article of food and commerce in Scotland, in David I.'s charter to the Abbey of Holyrood. The

earliest parliamentary mention of herrings in Scotland is in A.D. 1240.

In England herrings are again mentioned in certain privileges granted to Yarmouth by Henry I., and in Edward I.'s reign there was a *herring fair* held at Yarmouth forty days; and by the same king was granted a charter for land at Carleton, in Norfolk, "by the service of twenty-four pasties of fresh herrings at their first coming in."

In the reign of Edward III. (A.D. 1357) is the first "Statute of Herrings" made for the regulation of the fishing and sale of herrings.

An Act of James I. of Scotland (A.D. 1424) regulates the custom to be paid on exported herrings; and we find such Act repeated, with additions and amendments, in several succeeding reigns. Among these Acts the most injurious clauses are those that prevent the fish from being cured before brought to land, and hinder the foreign sale until the home consumption is supplied.

In the reign of Charles I. measures were taken to prevent strangers, principally Dutch, from fishing in our shores; a measure much needed if we believe the following statement of an eye-witness:—

I was an eye-witness of the Hollander-Busses fishing for herrings in the coast of Shetland, not far from the Unst. . . . I was informed that the fleet consisted of 1,600 sail, and that there were twenty waffers, as they called them, which were ships carrying about twenty guns each, being the convoys of the fleet of busses, which said busses were of the burden of about 80 tons (p. 161).

In the year 1661, at the suggestion of Charles II., the Scotch Parliament passed an Act "for fishing and erecting of companies for promoting of the same." In the same reign two English "Royal" companies were formed for the herring fishery, but neither proved successful; and William III., through his desire to protect his own countrymen, rather discouraged such attempts.

In the reign of Queen Anne (A.D. 1704) a very liberal enactment is passed, throwing open the fisheries to all subjects, and restraining such enactments as compulsory "nights' fishing," &c.; ordering the brand of the curer's name to be placed on all barrels; and allowing a bounty on each last of herrings.

The union of the two countries in A.D. 1707, had a very injurious effect upon the herring fishery, on account of the high duties on salt then introduced, and the want of legislative protection and encouragement; but soon, by its innate vitality, we find it renewing its development.

In the year 1749, George II., when opening Parliament, pointed out the great value of the herring fishery; upon which a committee was appointed, and information was sought, and numbers of pamphlets were written on the subject, and eventually a society was formed under His Majesty's charter; but this also failed, partly through the death of its chief promoter, the Prince of Wales. Other Acts were passed doing more or less good, until, in 1786, was formed and incorporated the "British Fishery Society," "to extend the fisheries, and improve the sea coasts of the kingdom," which has done most essential service, and been of the greatest use in affording facilities for the prosecution of the herring fishery.

It is impossible for us to enter into a detailed account of the operations of this society, which Mr. Mitchell has given so ably, and at such length; and yet it is only in the detail, and in its admirable suggestions and plans, that the real working of the society can be known; we therefore of necessity now bring our paper to a close, and we must thank our author for one of the most exhaustive and satisfactory books that for a long time we have had the good fortune to read.

NOT DEAD YET.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFERSON,

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER LIII.

MR. NEWBOLT AND IDA HAVE IT OUT.

MR. NEWBOLT and Ida "had it out" in the drawing-room in the following fashion:—

"Sit down, Ida; I want a few words with you," said the master of the Clock House, as soon as his daughter had joined him. "Of course, you don't want to be told what I am going to speak about?"

"I presume you have something to tell me about Edward—about Mr. Smith," replied the lady, seating herself, and wondering if the beats of her heart were audible to her father.

For the moment that heart was agitated by fear, for Ida, like every other member of the giant's household, stood in salutary awe of the great man. Abounding in rough kindness and impulsive generosity, John Harrison Newbolt was cordially beloved by his children and servants, but they also feared him. True, indeed—as this history has before remarked—his character had many amiable features, and they were always more conspicuous to the inmates of his house than his less agreeable qualities; but every person on the premises, from Ida to the scullery-maid, from Philip Turvey to under-gardener's boy, knew that the member for Harling *could* be angry, and that under great provocation his anger was terrible to witness—terrible to endure. It was very seldom that he gave way to wrath at Muswell Hill; but his domestics, even if they had never personally seen him in a state of explosion, felt instinctively that he was a man whom they had better not offend; and, from newspaper reports of their master's sayings and doings at Westminster and the City, they could prove that "when master's blood was up, he knew how to let out right and left."

Never in all his life had John Harrison Newbolt spoken a harsh word to Ida; but so satisfied was she that he would be incensed at Edward's proposal—she had prepared herself to hear from him an outbreak of indignation at the young artist's audacity, and even to receive a good scolding for the countenance which she had given to his presumption.

Greatly surprised, therefore, was she when a smile of intense amusement and exultation took possession of his face.

"Yes, I have had a long talk with our young friend," rejoined the member for Harling, the smile growing in size and power, and covering his forehead and chin, as well as his lips and eyes, "and a stronger case of love at first sight never came to my knowledge. He actually fell in love with her before ever he had spoken a word to her! The little miss has reason to be proud of herself—at least, she will have reason to be proud when she learns all about it."

"Then you mean to write to her, papa?" inquired Ida, feeling her way with astonishment and uncertainty.

"Bless you, we mayn't tell her yet—not till she is safely married. If we told her now, who could say what might be the consequence? It is possible that she might fall in love with him a great deal too soon for my purpose."

"Tell me exactly what has passed between you and Edward."

"No occasion to do that. You know all that I know. He told me that he had spoken to you (it is quite natural and right for him to do so, since you are a mother rather than a sister to Flo), and that he had been referred by you to me."

Ida did not think it time to say that she knew much more than her father; so she was silent.

"You look as if you were at a funeral!" continued John Harrison Newbolt. "There's nothing to be grave about. Surely you can appreciate the joke?"

"It is no joke to Mr. Smith. I am thinking of him."

"You don't want to be troubling yourself about him. The interview has been most satisfactory. He is a most honourable, high-minded young man."

"That he is!"

"I told him so; and we parted on the best possible terms—the best terms imaginable."

"I am very glad to hear you say so," returned Ida, beginning to think that her father had learnt more than she had instructed Edward to tell him. "Then, I hope, dear papa, you approve of the part I have taken?"

"Approve of it? How can I do otherwise? My dear, you have behaved admirably. The judgment, good taste, right feeling which you have displayed in this matter are beyond all praise. My dear Ida, in the course of your life you never disappointed me. I wish I could say as much for all my children. Your views and mine on this subject are identical."

"I am very, *very* glad to hear you say so. Oh, papa, Flo will be very happy."

"Happy? Of course she'll be very happy. I intend her to be so. But we must be careful to keep this foolish affair from her for some time. It would be a thousand pities if she knew it too soon. We mayn't run any risks. Mind that. If you told it to her as a good bit of fun, she might take it in earnest, and then there would be a pretty kettle of fish. Just fancy what trouble we should be in, if she took it into her head to marry him! Imagine our Flo nothing more than a mere working painter's wife! The bare suggestion makes my blood boil."

"Then you have declined Mr. Smith's proposal?"

"Declined? Of course, I did. You made sure I should reject it, didn't you?" returned Mr. Newbolt, raising his voice with surprise.

"Yes," returned Ida, calmly; "I expected you to decline it; but, of course, with every possible consideration for his feelings."

"I tell you I treated him with the greatest kindness and respect. Some men would have acted otherwise. Some men in my position would have sent him off with a flea in his ear; but, of course, I showed him the most delicate consideration. Thank Heaven, there's nothing like purse-pride or class-insolence in my nature. I never so much as hinted that some fathers in my condition of life would have felt themselves insulted. No, no! John Harrison Newbolt never forgets that he was once no more than a poor office-boy, living on a few shillings a-week. What the—do you mean, Ida? What more did you expect of me? What more *do* you expect of me?"

"I expect you, dear papa," answered Ida, slowly, speaking in rich, deep tones, "to reconsider your answer to Mr. Smith, and ere many days have passed to tell him that deep affection for Flo—deep affection which makes you place her happiness before all other considerations—has decided you to accept him as a son-in-law. Dear papa, I expect you to make this sacrifice of personal ambition, because I know how high-minded a man and how loving a father you are."

"Good Heavens, Ida! you confound me; you are mad!" exclaimed Mr. Newbolt, bounding up from his chair, and throwing himself back into it again.

The member for Harling was accustomed to predicate madness of all people who presumed to differ from him. Either he was in error, or there must have been a vast number of insane persons going at large in the year 1847, without the surveillance of keepers.

"I expected this of you, dear father, and for many

reasons," continued Ida, speaking in the same rich, solemn tone, and feeling that if her words failed to bring her father over to her side, her voice would have at least a transient influence. "I know you to be loving and tender to all your children—to our darling Flo more than any other of them. I know you to be a brave, and, in the very best way, a *proud* man, who would disdain to think for one instant of the world's opinion and the world's idle talk, when deciding on a question affecting the welfare of your dearest child. I know, too, dear father, that you have yourself experienced the anguish of those who are opposed by dearest household friends on subjects affecting the strongest feelings of their hearts. You can remember what the smart was when your love for my second mother—Flo's own mother—did not meet with unreserved sympathy from those who, next to her, were the dearest objects of your love."

Ida knew that she was treading upon delicate ground.

She wished to remind her father of the opposition which he had encountered from his own children and his first wife's relations when he decided to make a second marriage. She wished to remind him of that period and its sorrow, because she deemed that the memory of his own trouble would soften him, and make him slow to oppose his darling child, even as he had been opposed by his own children. Moreover, remembering how her own conduct had on that occasion differed from the course of her sisters and her mother's relations; and knowing that his recollection of the attitude which she had assumed to her step-mother was a chief cause of her great power over him, she wished to remind him how her womanly sympathy with Flo resembled in some degree her childish sympathy with him—at a time of domestic contention. She knew that the purpose she had at heart would require for its achievement the entire force of her influence over the stormy, impulsive man; and its entire force she was resolved to employ for the attainment of her object. At the same time, she did not wish to rest long on a topic the memory of which might revive in her father's breast slumbering sentiments of ill-will towards his married daughters.

So, when she spoke of that old rankling trouble of her father's life, her voice faltered, and her expressions were less clear.

"I remember; I know what you wish to say—but can't say. Spare yourself trouble. I understand you," said the father.

After a brief pause, he added, "But there is no question of offering opposition to Flo. I have only decided to refuse my consent to that young artist's preposterous demand. At present Flo has no knowledge of his folly. You talk as if she were in love with him!"

"Father," answered Ida, "she *is* in love with him; she *does* love him."

John Harrison Newbolt rose from his chair. His face was first white, then scarlet, in another instant it was purple. A light of sudden and furious anger ran from his keen, black eyes; and clenching his right fist, he struck it out into the air, as though he were felling a man who had offered him unpardonable insult.

Very terrible was the great man to Ida at that moment.

"Father," said the brave woman in mild, clear accents, "sit down, and do not frighten me. Why should you be cruel to me, who love you dearly? I have much to tell you, much you ought to know, and moreover ought to learn from no lips but mine. Rather than terrify me, dear father, help me to do my duty—to yourself and to Flo."

As she thus spoke, the tears stood in her eyes; but her voice was not broken by a sob.

"I am listening," returned the father, quelled by the entreaty so far that he again seated himself. But signs of mental agony were visible in the lines of his face.

"Promise me, dear father, to sit there quietly," continued Ida, "and to hear me out. I know I shall give

you pain, and every word from my lips that stabs your heart will cut clean through my own. Do be patient with me, and do not add to my suffering. Oh, do be good to me."

"Go on," returned the father, not fiercely, but quickly; not angrily, but still sharply; "I will not interrupt you. I will not move from this chair, or speak a word, till you have told me your tale out. Be quick. Don't keep me waiting; I, too, am on the rack."

For half a minute Ida was silent, preparing herself for the effort required of her.

Then she told her tale steadily; in short, broken sentences, but without faltering.

And without speaking, but by short, quick breathings, and by twitchings of lips and fingers, and by unaltering brightness of indignant eyes, showing how greatly he was incensed by his daughter's revelations, John Harrison Newbolt sat in his chair and heard Ida's full and unreserved statement.

He received the clear proofs that Flo loved Edward, and that her illness had been caused by her love and her efforts to conceal it. He was told of all that had passed between the sisters during Flo's last night at home; and Ida was equally frank and truthful with regard to all that had passed between her and Edward.

"Is that all? Have I heard all?" asked the giant, when Ida ceased to speak.

"All—all, dear father," answered Ida, breaking into tears, now that she had accomplished the task which she had nerved herself to perform. "Dear father, say that you love me; that if you think I have done wrong, you believe I meant to do right; and that you forgive me."

"I will try to forgive you," returned the father, hoarsely; "I do love you, and I will try to forgive you. There, leave me now. I have heard enough to-night. To-morrow I will speak to you again. Leave me,—instantly."

Ida had not courage to approach her father, and give him his usual nightly salute.

So, like a cowed school-girl, she left the room, retiring from her father's presence without kissing him.

CHAPTER LIV.

MR. NEWBOLT PUTS FLO'S CASE IN A NUTSHELL.

ON the following morning, when Ida entered the breakfast-room, she was accosted by Mr. Philip Turvey.

"Mr. Newbolt 'ave gone hout for the day, Miss Newbolt. He went hout just ten minutes since, hand he left word that he should dine hout, hand not return till late. He'll let hisself in with the latch-key, and nobody is to set up for him. Shall Thomas bring in the hurn?"

"Yes," returned Ida, with self-possession, as if the butler's announcement had no interest for her. "I am quite ready for breakfast."

Whereupon Ida sat down alone at the breakfast-table, and, though she had no appetite for the meal, made pretence of being inclined for a hearty breakfast. For she deemed that if she fasted, or showed signs of annoyance at her father's sudden departure from the Clock House, the servants would fancy that something untoward had happened, and in making guesses at what that something was, might hit upon the truth. "Flo would die of shame, and I should wish to run away," thought the lady, "if the servants were to get an inkling of what has occurred. Louisa is a good, right-minded woman, and Philip is almost like one of our own blood; but it would almost kill me to know that they even suspected the true state of affairs. As it is, I have so managed matters that it is impossible for them to have even the vaguest notion of what is going on." So, in the hope of keeping the servants in ignorance that there was a difference betwixt herself and her father, Ida put

three pieces of toast in the pocket of her morning-dress, and hacked about the cold ribs of beef so ingeniously, that any observer less sagacious than Philip Turvey, half an hour after the lady left the breakfast-room, would have been induced to think that she had helped herself liberally to the joint. But the artifice did not impose on the Grand Vizier. "She 'ave hate nothink," he confidentially observed to Miss Louisa Martin, when he had seen Thomas remove the breakfast things. "She broke two eggs, but the state of the slop-bason are such that my heye sore at a glance where the yelks went; and she 'acked about the cold roast; but if Philip Turvey be not labouring hunder a misapprehension, a pair of kitchen scales would show she 'aven't hate a morsel hof the prime cut. Three bits of toast har gone, but where to, I ham not so clear. I'll be bound that J. H. N. went on hawfil last night. As he turned out of the 'all door this morning, he frowned for all the world like the statler of Eracles that stands nigh the fish-pond."

"He'll come round," suggested Miss Louisa, hopelessly. "Of course, he takes on at first, but he'll come round."

"Will he?" replied the Grand Vizier, shaking his head. "You don't know him as well as hi do. Let me tell you once for all, Miss Louisa, John Harrison isn't of a sort as comes round. Oh, why couldn't that young hartist, which hi have heddicated as though he were my hown son, why couldn't he have waited till he were a Har Hay!"

Consistently carrying out her plan of blinding the servants, Ida wore a calm and cheerful face throughout the day, attending service at Hornsey Church both in the morning and the afternoon, and dining at six o'clock in great state, just as she would have done had her father been with her. Fortunately, her appetite had so far returned with the dinner hour, that she was able to play her part creditably under the eyes of Mr. Turvey, who stood behind her chair, speaking little but thinking much, like one of Mr. Leech's famous cabmen.

In the evening, the poor lady enjoyed the sacred pieces which she played upon the piano; but she made no attempt to sing.

While she sat at her piano, Mr. Newbolt was drinking claret at the Reform Club. And when she, right glad that the day had come to an end, retired to rest, the member for Harling was in the smoking-room of that hospitable mansion.

The father and daughter breakfasted together on the following morning.

However, well or ill, the member for Harling had spent the Sunday, he had calmed down during the twenty-four hours. His wrath had subsided in a great degree, and before he seated himself for his breakfast on Monday, he kissed his child. It was a cold, hard, stony kiss, but still it was a kiss, and Ida was grateful for it.

He spoke little during breakfast, but he deigned to ask Ida how often she attended Divine service, and whether the Clock House was honoured with many callers on the preceding day. To this latter inquiry answer was made that two gentlemen had called, and finding that the master of the house was absent, went away, after giving Mr. Turvey their cards; and when Ida had stated that she paid two visits to Hornsey Church, the member for Harling put some inquiries as to what horses she had used for the drive, and what persons were present at the congregations. But it was a stiff, formal, comfortless breakfast for Ida—not more enjoyable than the make-believe repast of the day before.

The meal at an end, John Harrison Newbolt, in a firm, harsh, grating voice—the voice which he used when he transacted unpleasant business in the City—a voice very different from the loud, jovial tones with which the dining-room of the Clock House was familiar

—said, "Now, Ida, be attentive. I wish to speak to you before I go to the City; I wish once for all to speak to you about the disagreeable subject on which we had some words the other evening. As I never wish to revert in words to that preposterous and offensive business, I require you to give good heed to every syllable that falls from my lips. Are you at liberty to give me your best attention?"

"Of course I am, dear father."

"I need not tell you that I think you have behaved very foolishly and reprehensibly. I have been fool enough to delude myself into thinking you altogether superior to other women. That was my fault, not yours—I don't lay it to your door. I was a fool, and I acknowledge it. Don't be frightened; I don't say that I shall never again place confidence in you; on the contrary, I am going to trust you once more. I believe you to be a very clever and a very good woman; what's more, I acknowledge that you have always been a very loving and dutiful child; but all women are stark mad, as soon as their romantic, sentimental notions are brought out by a love-affair, and you (though you are no worse) are just as bad as all your tribe. You asked me to forgive you for your incredible folly. Well, from my heart I forgive you; there. But now you must obey me. I am going to lay upon you some express injunctions. I suppose I may count on your obedience?"

"I will obey you, papa, to the best of my ability."

"Good! You've promised; I want no more, for your word is like my own—once given, it is never broken."

Ida trembled, and her heart grew cold, for she did not know to what she had pledged herself; and she longed but dreaded to hear her father's "express injunctions."

"I have decided to break off all intercourse with our young artist. This morning I shall write to him from the City, taking leave of him in very friendly, but still very decided terms. I shall send him a good round cheque as a farewell gift; but I shall say to him, 'You must keep out of my way for a good long time to come. Some years hence, I may wish to know you again; but until you hear from me, you must bear yourself to me and my family as though you had never known us.' That's what I shall say to him. Mind me, I don't find fault with what he has done. He's a fine-hearted, honest young fellow, and I don't shut my eyes to the unquestionable fact that he, anyhow for a time, tried to behave in this manner with the finest sense of honour."

"He has throughout acted most honourably," interposed Ida, firmly.

"Well, well, I will try to think so, notwithstanding his success in getting you over to his side, and notwithstanding the fact that Flo has conceived a foolish hankering for him. Those are two very ugly facts against him. Still I will regard them charitably. I don't doubt that in the first instance he meant to behave as you believe he has done, and I give him full credit for doing his best not to abuse the confidence I placed in him. If during the last few months he has been less vigilant, as well as less successful, in his attempts to hide from Flo and yourself the state of his feelings, I can make ample allowance for the very trying circumstances in which he was placed; and I am free to admit that not one young man in a thousand, in his place and with his opportunities, would on the whole have taken so straightforward and manly a course. You see I impute no ill to him."

"If you ever do," blurted out Ida, "you will be guilty of great injustice."

"Indeed!" retorted the father, sharply. "But I'll be frank with you. If you wish me to think ill of him, and entertain painful suspicions as to his honesty and fair dealing in this matter, you had better continue to show that sort of womanly, frantic zeal in his behalf, which

makes you fly to his defence, before any one has attacked him. I don't suspect any deliberate wrong of him *at present*; the worst I can *now* find in me to charge him with is indiscretion; but, mark me, you have it in your power to lower him for ever in my opinion. If ever I am his enemy, the enmity will have been sown by you."

This menace went to Ida's heart. She saw that by too warm advocacy she might seriously injure Edward. She saw also that seeds of suspicion and enmity towards the artist had already been sown, ay, were already germinating, in her father's breast, although he endeavoured to persuade himself that he was prepared to think generously of the young man.

Seeing this, Ida said more in Edward's praise.

"But I don't want to argue with you, but to give my orders," continued the father, laying aside the tone of irritation which marked his last speech, and resuming his hard voice and business manner. "As my intercourse with the young man will be at an end from this day for a good while to come, you will not write to him again; and if you encounter him in public or in society, you will confine yourself to the most formal salutations, and treat him with the coldest sort of politeness. I don't ask you to cut him; but I mean you to be nothing more than ordinary distant acquaintances—whenever you chance to meet. You needn't fear that he'll trouble you. He will soon be out of the country; we shall soon be on our trip to Scotland; so there will not be any occasion for an encounter. Of course when I write to him this morning, I shall tell him that I have ordered you not to write to him."

The master of the Clock House paused, glancing at Ida, as though he wished her to answer.

But the lady was silent.

"You understand me?" he inquired.

"Quite."

"This morning," continued John Harrison Newbolt, "you will collect together all things in the way of property—paints, brushes, drawings, books, and such like articles—which Mr. Smith has left behind him in this house, and you'll cause them to be put in my dressing-room. Philip Turvey will pack them and send them to Furnival's Inn. You will also make Turvey remove the young man's paintings, 'For Ever' and 'Waiting' to my dressing-room. I will put them out of sight myself. When Flo returns after her autumn trip, there is not to be an article, a chattel, in the house that can remind her of the young man, and of her folly. If she is left to herself, she'll forget him and grow heartily ashamed of her weakness and girlish absurdity; but I won't have a single stick left in the place that can by any possibility recall him to her fancy. You will carry out these directions?"

"I have promised to obey you, father."

"And now,—about Flo?"

"Yes," responded the sister eagerly, "about Flo?"

"You are pleased to regard her illness as having been caused by her preposterous fondness for that young man?"

"I do."

"But I know better. There's nothing about which you women know less than woman's nature; and you are blundering in this matter, not unnaturally; for you are nothing more than a woman at heart, though you are stronger than most of your sex in head. The girl's folly didn't put her out of health; on the contrary, her illness brought about the folly. Girls of her age often fall ill with nervousness, and hysterics, and all that sort of thing; and when they get out of sorts, they take all kinds of foolish notions into their heads. Ay, you see? She lost strength, became unwell (very possible from those cursed paints, beastly things!—Marlowe is right about them after all!); and then, out of sheer bodily and mental weakness, she conceived a romantic hankering for that young

fellow. The best girls are capable of such insanity, when they are at her age. I know them! Of course this fancy made her worse. So far, your version of the affair is right. There's her case put in a nutshell; and when the country, and Scotland, and strengthening medicine have set her up again, she will see her conduct in its right light, will be thoroughly ashamed of it, and in heart thank us for having saved her from the greatest blunder it is possible for a woman to make."

"Do you wish me to tell her this?"

Mr. Newbolt paused for half a minute; and then he asked—

"Is there any need for you to speak to her again about this matter?"

"I *must* speak to her," Ida answered emphatically, turning very pale as she spoke the words.

"Well, then, let her know exactly *what* I think, and *how* I mean to act. You will be better able than I to show her my mind, ay, far better than myself," returned John Newbolt, who, having fully satisfied himself that Flo's happiness was his chief object, knew that he meant to act with extreme firmness, and even harshness (if harshness should be necessary) towards her; but, notwithstanding his stern decision, was well pleased that Ida should be the instrument through which his hard control over his favourite child should be exercised. "Yes, you will tell her exactly what I have said. Mind, speak plainly to her. Say that I shall never directly or indirectly mention the subject to her, and that I forbid her to mention Mr. Smith's name to me on any pretence whatever. Let her know that I regard her folly as the result of deranged health; that if I did not so regard it, I should be compelled to think her guilty of something far worse than folly, guilty of actual indelicacy. You will make her feel that I pity her as an invalid; but that if I were not convinced that ill-health had caused her unseemly want of control over her feelings, I should be intensely shocked and indignant. Mind me, you are to carry out my orders completely."

"She shall not speak to you on this subject until you permit her," returned Ida. "Have you any further wishes?"

"Yes, one more wish, one other *order*. The same injunction which I am about to lay on Flo through you, I now by my own lips lay on you. Never, unless you are ready to forfeit my affection, mention Mr. Edward Smith's name in my hearing. If it were possible for you to obey me, I would order you never to think about him; but I am not an unreasonable man. I only require of you what you are able to perform. There, I have done now."

So saying, Mr. Newbolt rose from his seat at the breakfast-table.

Seeing him about to leave her, Ida also rose from her chair.

"Father, dear father," she said.

"Well?" he exclaimed, sharply. "Whatever you want to say, say it quickly. My time is growing short. I must be off to the City."

"Do not be cruel to us—to me and Flo. We shall not be the only sufferers if you do not relent; you will suffer also, and work woe which you will bitterly repent."

"Tut! no nonsense!" returned John Harrison Newbolt, giving his daughter a glance which silenced her, and made her tremble with fear; brave woman and loving daughter though she was.

CHAPTER LV.

EDWARD'S DISMISSAL.

TOWARDS the close of that same Monday, Edward Smith received from Mr. Newbolt an envelope containing a letter and a cheque.

The cheque was for five hundred pounds.

The letter was meant to appear to the reader both kind and cordial. It stated Mr. Newbolt's pain at learning from Ida that Flo, as well as the artist, entertained hopes the fulfilment of which her father could never sanction. It expressed warm approval of Edward's delicate and honourable conduct throughout the term of his intimacy at the Clock House, and it contained assurances that the writer's high opinion of his young friend was in no way lessened by recent occurrences. It even put forth hopes that the writer and the recipient of the letter might, after the lapse of two or three years, renew their familiar intercourse; but it intimated in the plainest terms that for a time their intercourse was at an end. The writer would cause any things belonging to Edward which might be found at Muswell, to be forwarded without delay to Furnival's Inn. A postscript added that Ida had been forbidden to hold communication with the artist, who, also in the postscript, was entreated to accept the cheque, as a token of regard from a sincere well-wisher, and to lose no time in removing himself to Rome.

Three and four times the young man re-read the letter, which, notwithstanding its many expressions of approbation and cordial feeling, was hard, stern, cruel, insulting.

Having so perused and re-perused the epistle, he sat in deep, bitter thought for one entire hour. After which period of meditation, the young artist opened his desk, and penned the following reply to his correspondent:—

Furnival's Inn, Monday afternoon.
DEAR SIR,—As in time past, so also for the future, I will do my utmost to comply with your wishes, since I feel sure that by endeavouring to please you, I shall be acting in the manner most likely to conduce to the happiness of Miss Florence. My own happiness I hold as nothing as compared with hers. Do remember this; do deign to bear in mind that whatever may be her lot I shall love her till death, and after death, if God shall permit me to do so. I return you the cheque which I am sure you were impelled to send me by kind motives. You will not, I hope, think that false pride, or any other contemptible feeling, decides me to decline it. Indeed, I am grateful to you for offering it to me, and shall ever remember with gratitude the kindnesses and many generous acts you have done to—Your obliged friend, EDWARD SMITH.

This note, together with the cheque, Edward enclosed in an envelope, and forthwith consigned to the post.

Late in the evening, after Edward had lit his lamp, Rupert entered the studio.

At an early hour of the day the butterfly barrister had received from Edward a full account of all that had transpired at the Clock House on the previous Saturday; and as soon as he had taken a seat, Mr. Newbolt's letter was put into his hand.

"It decides my fate," observed Edward, when Rupert, after reading the letter, leisurely returned it to him.

"I am afraid it does," replied Rupert.

"I know it does," rejoined the artist, gruffly.

"What answer are you going to make?"

"I have sent my answer already."

"Umph?"

"You would like to know what I said?"

"Of course I should."

Whereupon Edward, who had good cause to remember every syllable of his answer, repeated his letter in a low, stern voice. He thought he spoke in his customary tones.

"Good! but had I been in your place, I could not have written in that mild strain," said Rupert, when he had heard the letter repeated from beginning to end, word for word. "With all its compliments and amicable professions, his letter is brutally insolent; brutally insulting."

"My heart tells me I did right."

"Yes, you were right; but I couldn't have done it."

"Had I written on the spur of the moment, I should have returned insult for insult. But I took time to

consider. You know, Rupert, she told me to be patient under every provocation."

"I understand; the recollection of that saved you?"

"Yes, that saved me."

A pause.

After which Rupert, in a lighter tone, asked, "How much was the cheque for?"

"Five hundred pounds."

"Whew!" whistled the barrister; and then he added,

"What a large sum!"

"Yes, it is a large sum; what of that?"

"I must do the old fellow the justice to say that he throws his money about like a prince. In pecuniary matters he's a thorough trump."

"Is it so very hard for a rich man to give away money which he wants neither for comfort nor ambition?"

"Many rich men can't part with a sixpence without groaning. Old Slingsby, the richest man I know (he must be worth half a million at the very least) always has the cheapest sherry at the Rhododendron, and never indulges himself with that, except on occasions of festivity. He plays whist, and likes to play for high points; but he wouldn't touch a card if he didn't know how to turn his weakest suit into money."

"Well, it didn't cost me a pang to return the cheque."

"Of course not. You did the honourable thing, Ned."

"You mean," retorted Edward, his eyes flashing as he spoke, "I did not do what was dishonourable."

"Put it in that way, if you like. But I wish you hadn't had to sacrifice so much."

"Why so?"

"You have the satisfaction of knowing that you acted properly. Good! Had you kept the money, no sum would have compensated you for the humiliating consciousness of having acted otherwise. I know that also. Good again! But you see, you would have had just the same satisfaction if the cheque had been for a smaller amount, say a cool hundred."

"Well?"

"In which case you would have had the same satisfaction for a hundred pounds. I like to buy my pleasures cheap. And four hundred pounds is a prodigious sum to save on such a bargain."

"Pshaw! I am in no humour for fooling," retorted Edward, angrily.

It was an unlucky thing for Edward that he could not see how radically different he and his friend were in moral character. Fruitful of much trouble was the artist's simple conviction that at heart Rupert was quite as honest, and generous, and good as himself—indeed, was exactly like himself. Whatever meanness the butterfly barrister was guilty of in act or speech, the artist always regarded it as an outbreak of that perverse humour which made him delight to represent himself as worldly and false, whereas he was (in the artist's opinion) guileless and noble. This mistaken view, and this strange habit of misreading genuine signs of character (those signs which betray the most consummate hypocrite to observant and patiently-watching eyes), blinded Edward to the true nature of his familiar friend at times when he would otherwise have detected his actual worthlessness.

The rarity of Christian charity is a source of evil. Sometimes an excess of that same charity works evil also.

Deeming it best to take no notice of Edward's sharp rejoinder, Rupert took out his cigar-case and lit a cigar.

When he had smoked two-thirds of it in silence, he threw the stump into the fireplace, and then paced three times up and down the roomy studio.

"Yes, old boy," he observed, sitting down by the artist after he had thus crossed and re-crossed the room, "there's just no hope for you."

"We must be off to Rome, as soon as we can," answered Edward, gruffly.

"Yes! I am making preparations for a start."

"What preparations?"

"A purse of money, for one thing."

"Don't trouble about that, Rupert; I have enough in hand to pay our way with for more than a year; and I suppose we can earn bread and salt in any city of the civilised world."

Edward said so; but secretly he did not look on Rupert as one who would help to win the bread and salt.

"That's all well, Ned," returned the barrister; "but I hope to leave England with a small fund of my own; and I am making arrangements to get it."

A pause.

"Perhaps, when we are away, she will outgrow her feeling for me, and learn to love some man who has a better right than I to claim her for a wife," was Edward's next speech. "You see she is very young; and as I have never myself told her how I care for her, perhaps her affection for me is only a passing fancy—one that may die out and be replaced by a stronger, deeper, fuller love for a man more worthy of her. I hope it may be so."

"You hope it may be so?"

"Ay, to be sure. Nothing better could happen than that she should forget me."

"Would you like to think her fickle?"

"I can never think her that," was the reply; "I am only hoping that she may not love me so much as I love her. That is all. If her love should be equal to mine, her wretchedness will also equal mine. God save her from that."

He paused for half a minute; and then sighing a sob at its birth, he suddenly turned a pair of bright eyes up to his friend's, and added, "Indeed, I think most of her. I try to think *only* of her; I *won't* care about myself. My disappointment and grief are nothing, if she can be happy. Don't you see?"

Rupert did see.

And the right hands of those two men joined in strong grasp, as for a few moments they gazed at each other.

In Edward's eyes tears were just visible.

But bright drops ran down Rupert's cheeks.

Another pause.

"But," resumed Edward in something like his ordinary voice, "we can't leave England till poor Mr. Buckmaster is better or—"

"We must remain, of course, till he has recovered or passed away. He will need you daily by his bedside."

"I saw Dr. Fielding to-day; he does not look cheerfully on the case."

"I saw him this evening," returned Rupert; "and though he spoke cautiously—as doctors always do, when there is an especial reason why they should speak out frankly; and I can see that in his heart he thinks that the old man's end is not far distant."

"Mr. Buckmaster is a good man, and has no fear of death," Edward observed solemnly.

Ten minutes later the artist broke another silence by saying, "There, go away now, old boy; I must be alone. I can't bear to have even you with me to-night."

"Good-night, Ned; and God bless you," answered the sympathising friend; "I'll step in and see how you are to-morrow."

Having said which words, Rupert lit another cigar, and went away, leaving the artist to the companionship of sorrow.

Edward had not much sleep that night.

The next day a box was delivered at his chambers by the Parcels Delivery Company.

It had been sent from the Clock House; and when the artist opened it, he found amongst its contents a folio of crayon sketches which he had lent Flo; a box of colours which Flo had used; a book of engravings which Flo had admired; half-a-dozen brushes which Flo

had handled; a treatise on Italian art which Flo had read.

These things he selected from the other contents of the box, and put aside as memorials of departed joy, of brief joy that had closed in deepest gloom.

(To be continued.)

CHILDREN OF LIGHT.

THE children of God are the children of light. They possess spiritual light. Their minds are enlightened from on high. They have been taught by the Holy Spirit. God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, has shined in their hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. They were sometime darkness, but now are they light in the Lord. God has called them out of darkness into his marvellous light. Old things have passed away: all things have become new. Their views of things have undergone great changes. Some things which they once loved, they now hate; and some things which they once hated, they now love. Some things towards which they were once indifferent, they are now interested in. They do not put so high a value on some things as formerly they did. Their lives have now a different aim.

These things being so, that is an astounding statement in God's Word: "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." Those who are blinded in their minds by the god of this world, upon whom the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ has not shined, who walk according to the course of this world, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind; who have never tasted the good Word of God, and the powers of the world to come; who do not see things in the light of eternity; who have no higher motives than those which time and sense furnish to influence their conduct; who, in comparison with the things of salvation, grasp but baubles, and chase only shadows—these, the children of this world, are in their lives wiser, manifest more wisdom in their pursuits, than the children of light.

Let it be understood that when wisdom is ascribed to the children of this world, mere worldly wisdom is meant. The children of this world are wiser in worldly matters than are the children of light in matters of the soul's welfare. However foolish and short-sighted any child of God may be in his Christian walk, and work, and warfare, the true wisdom which he has nevertheless manifested in obeying the Gospel, is not at all to be brought into comparison with the forethought and prudence of the shrewdest worldling. No unbeliever, however far-seeing he may be in things of time, in the world's estimation, can properly be called wise.

By reference to a few particulars the truth in the Scripture under consideration will be clearly seen.

The children of this world show great wisdom in reference to their possessions. They know what they can call their own. They are not satisfied with any other than good titles to property. Now, how many Christians there are who cannot say that they have a good title to eternal possessions! How many are filled with doubt in this matter all their lives! How few make their calling and election sure! How few can say what Paul says in 2 Cor. v. 1. They foolishly postpone from time to time

the all-important business of looking after their heavenly inheritance. In too many cases amongst professors of religion there is no certainty at all of an interest in Christ, but only a vague expectation of good. Too many Christians are very careless about things beyond this life. By this neglect they rob themselves of that abundant peace and consolation which they might enjoy. They are not wise.

And not only in securing good titles, but in improving every means to ascertain what their possessions are worth, the children of this world are wiser than the children of light. Men of the world, when they come into possession of anything that is of very great value, think no pains too great to find out how rich they are. All the treasures of the world are not to be compared with the believer's riches in Christ, and yet many Christians interest themselves very little to know what their true riches are. God has put into the hands of his children the precious Bible to show them how great their wealth in salvation is, and yet this Book of books is neglected. If Christians but knew, as they might know, how well off they are, how happy they would be in this life, looking into the wonders and glories of their redemption!

The children of this world show wisdom in the pursuit of happiness. When they discover any source of pleasure, they derive as much satisfaction from it as they can. The highest pleasures which the men of the world enjoy are those of the mind. Those studies which afford them delight they do not willingly abandon. With what alacrity some of the children of this world give themselves to the pursuits of literature and science and art! The child of God has found in Christ higher studies and sweeter pleasures than the wisest men of the world ever found anywhere else. His soul is satisfied. His spiritual being is delighted. There is no happiness like that found in walking closely with God, in following the Lord fully; no communion like that which the believer has with the Father and with the Son; no meditations and contemplations so sweet as the Christian's upon Divine things. And yet the child of God sometimes follows the Saviour afar off, and forsakes his closet, and lays aside the Scriptures. In God are all his springs, and yet he wanders away from the great fountain. Sometimes he is found engaged in a business which allows him almost no time to think of his soul. I know a man, one of God's hidden ones, who is content to live an humble and retired life, toiling at a trade which affords him but a slender maintenance, because he can thus have constant fellowship with God, and his mind is free to think upon the Divine Word. But how few are so wise!

The children of this world evince shrewdness in the use they make of what treasure they possess. They place it where it will be safest. They employ it in the most profitable way. The Christian knows that what he has would be safest in God's hands, and yet how slow he is to put it there! He knows that it would be far more profitable to lend to the Lord than to any one else, and yet he is more ready generally to lend to others. Many Christians use for benevolent purposes as little as possible of what God has put into their hands to do good with. When making a contribution to such an object as that of sending the Gospel abroad in the world, if they were wise, they would ask themselves, not

What is the least? but, What is the most I can give?

These particulars may suffice. In manifold ways the world puts the Church to shame. The children of light are sometimes the greatest fools. The people of God often make themselves like blinded worldlings, when they ought to be shining as lights in the world, reproving the works of darkness. Noble exceptions there are. The children of God are not all without wisdom. Oh, that all the children of light would obey God and follow Christ! "Walk as children of light." "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

No doubt, many who profess to be the children of light are not God's children at all. Looking at the Church in the light of the Scriptures, we cannot come to any other conclusion. In the parable of the ten virgins, five were wise, and five were foolish. Oh, that professors of religion would be warned by the sober and solemn Word of God!

Though some who love not Christ are in their generation accounted wise, yet many there are who are not wise either for eternity or time. And, oh! how greatly to be pitied are they! The Saviour pities them, and desires to make them wise and happy. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

THE CLEANSING POWER OF BLOOD.

THE simplicity of the scheme of redemption is said to be the greatest difficulty in the way of its being laid hold of by the unchanged heart. As it is difficult to attain to simplicity, so it will be found that the reason why many important truths of the Word of God are yet comparatively hidden is because they are as yet unexplained—they have not been opened out to the mind fully and clearly.

Let me illustrate what I mean. I was once at the house of a rich man, who was very fond of gardening, and, amongst other things, he said he would show me how a full-grown tree could be transplanted without any material damage. He then proceeded to remove the earth very carefully from the trunk, and then from each root, minutely examining and protecting every fibre. Having thus relieved the tree, it was carried to another part of the garden, and planted in a place prepared, the earth being as carefully laid upon each fibre and root as it had already been removed. The tree remained as healthy as before. In like manner many truths in the Word of God require a little care in opening up, and manifesting to the mind the fibres and roots as yet underground.

One of the leading facts of the Bible has long presented such a problem to be solved. If I can present the "cleansing power of blood" more clearly to the mind of any one, I feel I shall not

have spent my labour in vain, nor lost an opportunity to interest Bible readers in the most important of all subjects—namely, the Great Atonement.

Water quenches the thirst, bread satisfies the hungry, rest refreshes the weary. These things we can easily understand. The Word of God not only says so, but in every-day life we find it is so. And the more we contrast the Word of God with Nature, the more are we convinced that the God of the Bible is the God of Nature.

Let us, then, take a statement of fact from God's Word. "The blood of Jesus Christ his (God's) Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Has blood any cleansing power? Do we find persons washing clothes in blood? Yet we read of those in heaven as having "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." It certainly is not customary to use blood for cleansing purposes in every-day life. As children we had some indefinite idea about blood being in white sugar. How common it is to hold a piece of lump-sugar in the flame of a candle until a drop falls of a reddish colour; and this is supposed to be quite proof enough that blood is in white sugar. A little reflection would convince any one that the heat which melts the lump-sugar cannot melt it without in some degree burning it, which causes the change of colour; for pure sugar, in its liquid state, is colourless, and in its crystallised state it is white as snow.

Still the tradition that blood is in white sugar is not altogether without foundation; for whilst there is no blood in the refined sugar, the sugar is refined largely by the use of blood.

It may be interesting to know that the natural fact stated in God's Word concerning the cleansing power of blood is strictly correct, thus helping us the better to understand the application of the truth *spiritually*.

The brown sugar commonly used in every household is known as raw sugar; and the white lump-sugar is more properly known as refined sugar.

The process of refining is carried on on a large scale in only a few places, amongst others, London, Bristol, Liverpool, and Glasgow; by far the largest quantity is refined in the east of London. Most of the refiners adopt the same process, and employ blood in the course of refining.

The raw sugar is placed in a large copper or vat, called a pan, containing about a ton, and a given quantity of water. To wash the sugar thoroughly, steam-power is used to agitate the whole, and it becomes a boiling mass. In order to remove all the grosser impurities, about two gallons of bullock's-blood are poured in, and the dross very quickly swims on the top, to the depth of some inches. When sufficient time has been allowed for the blood to become thoroughly mixed with the sugar so as to separate the impurities from the liquid sugar, and ascend in the form of dross to the top, the sugar is drained off, leaving behind a mass of refuse, which forms very valuable manure. This is the most economical way of refining sugar, although at first sight so repulsive. Yet, on inquiry, it is found that not only does all the filth of the sugar remain in the refuse, but also the impure particles of the blood. The albumen in the blood having an affinity for the impurities, the blood which was poured in comes out a solid mass of refuse. It has the same effect as the white of an egg in other refining processes.

The liquid sugar then passes through other stages of refining, but the bulk of the impurity is left clinging to the blood.

Here we have an illustration to open up a Bible truth: the natural fact confirmed—that blood does cleanse, that there is in the blood of bullocks especially that which has an affinity for these impurities.

When this is contrasted with what the Word of God says about the connection between blood and cleansing, between the sin-sacrifice and the sin, it has opened up to many minds that which has long perplexed them, because they have not had within their own experience the knowledge of this fact.

As this natural fact becomes more known, the subject of atonement becomes more interesting. If all other references to Nature in God's Word be true to Nature, why not this? And as we now find that there is a cleansing, purifying power in blood which clings to impurity, and impurity has an affinity for it, then the fountain open for *sin and uncleanness* is explained; then that well-known verse has a real meaning as well as a spiritual one:—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

From the natural we can more easily pass on to the spiritual meaning. As the life is in the blood, so the atonement is death, and that death intended to atone for sin.

When the sinner knows that his sins are clinging to the cross, and that Christ's blood clings to them, then another well-known hymn has a real meaning:—

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in this arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

As Jesus has put away sin by the sacrifice of himself, I now can understand the foundation of peace. This vital connection between the sinner and his Saviour is maintained throughout Scripture; and even in heaven we find, in the Revelation of St. John the Divine, that all the saved ones are wearing white robes; but the Redeemer is represented still as the slain Lamb—as being clothed in garments dipped in blood.

Reader, think over this subject; it has led many to see the scheme of redemption in a clearer light than they ever had done before, and has added new force to those glorious passages which speak so much of Christ's blood, and especially to that one, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

HOW WE KEEP OURSELVES WARM.

No. V.

WE have now learnt three things about "burning"—1. That it is something more than merely getting hot, and involves a *change* in the material burnt. 2. That in the case of coal, coke, charcoal, and all ordinary fuels, the product of burning is a kind of smoke or vapour. 3. That this smoke or vapour is something entirely different from the original fuel, and, among other properties which it possesses, is very hurtful to life. We want now to

find out what this change really is—how it comes about that these things do thus turn into smoke, and what is the difference between the smoke and the coal.

We have said that getting hot is not burning; nevertheless, we must make our fuel hot before it will burn. Merely putting coals in the grate won't make a fire; we must set light to them. There are some things, as, for instance, lucifer matches, which do not need to be set light to to make them burn; they only want a blow, or a rub against a rough surface. And there are other curious things which chemistry has found out, which catch fire quite by themselves, directly they are exposed to the air. But coals are not like this; they require to be made very hot before they begin to burn.

Merely making them hot, however, is not enough; they want something else yet. Do you know how it is they make the gas that we light our streets and houses with? Why, they take a lot of coals, and put them into a long iron box, with a pipe coming out of one end, and a door at the other. They shut them in very tight, and then put a strong fire under the box, and make it red-hot. Then, when the coals get hot, the gas comes streaming away from them through the pipe, and is stored up in the gasometer, ready to be sent along great underground pipes to the street lamps and houses. After the gas is all off, the door of the iron box is opened, and the red-hot coke which is left behind is raked out and quenched with water. Now here we have the coal made hot, just as in our ordinary fires, and yet it has not been burnt. It has not been burnt; for what have we got in place of it? Gas which will burn, and coke which will burn. But we all know very well that the smoke, which coals burn away into, will *not* burn. It certainly is not coal-gas; nor do we find coke left behind, but ashes. The heat, then, has only changed the coal into gas and coke; it has not burnt it; something else is wanted for that.

Now if we notice a fire when coals are put on, we shall see that just the same change takes place in the coals here as in gas-making. The coal first of all splits up, very often gets quite soft; it begins to smoke, and, after a bit, the smoke catches fire, and we have a fine blaze; then, when the blaze is over, we have the red-hot cinders, which go on glowing and burning away till they fall into ashes. This smoke which we see blazing in the fire is nothing more or less than *coal-gas*; the cinders left behind are only a slightly different sort of *coke*. So far, both are alike. But now, why is it that in our fire this gas and coke burn away, and turn into that poisonous smoke we spoke of before, while in gas-making they remain just as they were—unburnt? The reason is very plain. In the iron box of the gas-maker the coal is tightly shut in: in the grate it is open to the air. Take away the door of the iron box, while the gas is making, and the mass of coal within will catch fire and blaze away directly. Shut up your grate, so that no air can get to it, and the coal will very soon cease to burn, and your fire go out. *Air* is necessary to make coal burn.

This is why, when a fire is burning badly, we go and rake out the ashes, and raise it up, so as to let the air in among the coals and cinders; and forthwith the fire brightens up and looks quite cheerful again. This is why, in lighting a fire, we some-

times have to use a pair of bellows; or, better still, hold a sheet of paper close in front of the fire-place, so as to make a strong draught of air set through the fire. It is the air that makes the coal burn.

But we saw before that air, when it blows against anything, *cools* it, by taking heat to itself. We know that it does so in the case of a fire; for certainly the air and smoke that go up the chimney are much hotter than the air of the room. Yet does the air, at the same time that it thus cools the fire, make it very much hotter. How is this? The secret lies in that *change* which we have seen the coal undergoes when it is burnt, and with which we now perceive the *air* has a great deal to do. Both coal and air are changed; each has got something which the other wants, and both which are necessary to make that new thing—the poisonous smoke which goes up the chimney. That smoke is made up of something taken out of the coal, and something taken out of the air. And so, that smoke cannot be produced, the coal cannot burn, we cannot have a fire, except both these things—the coal and the air—are present.

Chemistry tells us that everything we see about us is made up of certain simple substances, which are called "elements," because they cannot be split up into anything else. Sulphur is an element; the metals, such as gold, silver, iron, copper, &c., are elements. Do what we will with them, we can't get anything else out of them. We may change them by adding other things to them, but not by taking anything away. And these elements have an attraction for one another; they are fond of one another, some more than others; for each has its own preferences, its own peculiar likings, which lead it to select some one particular element rather than another, with which to unite. When two elements thus unite or combine together, they make up what is called a "compound;" and this compound is always something quite different to either of the elements it is made up of. Water is a compound, for it is made up of two elements—gases, called "oxygen" and "hydrogen;" and it is not a bit like either. Iron rust is a compound, for it is made up of the metal iron, and this same gas, oxygen. The green rust that comes on copper things, if they are left in a damp place, is a compound; for it is made up of the metal copper, and oxygen. Nearly all the other elements (and there are a great many) are very fond of this oxygen, and readily unite with it to make various sorts of compounds. And the great storehouse of oxygen is the *air*. One-fifth of the air is made up of this element, oxygen, all ready there for the other elements to catch hold of whenever they can.

Now in the coal which we burn is another element, called carbon, that is very fond of this oxygen, which is in the air. Charcoal, leaving out the ashes, is very nearly pure carbon; so is coke. In coal we have a great deal of carbon (which makes it black), with some other things, of which we shall speak another time. Carbon does not care much for oxygen as long as it is cold; but directly it gets hot, carbon becomes very fond of it, and if there is any air near from which it can take some, catches hold of oxygen very fast, and they unite together to make a compound called by chemists "carbonic acid," the same with that smoke or gas which goes up the chimney, and which hurts us if we breathe it; and as the carbon and oxygen catch

hold of one another, and turn into this new compound, carbonic acid, they give each other such a warm embrace, that they not only get very hot themselves, but they warm up everything round them.

This, then, is what is taking place in our fires; the carbon of the coal is seizing hold of the oxygen of the air, and turning into carbonic acid; and it is this act of seizing hold and uniting which produces the heat, and which we call burning.

What a wonderful thing it is, now, that God should have made all the world of these elements, and made them thus fond of one another! That he should have stored up the oxygen so plentifully in the air, and the carbon so plentifully in the deep mines, which, when it is brought up and made hot in the air, unites with the oxygen, and so helps to keep us warm. We should have no fires but for His kind and wise provision for our wants.

(To be continued.)

NOTES FROM A PASTOR'S DIARY,

BY THE REV. EDWARD SPOONER, M.A., VICAR OF HESTON.*

A PARISH IN THE OUTSKIRTS.

ALTHOUGH we had no footmen and no carriages in our parish, yet my congregation contained as many well-educated, intelligent, and pleasant ladies and gentlemen as any congregation in England; men and women fully capable of holding their own in any position in life; men and women to whom the practical working of life had imparted a greater keenness of mind than easier circumstances would have done.

Thackeray speaks well in one of his works of the little-faith which dare not marry till it can drive to church with a pair of horses, and the public press spoke abundantly a short time ago of what is supposed to be "*absolutely necessary*" before a couple can or ought to marry; but no one knows better than a suburban clergyman how bravely the battle of life is being fought out by educated men and women who have dared to join themselves together "in holy matrimony," though conscious they may have to live for years in a six-roomed house in a quiet street, and to work hard to keep that house and the couple of simple maids who wait on them. Life insurance is the mainstay of their provision for the future, and self-denial for each other and the children's sake is the rule of their existence, and many and many a bright happy home do I know of under such circumstances. Yet how hard many of these men work! From half-past seven to nine in the morning they are streaming off to their places of business; and from half-past six till nine at night they are returning home. Sunday is their one rest-day, the one day on which they repose and dine at home; for on all other days they snatch a hasty dinner at the various taverns and eating-houses in town, merely taking breakfast and supper under their own roofs. Sunday also is often the only day, while the little ones are young, on which they see much of their children.

"Through the winter," said one good fellow to me, "I kiss my children before they are out of bed in the morning, and after they are in bed at night;

but from Monday morning to Saturday night, I never once see them dressed. But on Sunday I go to church in the morning; and then how I do enjoy that afternoon stroll with the little ones, if the day is fine, or that chat round the fire, if the day is cold or stormy! It pays me for working all the week to keep them." Of course I do not mean to say that such men are free from anxiety as to the fate of these little ones, should anything happen to them; yet I do say that their conduct is nobility itself compared with the life of those fashionable, well-dressed gentlemen who pervade town life—men whose *summum bonum* was expressed to me by one of themselves to be—"a few hundreds a year, a good club, a comfortable lodging, and a latch-key." Of all classes in our modern society, this class is the most unwholesome in its own moral being, and most dangerous to the commonwealth.

"Why do you work so hard, my dear fellow?" said I to a friend; "you are over-doing it; look at Smith, he takes it more easily." "Ah, but he has a backbone of two or three thousand in a marriage settlement, and I have not; so I must pull on."

If, however, these noble-minded men work hard, their good wives are not a whit behind. "Mamma" is the mainspring of the establishment: house-keeper, storekeeper, head nurse in sickness, governess, and lady of the house, she calls upon her as multifarious, and she has little spare time for gossip or for visits. If you dine with her, you may be sure she has no need to ask what the dishes are; if you sleep at her house, you may see in a moment that the linen would not have been so clean, or the room so well arranged, had it been superintended only by a housemaid.

There is a marvellous top-current of ostentatious show, of envious vieing with each other, of restless, discontented extravagance, in our society at the present day; but, happily, there is a noble under-current of self-denial, of quiet management, of bold grappling with the duties of life, which, even amongst our upper ten thousand, and our next hundred of thousands, keeps the stream of society from utter corruption, and salts it with an honest and invigorating power; and no one sees more of this deep, quiet, and refreshing stream than the clergyman of a suburban parish. It does one's heart good to bear witness to this truth; it warms one's heart to think of many of these noble men and noble women who are thus living, and whom one knows and values.

It must not be supposed, however, that we had no poverty, ignorance, or vice in our parish; we had indeed far too great an abundance of all these evils. I may be blamed for classing poverty, ignorance, and vice together, for "poverty is no crime, and need be no disgrace;" but I am not speaking of that poverty which has come by the visitation of God, but of that squalid poverty which is the offspring of ignorance and vice, and both feeds and is fed by them. We had none of the more glittering forms of vice amongst us; evil did not wear the same artful and attractive masks that it wears on the purlieus of great wealth and high civilisation; but we had plenty of open drunkenness, blasphemy, and ill-living—the fruit, in a great degree, of brutal ignorance and stolid indifference. Some of the smaller houses in our back streets had been built as

* "Parson and People." Seeley and Co., 54, Fleet Street.

residences for the upper and more intelligent workmen of a large railway factory—for men who were gaining good wages in a regular employment, and whose very position exercised a wholesome restraint upon them; but, after a while, these works were moved into the country, and the demand for such houses entirely ceased. For a long time many of the landlords strove to keep up the look of quiet respectability; but as, just at that very time, by the making of New Oxford Street, one of the great displacements of population, so common of late in London, was taking place, the needier ones began to consent to let their houses out “in single rooms” to families; and when the barrier was once broken down, the flood soon swept over the land, and the most respectable landlords were compelled to follow suit, and the whole character of one side of our parish was immediately changed. We had, in fact, three strata, as distinct as possible, and a practised eye could see in a moment where the one began and the other ended; though, of course, there were spots where a lower stratum cropped up into a higher, and produced a marked irregularity.

No stranger could tell what scenes of want and misery were constantly enacted in those back streets; but the swarms of half-ragged children might warn him that those new-looking, tidy houses were only white outside, and that within he might expect to find human beings crowded more closely together than the inhabitants of a Hottentot kraal. No stranger, again, can tell the difference that exists between the workmen in regular, steady employ, and the workmen dependent on job or task work. The latter often make for a time by far the most money; but the very uncertainty of their incomes, and the very nature of their circumstances, foster in them a strange recklessness of living, which does not prevail amongst those who have regular places. They are all, as a rule, in debt; if they do well in a summer, they pay off their scores at the shops and public-houses, and so get a vested right to trust next winter; but if they do badly in the summer, they flit to some new locality, where, being unknown, they hope to get new credit. “Extremes meet,” we are told; and it would be a very curious matter to compare the books of those tradesmen who have to do with the ultra-fashionable and the ultra-poor of our metropolis. I have often noticed in these two extremes exactly the same recklessness of living, and know well that the extremes of St. James’s and St. Giles’s are not so far apart in character and bent of disposition as some would think.

Amidst a mass of labouring people we often had, of course, a great amount of want; long protracted sickness would reduce the most careful and provident, and want of work and sickness would terribly straiten the reckless and the very poor. I could always calculate that a fortnight’s severe frost would put several hundred starving families on my hands. These, however, were not our difficult cases; accustomed as they were to short commons, utterly unaccustomed as they were to the refinements of life, their necessities were very few: and they were like vessels stranded near the mouth of a harbour; if you could only keep them up till next tide, they would float again, and be as comfortable as ever. Our difficulties lay in the cases of those “who had known better days,” and who had been utterly reduced. What would have been luxuries of life to the other class, were necessities to them,

and no means within our reach would place them even where their servants, perhaps, had once stood. No one can guess the frightful struggle that such persons often have to undergo, and they suffer in silence; they do not clamour in the streets, they starve and die in the shade.

“Ah, dear sir, the children are dining now on the silver mugs given them at their christenings; they were the last thing we parted with, and we have been living on them for some days. When they are gone, Heaven help us!” Thus spake to me the wife of a professional man, whom long illness and adverse circumstances had driven to a hiding-place in one of our quiet streets.

“Do you know, sir, I think that a woman is dying of starvation in one of the houses opposite?” said a member of my congregation to me one day.

“No; in which house?”

“In No —.”

“I’ll call and inquire at once.”

The house opposite was a neat, comfortable, eight-roomed house, with a neat garden in front, a bell and knocker, a box for letters, and all other signs of quiet respectability. I knew it was inhabited by a widow, who let lodgings. I rapped at the door:

“Is there a poor lady here in great distress?”

“Indeed there is, sir; she is absolutely starving; everything she has is gone; she owes me no end for rent, but I had not the heart to turn her out.”

I went up stairs, and knocked at the door, and, when bidden, walked in. The room was entirely bare; not one scrap of furniture was in it—all had been pawned. On a bed on the floor, in a corner of the room, lay a female covered only by a blanket and two or three old shawls. By her side cowered a once fine-looking young man, whose face and dress spake alike of extreme poverty. Drawing near to the bed, I saw a countenance from which even starvation had been unable to efface an elegance of expression which spake of a high education and of far brighter days. “My dear madam, this is a new state to you; you are not used to such extremities?”

“Alas! no, sir,” said a feeble voice; “I have always lived in comfort and ease. I married young, and my husband held good public appointments, which brought him in more than £800 a year. He would always live up to his income, and I never really knew till lately what he had. In a moment of sad infatuation he committed himself terribly; he was dismissed from all his posts; he has deserted me and fled the country, and has left me and my son unprovided for. We cannot dig, to beg we are ashamed; we have sought to hide ourselves in this quiet street, and are starving here.”

In this case I found that the son had had a good education, and was willing to work; a little aid reclaimed a decent suit from the pawn-shop, and a kind friend on my recommendation tried him as a clerk; and in a short time he and his mother were living in tolerable comfort.

Another time I was told that scarlet fever had broken out in a small shop in a back street. I called at the shop, and, walking in, was met by an elegant and lady-like person, dressed with the homeliest simplicity, who asked me my pleasure. I told her why I had called, and she asked me to walk up stairs. I did so, and found in one room six dear little children in various stages of that dreadful malady. After remaining with them some

time, I walked down stairs, and began conversing with the mother. Her story was soon told. Her husband had been in business, and was doing well, but had been connected rather too closely with a great house. The leviathan had fallen with a crash that had astonished the commercial world, and in its fall had dragged down the smaller house, and sent the poor merchant adrift, with his whole £15,000 of capital irretrievably gone. The poor sufferers were looking out for better days, and while the husband was doing what he could as commission agent, his gentle wife was bravely fighting her share of the battle in a small "sweet-shop," but with no means of providing for her children the comforts requisite for such an illness.

On another occasion, my servant told me that two ladies wished to speak to me, and in were ushered two most elegant women, dressed in deep black. Some conversation ensued between us, and led eventually to my asking who they were, and what were their means of subsistence. They were the widow and eldest daughter of a very eminent artist, who had died suddenly, without having made any provision for his family, and their only means of subsistence lay in colouring the maps and plans which are occasionally given away by the cheap weekly press of London—a labour at which, it may be easily conceived, they gained but a miserable and most precarious subsistence. To such persons, however, I must add a long list of ladies who have once been governesses, and who from age or infirmity have been compelled to abandon their occupation. Brought up often in the lap of luxury, compelled, perhaps, by some most sudden reverse to seek their bread by tuition, generally but very poorly paid, yet obliged to dress as ladies, and subject to many necessary expenses, they are often quite unable to lay by anything against a dark day, and far too often their little savings are expended on the support of an aged father or mother, the education of younger brothers and sisters, or are swept away by some fraudulent banking scheme, or other well-organised swindle in which they have invested, tempted by the seeming security and high rate of interest.

Could the wealthy and beneficent know what every town clergyman knows of such cases, they would oftener place funds in the hands of those who are willing to aid, and who do constantly meet with persons in such situations. I have often known cases where a hundred, fifty, or even twenty pounds would have saved a whole family from ruin, but I have not known where to apply for it; and while some wretched begging letter impostor, living, perhaps, a life of the most wanton profligacy, has been able to raise hundreds by sheer lying and fraud, I have been obliged to stand by and see ruin seize on most worthy persons, without being able to avert it. In reference to governesses, did all the wealthy of this land know what we clergy often hear of the sufferings and deprivations under which the ladies to whom for years they have committed that highest of all trusts—the education of their children—are compelled to undergo, they would take more present care of their interests than they now generally do, and they would do far more to aid such excellent institutions as the Governesses' Benevolent Society and the National Benevolent Institution—societies that greatly ameliorate the vast afflictions to which these persons are unhappily subject.

Biblical Expositions.

A FEW NOTES ON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW.

CHAPTER V.—*Verses 4.*

"Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted."

As many persons mourn, and mourn bitterly, who are never comforted, we must carefully ascertain in what sense the words are to be understood. Affliction and earthly sorrow give no claim to the favour of God, as some persons erroneously imagine, and it is not unusual to hear persons expressing it as their conviction that they must be exempt from troubles hereafter, because they have accomplished their share of afflictions in this life. The man only is blessed, who mourns on account of his sinfulness in the sight of God—who mourns under the burden of indwelling corruption. Such mourners shall be comforted with all the consolations that the promises of God are designed to impart; for "godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation, and they that sow in tears shall reap in joy;" and to them the assurance is given that "sin shall not have dominion over them." The man who is blessed by being poor in spirit is the man who finds the remembrance of sin "to be grievous unto him, and the burden of it to be intolerable." He mourns over his subjection, and struggles to be free; and although at times he is cast down, he is not in despair, for he is blessed by the secret aid of God's Holy Spirit, and he experiences more delight in heartfelt sorrow for sin, than is to be found in all the rejoicings of the ungodly, and he is ready, with one of the early fathers, "to bless God for the grace of tears;" and he discovers that God's mercies are always greater than a Christian man's sorrows.

Verses 5.

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth."

It is not insensibility to our just claims that is here enjoined, but a subdued temper, the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price; therefore our Lord's language to his followers is:—"Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." But what are we to understand by the latter clause in the benediction?—"they shall inherit the earth." They shall inherit the promises, say some; but the Greek word denotes "the land," a term which is understood to denote the promised land. In these days, when Scripture is too often explained away, men can only find safety by adhering closely to the Word of God, and by embracing, wherever it be practicable, the literal meaning. Scripture sanctions the belief that this earth will one day be renewed; that it will be restored to its pristine beauty; and become as glorious as the garden of the Lord before sin had marred the fair works of creation; and that the righteous will possess the earth thus beautified, and a theocracy again prevail. The prophet, having this blissful period in view, says: "Seek righteousness, seek meekness: it may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger;" an event which we

are told is to precede the period when the Messianic King shall reign in righteousness, and the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. A theocracy, a righteous kingdom, and a renovated earth, are acknowledged as forthcoming events. At the Council of Nice, held A.D. 325, at which 380 bishops were present, it was declared, as a truth to be received by all Christian men, "that the saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom." In Edward VI.'s Catechism it was set forth as an article of belief that Christ was to reign with his saints upon this earth; and Milton embodies the idea in his prayer—"Come forth out of thy royal chambers, O Prince of the kings of the earth. Put on the visible robes of thy imperial majesty. Take up that unlimited sceptre which thy Almighty Father hath bequeathed thee; for now the voice of thy Bride calls thee, and all creatures sigh to be renewed." This opinion, we are assured, was held by the men of apostolic times; and in later days the opinion has been maintained by Tyndal, Luther, Calvin, Mede, Sir Isaac Newton, Bishop Newton, Horsley, Vitranga, Toplady, Robert Hall, and many other eminent men. When this restitution of the earth arrives, then "they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord;" then the will of God will be done on earth as it is in heaven; then the kingdom, the power, and the glory of Christ will be the joy of his people; then shall filial piety be rewarded, and the days of the obedient "be long in the land," and then shall "the meek inherit the earth."

Verse 7.

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ, is a Divine injunction. A desire to alleviate the sorrows and afflictions of others is a very important part of Christian duty, the observance of which assimilates man to his Maker. Milton, when speaking of the Divine benevolence, says:—

"Observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil."

He, therefore, that is not compassionate, kind-hearted, willing to pity, and oft willing to spare, has just cause to question the soundness of that faith which can allow its possessor to disregard these solemn obligations. Deeds of mercy are doubly blessed—the giver and the receiver participate in the benefit conferred. Nowhere do we imitate God more than in showing mercy. As we deal with others, God will deal with us. Christ's love constrains the disciple of Christ to befriend the friendless, the fatherless, and the widow; to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, instruct the ignorant, and "to succour, help, and comfort all that are in danger, necessity, and tribulation;" and to be willing to forgive those who have incurred his displeasure. The necessity that exists for the diligent cultivation of this merciful spirit, is evident from the representation given by our Lord of the solemn proceedings on the day of judgment. Although we are to be saved by faith—or, more accurately speaking, by Christ, the object of faith—yet the test of character is

not faith, but the results of faith. "For I was an hungry, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Let us not forget the solemn admonition, "He shall have judgment without mercy, that hath showed no mercy;" nor allow to escape from our memories the cheering assurance, designed to comfort the man of God in his works of patience and his labours of love—"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."

(To be continued.)

THE WORLD OF SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. F. W. FARRAR,

AUTHOR OF "ERIC; OR, LITTLE BY LITTLE."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST—continued.

THE chief characteristic of Fuzby was a pestilential spirit of gossip. There was no lying scandal, there was no malicious whisper, that did not thrive with rank luxuriance in that mean atmosphere, which, at the same time, starved up every great and high-minded wish. There was no circumstance so minute that calumny could not insert into it a venomous claw. Mr. Kenrick was one of the most exemplary, generous, and pure-minded of men; his only fault was quickness of temper. His noble character, his conciliatory manners, his cultivated mind, his Christian forbearance, were all in vain. He was poor, and he could not be a toady: these were two unpardonable sins; and he, a true man, moved like an angel among a set of inferior beings. For a time he struggled on. He tried not to mind the lies they told of him. What was it to him, for instance, if they took advantage of his hasty language to declare that he was in the constant habit of swearing, when he knew that even from boyhood no oath had ever crossed his lips? What was it to him that these uneducated bores, in their feeble ignorance, tried constantly to entrap him into something which they called unorthodox, and to twist his words into the semblance of fancied heresy? It was more painful to him that they opposed and vilified every one whom he helped, and whose interests, in pity, he endeavoured to forward. But still he bore on, he struggled on, till the termination came. It is not worth while entering into the various schemes invented for his annoyance, but at last an unfortunate, although purely accidental, discrepancy was detected in the accounts of one of the parish charities which Mr. Kenrick officially managed. Mr. Hugginson seized his long-looked-for opportunity: he went round the parish, and got a large number of his creatures among the congregation to affirm by their signatures that Mr. Kenrick had behaved dishonestly. This memorial he sent to the bishop, and disseminated among all the clergy with malicious assiduity. At the next clerical meeting Mr. Kenrick found himself most coldly received. Compelled in self-defence to take legal proceedings against the squire, he found himself involved in heavy expenses. He won his cause, and his character was cleared; but the jury at-

tending only to the technicalities of the case, and conceiving that there was enough *prima facie* evidence to justify Mr. Hugginson's proceedings, left each side to pay their own costs. The costs swallowed up the whole of the poor curate's private resources, and also involved him in debt. The agony, the suspense, the shame, the cruel sense of oppression and injustice, bore with a crushing weight on his weakened health. He could not tolerate that the merest breath of suspicion, however false, should pass over his fair and honourable name. He pined away under the atrocious calumny; it poisoned for him the very life-springs of happiness, and destroyed his peace of mind for ever. This young man, in the flower of youth—a man who might have been a leader and teacher of men—a man of gracious presence and high power—died of a broken heart. He died of a broken heart, and all Fuzby built his conspicuous tomb, and shed crocodile tears over his pious memory. Truly, as some one has said, very black stains lie here and there athwart the white conventionalities of common life!

This had happened when our little Kenrick was eight years old; he never forgot the spectacle of his poor father's heart-breaking misery during the last year of his life. He never forgot how, during that year, sorrow and anxiety had aged his father's face, and silvered his hair, young as he was, with premature white, and so quenched his spirits, that often he would take his little boy on his knee, and look upon him so long in silence, that the child cried at the intensity of that long, mournful, hopeless gaze, and at the tears which he saw slowly coursing each other down his father's care-worn and furrowed cheeks. Ever since then the boy had walked among the Fuzby people with open scorn and defiance, as among those whose slanders had done to death the father whom he so proudly loved. In spite of his mother's wishes, he would not stoop to pay them even the semblance of courtesy. No wonder that he hated Fuzby with a perfect hatred, and that his home there was a miserable home.

Yet if any one *could* have made happy a home in such a place, it would have been Mrs. Kenrick. Never, I think, did a purer, a fairer, a sweeter soul live on earth, or one more like the angels of heaven. The winning grace of her manners, the simple sweetness of her address, the pathetic beauty and sadness of her face, would have won for her, and had won for her, in any other place but Fuzby, the love and admiration which were her due.

"She had a mind that envy could not but call fair."

But at Fuzby, from the dominant faction of Hugginson, and the small vulgar-minded sets who always tried to browbeat those who were poor, particularly if their birth and breeding were gentle, she found nothing but insulting coldness, or still more insulting patronage. When first she heard the marriage-bells clang out from the old church tower of her home, and had walked by the side of her young husband, a glad and lovely bride, she had looked forward to many happy years. With him, at any rate, it seemed that no place could be very miserable. Poor lady! her life had been one long martyrdom, all the more hard to bear because it was made up for the most part of small annoyances, petty mortifications, little recurring incessant bitternesses. And now, during the seven years of her widowhood, she had gained a calmer

and serener atmosphere, in which she was raised above the possibility of humiliation from the dwarfed natures and malicious hearts in the midst of which she lived. They could hurt her feelings, they could embitter her days no longer. To the hopes and pleasures of earth she had bidden farewell. Still young, still beautiful, she had reached the full maturity of Christian life, meekly bearing the load of scorn, and disappointment, and poverty, looking only for that rest which remaineth to the people of God. In her lonely home, with no friend at Fuzby to whom she could turn for counsel or for consolation, shut up with the sorrows of her own lonely heart, she often mused at the slight sources, the little sins of others, from which her misery had sprung; she marvelled at the mystery that man should be to man "the sorest, surest ill." Truly, it is a strange thought! Oh! it is pitiable that, as though death, and want, and sin were not enough, we too must add to the sum of human miseries by despising, by neglecting, by injuring others. We wound by our harsh words, we dishonour by our coarse judgments, we grieve by our untender pride, the souls for whom Christ died; and we wound most deeply, and grieve most irreparably, the noblest and the best.

The one tie that bound her to earth was her orphan son—her hope, her pride; all her affections were centred in that beautiful boy. Now, if I were writing a romance, I should of course represent that yearning mother's affection as reciprocated with all the warmth and passion of the boy's heart. But it was not so. Harry Kenrick did indeed love his mother; he would have borne anything rather than see her suffer any great pain; but his manners were too often cold, his conduct wilful or thoughtless. He did not love her—perhaps no child can love his parents—with all the depth and intensity wherewith she loved him. The fact is, a blight lay upon Kenrick whenever he was at home—the Fuzby blight he called it. He hated the place so much, he hated the people in it so much, he felt the annoyances of their situation with so keen and fretful a sensibility, that at Fuzby, even though with his mother, he was never happy. Even her society could not make up to him for the detestation with which he not unnaturally regarded the village and its inhabitants. At school he was bright, warm-hearted, and full of life; at home he seemed to draw himself into a shell of reserve and coldness; and it was a deep unspoken trial to that gentle mother's heart that she could not make home happy to the boy whom she so fondly loved, and that even to her he seemed indifferent; for his manners—since he had been to school and learned how very differently other boys were circumstanced, and what untold pleasures centred for them in that word "home"—were to her always shy and silent, appeared sometimes almost harsh.

I wish I could represent it otherwise; but things are not often truly represented in books; and is not this a very common as well as a very tragic case? Not even in her son could Mrs. Kenrick look for happiness; even his society brought with it trials almost as hard to bear as those which his absence caused. Yet no mother could have brought up her child more wisely, more tenderly, with more undivided and devoted care. Harry's heart was true, could she have looked into it; but at Fuzby a cold, repellant manner fell on him like a mildew

And Mrs. Kenrick wept in silence, as she thought—though it was not true—that even her own son did not love her, or at least did not love her as she had hoped he would. It was the last bitter drop in that overflowing cup which it had pleased God that she should be called upon to drink.

The boys drove up to the door of the little cottage. It stood in a garden, but as the garden was overlooked by Fuzbeians on all sides, it offered few attractions, and was otherwise very small and plain. They were greeted by Mrs. Kenrick's soft and pleasant voice.

"Well, dear Harry, I am delighted that you have brought back your friend."

Harry's mind was pre-occupied with the poverty-stricken aspect which he thought the house must present to his friend, and he did not answer her, but said to Walter—

"Well, Walter, here is the hut we inhabit. We have only one girl as a servant. I'll carry up the box. I do pretty nearly everything but clean the shoes."

Mrs. Kenrick's eyes filled with sad tears at the bitter words, but she checked them to greet Walter, who advanced and shook her by the hand so cordially, and with a manner so respectfully affectionate, that he won her heart at once.

"Harry has not yet learned," she said, playfully, "that poverty is not a thing to be ashamed of; but I am sure, Walter—forgive my using the name which my boy has made so familiar to me—that you will not mind any little inconveniences during your short stay with us."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Kenrick," said Walter; "to be with you and him will be the greatest possible enjoyment."

"I wish you wouldn't flap our poverty into every one's face, mother," said Kenrick, almost angrily, when Walter had barely left the room.

"Oh, Harry, Harry," said Mrs. Kenrick, speaking sadly, "you surely forget, dear boy, that it is your mother to whom you are speaking. And was it I who mentioned our poverty first? Oh, Harry, when will you learn to be contented with the dispensations of God? Believe me, dearest, we might make our poverty as happy as any wealth, if we would but have eyes to see the blessings it involves."

The boy turned away impatiently, and as he ran up stairs to rejoin his friend, the lady sat down with a deep sigh to her work. It was long ere Kenrick learnt how much his conduct was to blame; but long after, when his mother was dead, he was reminded painfully of this scene, when he accidentally found in her handwriting this extract from one of her favourite authors:—

"It has been reserved for this age to perceive the blessedness of another kind of poverty; not voluntary nor proud, but accepted and submissive; not clear-sighted nor triumphant, but subdued and patient; partly patient in tenderness—of God's will; partly patient in blindness—of man's oppression; too laborious to be thoughtful, too innocent to be conscious; too much experienced in sorrow to be hopeful—waiting in its peaceful darkness for the unconceived dawn; yet not without its sweet, complete, untainted happiness, like intermittent notes of birds before the day-break, or the first gleams of heaven's amber on the eastern grey. Such poverty as this it has been reserved

for this age of ours to honour while it afflicted; it is reserved for the age to come to honour it and to spare."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

What, man! I know them, yes,
And what they weigh even to the utmost scruple;
Scrambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, v. 1.

WALTER could not help hearing a part of this conversation, and he was pained and surprised that Kenrick, whom he had regarded as so fine a character, should show his worst side at home, and should speak and act thus unkindly to one whom he was so deeply bound to love and reverence. And he was even more surprised when he went down stairs again, and looked on the calm face of his friend's mother, so lovely, so gentle, so resigned, and felt the charm of manners which, in their natural grace and sweetness, might have shod lustre on a court. All that he could himself do was to show by his own manner to Mrs. Kenrick the affection and respect with which he regarded her. When he hinted to Kenrick, as delicately and distantly as he could, that he thought his manner to his mother rather brusque, Kenrick reddened rather angrily, but only replied, "Ah, it's all very well for you to talk; but you don't live at Fuzby."

"Yet I've enjoyed my visit very much, Ken; you can't think how much I love your mother."

"Thank you, Walter, for saying so. But how would you like to live *always* at such a place?"

"If I did, I should do my best to make it happy."

"Make it happy!" said Kenrick; and as he turned away he muttered something about making a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Soon after he told Walter some of those circumstances about his father's life which we have recently related.

When the three days were over, the boys started for St. Winifred's. They drove to the station in the pony chaise before described, accompanied, against Kenrick's will, by his mother. She bore up bravely as she bade them good-bye, knowing the undemonstrative character of boys, and seeing that they were both in the merriest mood. She knew, too, that their gaiety was natural: the world lay before them, bright and seductive as yet, with no shadow across its light; nor was she all in all to Harry as he was to her. He had other hopes, and another home, and other ties; and remembering this, she tried not to grieve that he should leave her with so light a heart. But as he turned away from the platform when the train had started, taking with it all that she held dearest in the world, and as she walked back to the lonely home which had nothing but faith—for there was not even hope—to brighten it, the quiet tears flowed fast over the fair face beneath her veil. Yet as she crossed over her lonely threshold her thoughts were not even then for herself, but they carried her on the wings of prayer to the throne of mercy for the beloved boy from whom she was again to be separated for nearly five long months.

The widowed mother wept; but the boy's spirits rose as he drew closer to the hills and to the sea, which told him that St. Winifred's was near. He

talked happily with Walter about the coming half—eager with ambition, with hope, with high spirits, and fine resolutions. He clapped his hands with pleasure when they reached the top of Bardlyn Hill, and caught sight of the school-buildings.

Having had a long distance to travel, they were among the late arrivals, and at the great gate stood Henderson and Power ready to greet them and the other boys who came with them in the same coach. Among these were Eden and Bliss.

"Ah, Eden," said Henderson, "I've been writing a poem about you—

'I'm a shrimp, I'm a shrimp of diminutive size,
Inspect my antennae and look at my eyes;
Quick, quick, feel me quick, for cannot you see
I'm a shrimp, I'm a shrimp, to be eaten with tea!'

And who's this?—why," he said, clasping his hands and throwing up his eyes in mock rapture, "this indeed is Bliss!"

"I'll lick you, Flip," said Bliss, only in a more good-humoured tone than usual, as he hit at him.

"I think I've heard that observation before," said Henderson, dodging away. "Ah, Walter, how do you do, my dear old fellow? I hope you're sitting on the throne of health, and reclining under the canopy of a well-organised brain."

"More than you are, Flip," said Walter, laughing. "You seem madder than ever."

"That he is," said Power; "since his return he's made on an average fifteen thousand bad puns. You ought to be grateful, though, for he and I have got some coffee going for you in my study. Come along; the Familiar will see that your luggage is all right."

"Yes; and I shall make bold to bring in a shrimp to tea," said Henderson, seizing hold of Eden.

"All right. I meant to ask you, Eden," said Power, shaking the little boy affectionately by the hand, "have you enjoyed the holidays?"

"Not very much," said Eden.

"You're not looking as bright as I should like," said Power; "never mind; if you didn't enjoy the holidays, you must enjoy the half."

"That I shall. I hope, Walter, you'll be in the same dormitory still. What shall I do if you're not?"

"Oh, how is that to be, Flip?" asked Walter; "you said you'd try to get some of us put together in one dormitory. That would be awfully jolly. I don't want to leave you, Eden, and would like you to be moved too; but I can't bear Harpourt and that lot."

"I've partly managed it and partly failed," said Henderson. "You and the shrimp still stay with the rest of the set in No. 10; but as there was a vacant bed, I got myself put there too."

"Hurrah!" said Walter and Eden both at once; "that's capital."

"Let me see," said Walter; "there are Jones and Harpourt—brutes certainly both of them; and Craddock—well, he's rather a bargee, but he's not altogether bad; and Anthony and Franklin, who are both far jollier than they used to be; indeed, I like old Franklin very much; so with you and Eden we shall get on famously."

The first few days of term passed very pleasantly. The masters met the boys in the kindest spirit, and the boys, fresh from home and with the sweet influences of home still playing over them, did not

begin at once to reweave the unravelled threads of evil school tradition. They were all on good terms with each other and with themselves, full of good resolutions, cheerful and happy.

All our boys had got their removes. Walter had won a double remove, and was now under his friend, Mr. Percival. Kenrick was in the second fifth, and Power, young as he was, had now attained the upper fifth, which stands next to the dignity of the monitors and the sixth.

The first Sunday of term was a glorious day of early spring, and the boys, according to their custom, scattered themselves in various groups in the grounds about St. Winifred's school. The favourite place of resort was a broad green field at the back of the buildings, shaded by noble trees, and half encircled by a bend of the river. Here, on a fine Sunday, between dinner and afternoon school, you were sure to find the great majority of the boys walking arm in arm by twos and threes, or sitting with books on the willow trunks that overhung the stream, or stretched out at full length upon the grass, and lazily learning their Scripture repetition.

It was a sweet spot and a pleasant time; but Walter generally preferred his beloved sea-shore; and on this afternoon he was sitting there talking to Power, while Eden, perched on the top of a piece of rock close by, kept murmuring to himself his afternoon lesson. The conversation of the two boys turned chiefly on the holidays which were just over, and Power was asking Walter about his visit to Kenrick's house.

"How did you enjoy the visit, Walter?"

"Very much for some things. Mrs. Kenrick is the sweetest lady you ever saw."

"But Ken is always abusing Fuzby—isn't that the name?"

"Yes; it isn't a particularly jolly place, certainly, but he doesn't make the best of it; he makes up his mind to detest it."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. They didn't treat his father well. His father was curate of the place."

"As far as I've seen, Fuzby isn't singular in that respect. It's no easy thing in most places for a poor clergyman to keep on good terms with his people."

"Yes; but Ken's father does seem to have been abominably treated." And Walter proceeded to tell Power the parts of Mr. Kenrick's history Kenrick had told him.

When he had finished the story, he observed that Eden had shut up his book, and was listening intently.

"Hallo, Arty," said Walter, "I didn't mean you to hear."

"Didn't you? I'm so sorry. I really didn't know you meant to be talking secrets, for you weren't talking particularly low."

"The noise of the waves prevents that. But never mind; I don't suppose it's any secret. Ken never told me not to mention it. Only, of course, you mustn't tell any one, you know, as it clearly isn't a thing to be talked about."

"No," said Eden; "I won't mention it, of course. So other people have unhappy homes as well as me," he added, in a low tone.

"What, isn't your home happy, Arty?" asked Power.

Eden shook his head. "It used to be; but this holidays mamma married again. She married Colonel Braemar; and I *can't* bear him." The words were said so energetically as to leave no doubt that he had some grounds for the dislike; but Power said—

"Hush, Arty; you must try to like him. Are you sure you know your Rep. perfectly?"

"Yes."

"Then let's take a turn till the bell rings."

While this conversation was going on by the shore, a very different scene was being enacted in the Croft, as the field was called which I before described.

It happened that Jones, and one of his set named Mackworth, were walking up and down the Croft in one direction, while Kenrick and Whalley, one of his friends, were pacing up and down the same avenue in the opposite direction, so that the four boys passed each other every five minutes. The first time they met, Kenrick could not help noticing that Jones and Mackworth nudged each other derisively as he passed, and looked at him with a glance unmistakably impudent. This rather surprised him, though he was on bad terms with them both. Kenrick had not forgotten how grossly Jones had bullied him when he was a new boy, and before he had risen out of the sphere in which Jones could dare to bully him with impunity. He was now so high in the school as to be well aware that Jones would be nearly as much afraid to touch him as he always was to annoy any one of his own size and strength; and Kenrick had never hesitated to show Jones the quiet but quite measureless contempt which he felt for his malice and meanness. Mackworth was a bully of another stamp; he was rather a clever fellow, set himself up for an aristocrat on the strength of being second cousin to a baronet, studied De Brett's "Peerage," dressed as faultlessly as Tracy himself, and affected at all times a studious politeness of manner. He had been a good deal abroad, and as he constantly adopted the airs and the graces of a fashionable person, the boys had felicitously named him "French Varnish." But Mackworth was a dangerous enemy, for he had one of the most biting tongues in the whole school, and there were few things which he enjoyed more than making a young boy wince under his cutting words. When Kenrick came to school, his wardrobe, the work of Fuzbeian artists, was not only well worn—for his mother was too poor to give him new clothes—but also of a somewhat odd cut; and, accordingly, the very first words Mackworth had ever addressed to Kenrick were—

"You new fellow, what's your father?"

"My father is dead," said Kenrick, in a low tone.

"Then what was he?"

"He was curate of Fuzby."

"Curate, was he; a slashing trade that," was the brutal reply. "Curate of Fuzby? are you sure it isn't Fusty?"

Kenrick looked at him with a strange glowing of the eyes, which, so far from disconcerting Mackworth, only made him chuckle at the success of his taunt. He determined to exercise the lancet of his tongue again, and let fresh blood if possible.

"Well, glare-eyes! so you didn't like my remark?"

Kenrick made no answer, and Mackworth continued—

"What charity-boy has left you his cast-off clothes? May I ask if your jacket was intended to serve also as a looking-glass? and is it the custom in your part of the country not to wear breeches below the knees?"

There was a corrosive malice in this speech so intense that Kenrick never saw Mackworth without recalling the shame and anguish it had caused. Fresh from home, full of quick sensibility, feeling ridicule with great keenness, Kenrick was too much pained by these words even for anger. He had hung his head and slunk away. For days after, until, at his most earnest entreaty, his mother had incurred much privation to afford him a new and better suit, he had hardly dared to lift up his face. He had fancied himself a mark for ridicule, and the sense of shabbiness and poverty had gone far to crush his spirit. After a time he recovered, but never since that day had he deigned to speak to Mackworth a single word.

He was surprised, therefore, at the obtrusive impertinence of these two fellows; and when next he passed them, he surveyed them from head to foot with a haughty and indignant stare. The moment after he heard them burst into a laugh, and begin talking very loud.

"It was the rummiest vehicle you ever saw," he heard Jones say; "a cart, I assure you—nothing more or less; and drawn by the very scraggiest scarecrow of a blind horse."

He caught no more as the distance between them lessened; but he heard Jones bubbling over with a stupid giggle at some remark of Mackworth's, about *glare eyes* being drawn by a blind horse.

"How rude those fellows are, Ken," said Whalley; "what do they mean by it?"

"Dogs!" said Kenrick, stamping angrily, while his face was scarlet with rage.

"If they're trying to annoy you, Ken," said Whalley, who was a very gentle, popular boy, "don't give them the triumph of seeing that they succeed. They're only varnish and white feather; we all know what *they're* like."

"Dogs!" said Kenrick again; "I should like to pitch into them."

"Let's leave them, and go and sit by the river, Ken."

"No, Whalley. I'm sure they mean to insult me; and I want to hear how, and why."

There was no difficulty in doing this, for Jones and his ally were again approaching; and Jones was talking purposely loud.

"I never could bear the fellow; gives himself such airs."

"Yes; only fancy going to meet his friends in a hay-waggon! what a start! Ho! ho! ho!"

"It's such impudence in a low fellow like that" . . . and here Kenrick lost some words, for, as they passed, Jones lowered his voice; but he heard, only too plainly, the words "father" and "dishonest parson;" the rest he could supply with fatal facility.

For half an instant he stood paralysed, his eyes burning with fury, but his face pale as ashes. The next second he sprang upon Jones, seized with both hands the collar of his coat, shook him, flung him violently to the ground, and kicked his hat, which had fallen off in the struggle, straight into the river.

"What the deuce do you mean by that?" asked

Jones, picking himself up. "I'll just give you—fifth form or no fifth form—the best licking you ever had."

"You'll just not presume to lay upon him the tip of your finger," said Whalley, who was quite as big as Jones, and was very fond of Kenrick.

"Not for flinging me down, and kicking my hat into the water?"

"No, Jones," said Whalley, quietly. "I don't know what you were talking about, but you clearly meant to insult him, from your manner."

"What's the row? what's up?" said a number of boys, who began to throng round.

"Only a plebeian splutter of rage from our well-bred friend there," said Mackworth, pointing contemptuously at Kenrick, who stood with dilated nostrils, still heaving with rage.

"But what about?"

"Heaven only knows;—*apropos* of just nothing."

"You're a liar," said Kenrick, impetuously.

"You know that you told lies and insulted me; and if you say it again, I'll do the same again."

"Only try!" said Jones, in a surly tone.

"Insulted you?" said Mackworth, in bland accents. "We were talking about a dishonest parson, as far as I remember. Pray, are you a dishonest parson?"

"You'd better take care," said Kenrick, with fierce energy.

"Take care of what? We didn't ask you to listen to our conversation; listeners hear no—"

"Bosh!" interposed Whalley; "you know you were talking at the top of your voices, and we couldn't help hearing you."

"And what then? Mayn't we talk as loud as we like? I assure you, on my word of honour," he said, turning to the group around them, "we didn't even mention Kenrick's name. We were merely talking about a certain dishonest parson who rode in hay-carts, when the fellow sprung on Jones like a tiger-cat. I'm sure, if he's any objection to our talking of such unpleasant people, we won't do so in his hearing," said Mackworth, in an excess of venomous politeness.

"French varnish," said Whalley with honest contempt, moved beyond his wont with indignation, though he did not understand the cause of Kenrick's anger; "I wonder why Kenrick should even condescend to notice what such fellows as you and Jones say. Come along, Ken; you know what we all think about those two;" and putting his arm in Kenrick's, he almost dragged him from the scene, while Jones and Mackworth (conscious that there was not a single other boy who would not condemn their conduct as infamous when they understood it) were not sorry to move off in another direction.

But when Whalley had taken Kenrick to a quiet place by the river side, and asked him "what had made him so furious?" he returned no answer, only hiding his face in his hands. He had indeed been cruelly insulted, wounded in his tenderest sensibilities; he felt that his best affections had been wantonly and violently lacerated. It made him more miserable than he had ever felt before, and he could not tolerate the wretched thought that his father's sad history, probably in some distorted form, had been, by some means or other, bruited about among unsympathising hearers, and made the common property of the school. He knew well, indeed, the natural delicacy of feeling which would

prevent any other boy, except Jones or Mackworth, from ever alluding to it even in the remotest way. But that they should know at all the shameful charge which had broken his father's heart, and brought temporary suspicion and dishonour on his name, was gall and wormwood to him.

Yet, by what possible means could it have become known to them? Kenrick knew of one way only. He thought over what Jones had said. "A cart and blind horse—ah! I see; there is only one person who could have told him about that. So, Walter Evson, you amuse yourself and Jones by making fun of our being poor, and by ridiculing what you saw in our house; a very good laugh you've all had over it in the dormitory, I've no doubt."

Kenrick did not know that Jones had seen them from the window of the railway carriage, and that as he had been visiting an aunt at no great distance, he had heard there the particulars of Mr. Kenrick's history. He clutched angrily at the conclusion that Walter had betrayed him, and turned him into derision. Naturally passionate, growing up during the wilful years of opening boyhood without a father's wise control, he did not stop to inquire, but leapt at once to a false and obstinate inference. "It must be so; it clearly is so," he thought; "yet I could not have believed it of him;" and he burst into a flood of bitter and angry tears.

The fact was that Kenrick, though he would hardly have admitted it even to himself, was in a particularly ready mood to take offence. He had observed that Walter disapproved of his manner towards his mother, and his sensitive pride had already been ruffled by the fact that Walter had exercised the moral courage of pointing out, though in the most delicate and modest way, the brusquerie which he reprobated. At the time he had said little, but in reality this had made him very angry; and the more so because he was jealous enough to fancy he now stood second only, or even third, in Walter's estimation, and that Power and Henderson had deposed him from the place which he once held as his chief friend; and that Walter had also usurped his old place in their affections. This displeased him greatly, for he was not one who could contentedly take the second place. He could not have had a more excellent companion than the manly and upright Whalley; but in his close intimacy with him he had rather hoped to pique Walter, and show him that his society was not indispensable to his happiness. But Walter's open and generous mind was quite incapable of understanding this unworthy motive, and with feelings far better trained than those of Kenrick, he never felt the slightest quail of this small jealousy.

"Never mind, my dear fellow," said Whalley, patting him on the back; "why should you care so much because two such fellows as Whitefeather and Varnish try to be impudent? I shouldn't care the snap of a finger for anything they could say."

"It isn't that, Whalley, it isn't that," said Kenrick, proudly, drying his tears. "But how did those fellows know the things they were hinting at? Only one person ever heard them, and he must have betrayed them to laugh at me behind my back. It's that that makes me miserable."

"But whom do you mean?"

"The excellent Evson," said Kenrick, bitterly. "And mark me, Whalley, I'll never speak to him again."

"Evson?" said Whalley; "I don't believe he's at all the fellow to do it. Are you certain?"

"Quite. No one else could know the things."

"But surely you'll ask him first?"

"It's no use," answered Kenrick, gloomily; "but I will, in order that he may understand that I have found him out."

(To be continued.)

EVENING THOUGHTS.

Now one day's journey less divides
Me from the place where God abides;
If I have used the grace bestow'd,
And kept the straight, the narrow road,
I've one day less the ground to tread
Where thorns abound, and snares are spread;
To view a world where crime and care
Mar what thou mad'st so pure and fair:
I've one day less my watch to keep,
My foes to fear, my falls to weep:
I've one day less to mark within
Conflict, defeat, and inbred sin:
I've one day less my love to show
By acts of kindness here below,
By earnest prayer for those who stray
Afar from thee, the Life, the Way.
With humble joy reflect, my soul,
Thou'rt one day nearer to the goal;
Nearer to that bright, holy place
"Where Jesus shows his smiling face;"
One day's march nearer to the home
Where sin nor sorrow may not come;
Where aching heart and throbbing brow
Are things unknown—so well known now.
Father! forgive the wrong this night!
Own our poor efforts in the right.
In our best works much sin remains;
In Jesus' blood wash out the stains.
Shouldst Thou this night recall our breath,
Saved through thy grace, we fear not death:
If spared morn's cheerful light to see,
Through night's dark hours brought nearer Thee,

A VOICE FROM LANCASHIRE.

THE interest that was felt last year in the nobly-endured sufferings of the Lancashire working men is in danger of being lost in that which is excited by the no less stirring events of to-day. We do not wish to call away public sympathy from the Ragged-School Fund, from the Sheffield sufferers, or from the wounded Danes; but, from time to time, we shall try to bring public interest back for a moment to Lancashire, whenever an opportunity of presenting new information occurs. Such an opportunity now offers itself, in the following extract from the letter of a correspondent. After speaking of the aids to a religious life within his reach, he says—

I assure you in Lancashire—at least, in districts like this—

we need all the helps in a spiritual way. It is almost impossible to avoid despondency at times: there is so much deep poverty, so much privation quietly and uncomplainingly borne, your very heart would ache: And yet at times I see such proofs of the sustaining power of religion, such a firm reliance on the promises of God, that the spirit is lifted up above and beyond this scene of trial, and sincerely I believe "these afflictions are working out an exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Perhaps among your readers very few, if any, have had the words "*They shall hunger no more,*" brought to their souls as a gracious promise when the poor body was really an hungered. Who can say what good is being done spiritually, even in the midst of such distress! For myself, I firmly believe that He who through wrong filters right, and from seeming evil educes real good, is, by the means of this Lancashire distress, adding many to his Church that shall be everlastingly saved. I fear to weary you, but must just tell you of an old man who had to leave his cottage (the rent—2s. 6d.—was now too high) and take one small room. I went to see him and offer, at all events, sympathy; and, it might be, a word in season. I learned a lesson there. "My cottage days anyhow were well over," said the old man; "and, glory be to His holy name, there is a mansion prepared for me"—he looked reverently upward—"let me not be *mis-preparing* myself by unsubmission."

Literary Notices.

The Harmony of Science and Faith. By the Writer of "*The Bible and the Workshop.*" London: W. Macintosh. 1864. Pp. 323.

UNDER this name another volume has been added to the long list of books which undertake to reconcile what some assert to be the conflicting statements of science and Scripture. The plan of the work may be best explained by this extract from the preface:—

To select intelligently the right faith, it is absolutely necessary to know: If there are any averments of modern science which are at variance with Holy Writ; how much of such averment, if any, must be regarded as proved; and what effect such proved averment must necessarily have upon the minds of those who have hitherto accorded an intelligent belief to the statements contained in the book which claims to be the Word of God.

To enter into such questions at length is the design of the present volume.

This is a very fair programme, and the author has in one respect been true to his design. He has entered into the questions at great length; but, unfortunately, not with equal clearness. On reading the book one feels that there is an honesty and candour about the writer; but yet nothing comes of it. He professes to pass in review the results of physical science; but they appear as an undisciplined crowd of facts—the very chaos he would have them disprove. All the popular works of science have been placed under tribute to supply their "averments;" and, at least, the reader is taught that the author is familiar with the natural wonders by which the multitude is entertained at popular lectures. But the bearing of these in their consent to or dissent from statements in Holy Writ is made matter of little more than assertion or denial. When explanation is attempted, it is with the over-zeal of an advocate. When the Psalmist speaks of the sun coming forth as a bridegroom from his chamber, and rejoicing as a giant to run his course, he refers, we are told, to that common motion of the earth and sun in space, which the precision of modern astronomy has detected, not to the apparent daily circuit of the sun towards his chambers in the west!

The account of the order of creation in the first chapter of Genesis is brought into comparison with the teaching of geology by abandoning the literal reading of the text—a day is not to mean a day.

The Deluge is reconciled with the difficulties, physical and practical, in its own narrative (not to speak of others) by denying its universality. The mount of Ararat, not yet full-sized, was little to cover in its youth, and the waters of the Persian Gulf had but to pour into the assumed depression of Armenia to bring about the flood as described!

It seems better to admit unexplained difficulties than to pretend explanations such as these.

The questions best treated are those of late suggestion, respecting the date of man's appearance on earth (the antiquity of man, as it is called), and the relation of man to the apes. After stating fairly the evidence for man's long life as a species, and for man's development from some earlier form, the author is justified in dismissing those assertions of modern science, as at least not proven.

The purpose of this work is so sincere, the writer is so clearly temperate and reverent, and disposed to seek the truth, that to read it is to wish to speak well of it. But at this point approval must end. The facts known to science, even its dreams, are recorded truthfully, but so as to be unintelligible, or without interest, to those who do not know them already.

A Pastor's Legacy. With Introductory Notice by the Rev. J. A. WALLACE. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

THIS Legacy consists of extracts from the written compositions and delivered sermons of the late Rev. Robert B. Nichol, of Galashiels. The extracts have been well and carefully selected, and contain much scriptural teaching, expressed in language touching and eloquent. The author of these extracts was best known by the flock amongst whom he laboured; but this legacy will be highly valued by all Christians, to whom, in a truly catholic spirit, it is bequeathed. The volume is produced in a manner worthy of its valuable contents.

Advice to a Mother. By PYE HENRY CHAVASSE, F.R.C.S. John Churchill and Sons. 1864. Pp. 310. Price, 2s. 6d.

THIS is an excellent little book, and one that cannot fail to be useful to every mother, no matter what her class of life; for it is written in so clear and practical a manner, and is so entirely free from all professional technicalities, that it is impossible not to comprehend and profit by the instruction conveyed. In any trifling case of sickness its possession alone would enable a moderately intelligent person to apply the proper remedy without further advice; but should the symptoms appear serious, the author wisely and constantly urges the necessity of procuring it with as little delay as possible. It is, however, something, and by no means a small thing, to be enabled to discover of what nature are the symptoms by which the patient is attacked, and that, thanks to Mr. Pye Chavasse's plain and simple instructions, there can be little or no difficulty in doing. To a family living at any considerable distance from medical advice, the book would be invaluable, and, altogether, we can unhesitatingly say it is the best and most sensible publication of the kind that has ever passed through our hands.

Musical Notices.

The Beatitudes.—Four sacred songs, written by Charles Jefferys, and composed by Stephen Glover. The Beatitudes selected are Sorrow ("Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted"), Meekness ("Blessed are

the meek: for they shall inherit the earth"), Mercy ("Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy"), Peace ("Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God"). The melody of each song is simple and plaintive: the arrangement effective, without being florid; they are, what a large amount of even popular music is not, expressive; and, while they are calculated to enhance the reputation of their composer, will be a welcome addition to the sacred melodies of home. The above are published by Charles Jefferys, Soho Square.

Those Evening Bells.—This is an excellent arrangement of this popular air, by Brinley Richards. Beethoven's melody has never been so well set. In adapting it for the pianoforte, Mr. Richards has caught the inspiration of the *maestro*. The arrangement may be had either as a solo or as a duet.

"Nearer my God to Thee," and **"Jerusalem the Golden."**—These celebrated pieces are now arranged for the pianoforte by Brinley Richards, and may be had either as solos or duets. In both instances the arrangements are simple and effective.

"Home, Sweet Home."—Transcribed for the pianoforte, by G. A. Osborne. Without denying the ability displayed by Mr. Osborne in this transcription, we doubt its popularity. The melody is too much subordinated to the fantasia. The work has been better done, but "comparisons are odious." A. Hammond and Co., 214, Regent Street.

"Tempest Tossed," and **"Soon and for Ever."**—These are sacred songs by R. F. Harvey, not destitute of merit, but lacking that sweetness of melody and grace of arrangement which win the poetic ear. They are "pretty," but far below excellence.

"He sendeth Sun, He sendeth Shower," by the same composer, is superior to either of the above, and indicates very plainly that Mr. Harvey can do better.

"Jerusalem the Golden."—For the piano, by J. Badarzewska. A brilliant composition, worthy of its writer's fame.

"Jerusalem the Golden."—By Gulielma. This famous hymn has already engaged the musical genius of many talented composers. One melody, of all the others, we love the best; but in the air written by Gulielma there is much taste and feeling.

Resignation (2 Samuel xii. 21—23).—A sacred song by W. West. To those who are acquainted with the sweet melody to which the words of "Resignation" are arranged by Mrs. Worthington Bliss, the composition of Mr. West will appear feeble. But it is not without ability; its simplicity is its greatest charm.

"Too Late, Too Late."—The exquisite lines of the Poet Laureate are admirably arranged by Mr. W. West in this sacred song. It is effective and expressive.

"Nearer to Thee."—Another arrangement of this always and everywhere favourite. The music by C. H. R. Marriott. It is well done; a touching earnestness about the melody that is exceedingly appropriate. The above are all published by H. D'Alcorn, Rathbone Place.

Rola's Art of Learning the Piano.—In this "tutor" is indicated a system of teaching the art of touch, phrasing, style, cultivating taste, and reading any music at sight, in a shorter time than has hitherto been attained by any other known process or method, and by which the length of time hitherto required to learn the piano is abridged to an incredible extent. These are the objects of this musical tutor; and although, as a general rule, we have little faith in the facile schemes for attaining perfection in a very brief period, and hold to the opinion that such systems make smatterers, but never students, we are constrained to admit that Mr. Rola's plan is founded on a thoroughly scientific basis, that it is clearly expressed, may be readily tested, and has won very flattering testimonials from the most reliable sources. Whatever opinion may be formed as to the practical working of the system universally, no doubt can be entertained that it is the well-digested plan of an able man, and in this light alone it is deserving of every attention. Published by the author, 7, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.

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